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THE GREAT GALILÆAN

I. The Man of History and the God of Legend

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I

No man knows sufficient of the earthly life of Jesus to write a biography of him. For that matter, no one knows enough about him for the normal *Times* obituary notice of a great man. If regard were had to what we should call, in current speech, definitely historical facts, scarcely three lines could be filled.

Moreover, if newspapers had been in existence, and if that obituary notice had had to be written in the year of his death, no editor could have found in the literature of his day so much as his name. Yet few periods of the ancient world were so well documented as the period of Augustus and Tiberius. But no contemporary writer knew of his existence. Even a generation later, a spurious passage in Josephus, a questionable reference in Suetonius, and the mention of a name that may be his by Tacitus — that is all. His first mention, in any surviving document, secular or religious, is twenty years after.

We do not know, with anything approaching historical certainty, of whom he was born, or when, or where; how

long he lived, or how long he labored; and the sayings which are indubitably his are a mere handful. The stories of his reputed resurrection are so contradictory and confused that it is impossible to make more than a guess at their true import. Yet Lives of Christ are poured forth on the world in ever-increasing volume. The most cursory examination of publishers' announcements in Europe and America shows that something calling itself a Life of him is published nearly every month. Hidebound conservatism, blind devotion, and greed combine to produce these. They combine into what thus becomes almost a conspiracy to keep hidden the real truth that there does not exist enough historical evidence to produce a biographical sketch of Christ, let alone a Life.

To our forefathers such statements would have seemed wholly ridiculous, but then our forefathers happily believed that the records of four eyewitnesses existed — eyewitnesses, moreover, who had sat down independently to write four Lives of Christ while the actual facts were fresh in their minds. They believed that the prophet Ezekiel foretold such witnesses, and that the

four Living Creatures of that prophecy were the four Evangelists. The prophetic language was held to be typical of the Gospel contents, and thus mediæval crucifixes had often, in their four corners, the symbols of an ox, a man, a lion, and an eagle. These were regarded as the four independent witnesses who upheld the Story of the Cross. Though forty separate days out of a ministry of at least four hundred are all that the Gospels have stories for, by the greatest stretch of the imagination, and although all Christ's recorded sayings in them might, if read with due gravity and emphasis, take six hours, still these at least constituted a mine of unquestioned value.

But an insidious and vital attack has been made upon the old orthodoxy, an attack made with little waving of banners or beating of drums, which, despite calumny and prejudice, must be admitted to be victorious. The average man, for reasons upon which we shall enter later, is still largely unaware of the grounds for this attack. Setting aside the profoundly religious man who normally approaches the New Testament with the spectacles of tradition and rigidity upon his nose, the average man does not read his Gospels with anything like close attention. He therefore even misses the most obvious fact which gave the early critics their first cause for doubt. He misses the fact that if Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John were not bound up together in one volume, and if we did not read that volume with the story they have to tell already arranged in our minds, it would appear that there were literally two stories rather than one. John's Life of Jesus Christ, considered as a biography, is simply a different account from the story of the other three. It is not true to say that it does not set out to be a Life of him, comfortable as that assumption would be, for

it begins with his birth, works through his ministry, and ends with his death and resurrection as do the others; but only theological twisting of this wholesale nature can make it the same story.

John has none at all of the other stories connected with the birth; in their place he says: 'In the beginning was the Word,' and 'the Word was made flesh.' Jesus in this biography steps upon the historical stage at his baptism, and moves forward to a ministry which involves personalities and incidents which are not even mentioned by the others. It is scarcely too strong to say, as one turns the pages, that the Jesus of John is moving upon a stage so wholly different from the stage of the others that, without preconceived ideas, we should not think it the same. We should imagine that this account must be written of some other Jesus and some other generation. Thus, Jesus chooses Philip and Nathanael; he makes water wine at Cana of Galilee; he discourses with Nicodemus; he meets the woman of Samaria; he heals the nobleman's son; he cures the infirm man at the Pool of Bethesda; he makes long sermons on himself as the Bread of Life, the Good Shepherd, the Light of the World, and the Predecessor of Abraham; he pardons the woman taken in adultery; and finally he raises Lazarus from the dead — the most important keystone incident, as a result of which the drama draws to its climax, for from that moment the Jews resolve to kill him. All these persons and incidents appear only in connection with John's Jesus. He talks at length in the upper room before his arrest, but does not institute the Holy Communion, and his death occurs on a different day from that of the other Jesus. His main resurrection appearance is in a curiously theological story by the Sea of Galilee, and the conclusion of

this Gospel tells us nothing of the ascension, but has a defiant and apologetic air, as if its author knew it might be called in question.

For all these persons and incidents of the commonly accepted biography of Jesus there is but one authority and not four, and, to put it mildly, if this one authority has read the story correctly, then the others have read it incorrectly. The ingenuous theory that John wrote later what he meant to be a supplementary Gospel, born of the wisdom of old age, will not cover the facts. The main difficulty is a much bigger one. Not only does the whole story, considered as a story, turn on the pivot of the raising of Lazarus, which the others do not relate,—as if one historian of the Great War should make it originate with the incident of Sarajevo and the others should entirely omit that murder,—but the figure of Jesus as seen through the eyes of John is, to an unprejudiced reader, simply not the figure of the other three.

Orthodox theologians have obscured the importance of this issue for the average man. They have fought to conceal it or minimize it. They have said that it was only after a period that the full nature of Jesus was evident to Christian people, and that John wrote in the light of the later vision and not of the earlier. This is too specious to carry much conviction to the modern reader. The fact obviously remains that if Jesus, for example, turned water into wine at Cana of Galilee, there is only one witness in the world who says so, and he a witness who belongs to an age which did not regard the manufacture of such incidents as dishonest, and who had the best of subtle theological reasons for discovering this one.

The biographer of Christ who would thus approach his subject in a perfectly impartial and completely disinterested historical manner must set upon one

side the witness of John. Compare a historian who is trying to write the Life of Alfred the Great. He might relate the story of the burning of the cakes, but he would not put it in the same category as the actual fact of the crowning of Alfred as king. He would say, ‘This is a pretty story which has passed into popular legend and may, perhaps, serve to illustrate the character of the man, but it would be unjust to relate it as sober history.’ That is the attitude which a sober biographer must take toward the Gospel of John.

II

But if one support to the Story of the Cross is thus withdrawn, what of the three that would appear to remain? It was early observed that practically the whole of Mark was included in Matthew and Luke, so that very shortly the situation had to be faced that Matthew and Luke, or the authors we call by these Gospel names, had undoubtedly sat down to write with this book before them and chose rather to use it than their own recollections of the story. Two of the three witnesses thus become, at least in the main, plagiarists and elaborators of the third, rather than independent witnesses. And the difficulty does not stop there. It is now almost beyond question that the Mark which we have is only a much later edition of the Mark which they copied, and an edition, at that, which has been edited by biased men who were out to prove a case by such editing. It would be enormously valuable if the original Mark could come into our hands, but as the years go by the possibility of this becomes more remote. For example, that the original Mark did not contain the greater part of the last chapter of our present book is vastly more than a guess, and what it did contain must

probably remain forever an insoluble mystery.

The second great difficulty for the searcher after purely historical facts is that Matthew and Luke plainly did not sit down with only an original Mark before them, but that they had also another document, equally hopelessly lost to us, which scholars for convenience have agreed to call 'Q,' from the word *Quelle*, the Spring or Origin. It is all but generally accepted by experts that when Matthew and Luke agree, sometimes even verbally in the very face of Mark, they are quoting from this lost document which may well be the primary source of the world's knowledge of the life of Christ. And although the document is lost, its tentative reconstruction, which is possible from the others, provides us with a picture of fascinating interest.

This document would show that there was not in the original any account whatever of the birth of Christ. It begins with the coming of the Baptist, with the baptism of Jesus, and with the temptation. Its main bulk is made up of what we know as the Sermon on the Mount, and a collection of proverbs and sayings of the fowls of the air, of the lilies of the field, of the city set upon a hill, and of the easy yoke. It contains but two or three miraculous stories, and those of healings which are the most easy for us moderns to understand. Such difficult stories as of the miraculous finding of the exact tribute money in the fish's mouth and of the raising to life of the definitely dead do not appear to have belonged to it. And it concluded curiously summarily with the sayings of the coming of the Kingdom like lighting from the East unto the West, and the enigmatical utterance: 'Behold, there are last which shall be first, and there are first which shall be last.'

The question of these Gospel witnesses has thus become a peculiarly difficult one already. Instead of the picture of some original Matthew who sat down independently of everybody else to write a biography of which he was brimful of information, we have the picture of some theologically-minded Jew who labored before the dawn of what we understand as historical science, sitting down at a littered study table to compile from all available sources a Life which should fit in with his own preconceived prejudices and beliefs. There are a thousand straws floating on the wind to confirm such an impression as this. The original Mark wrote of Jesus on the cross that the Roman soldiers followed the usual custom of Roman execution and gave him to drink, in his agony, of wine mingled with stupefying myrrh. But the Psalmist had foretold of a suffering Messiah that he should be mocked with bitter gall, and Matthew, writing up the story, deliberately crosses out Mark's myrrh and substitutes the prophetic gall. Trifles such as these show the absence of a strict historical sense and must make us more than dubious of much longer stories.

For example, where was Jesus born? There are obvious indications that the crowd of his own day thought that he originated in Nazareth of Galilee, but the Old Testament prophet had said that out of Bethlehem in the Land of Judah should come the Governor who should be Shepherd of his people Israel. To what extent was Matthew influenced by this when he quoted the Old Testament and commented upon it: 'Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judaea'?

One has, of course, to add to all this a circumstance which perhaps weighs more with the layman than with the expert, but the layman has a right to remember that the cleanly printed

and neatly bound little book which he buys for a few pence at the bookseller's does not by any means give a fair impression of the condition of its original sources.

The oldest copies are represented by less than half a dozen manuscripts scattered throughout the world, hardly one of them complete and all of them dating from, roughly, some four hundred years after the time of Christ. They can be read only with extreme difficulty, and from their tattered pages the orderly story which we know can only with extreme patience be deduced. More than this, they are admittedly not in the original language. Even in the state in which we have them, they have not only passed through the hands of innumerable copyists, of whose accuracy, in a modern sense, there is no evidence, but also through the hands of translators, of whose perfect understanding of the finer shades of the language they were translating there is no evidence.

This last is a point of really great interest. Jesus is generally accepted as our instructor in imprecatory prayer, for did he not, in the Lord's Prayer, teach us to say: 'Give us this day our daily bread'? But he probably spoke in Aramaic, and the Aramaic would admit of a version of the Lord's Prayer which contains no definite request to God at all. It might have run: 'Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed is thy name. Thy kingdom is coming. Thy will is done on earth as it is in heaven. Thou givest us day by day our daily bread. Thou forgivest us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us. Thou dost not lead us into temptation, but deliverest us from the Evil One. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.'

Of all these things the average man has no knowledge whatever, and he is

the victim, in point of fact, of a well-intentioned but nevertheless perfectly definite conspiracy. The original discoverers of these difficulties in Gospel translation had no desire whatever to make their knowledge popular. They had, indeed, very strong reasons for the contrary. The more they kept their knowledge confined to the study, the less virulently would the hostility of the orthodox break upon them. They too, in point of fact, were afraid of how the multitude would act if once it came to doubt the story of Jesus.

Thus there is to-day an enormous vested interest concerned with keeping doubts of the historicity of Jesus from the knowledge of men in the street. It ramifies from bishops and archbishops to popular journalists and cinema operators. We have had lately a flood of Lives of Christ, all of which see in him some new and momentarily arresting portrait. Some of them are almost bizarre in their portrayal. Thus one of the most recent finds in Jesus the prototype of the modern American business man, and maintains that an advertising convention might well accept him as the originator of the methods of modern advertisement! Moreover, the curious thing is that the case as set out is not so easily denied. One can read the book soberly and say at the end, 'Well, there is something in that!'

But the only reason why there appears to be something in it is because, as a matter of fact, there is nothing in it. The historical outline is so incredibly vague and sketchy that anything can be made of it. The more sober biographer simply cannot reconcile all the conflicting stories. He is bound to pick and choose. The result is a thousand Lives of Jesus which depict a thousand Christs of a thousand individual preferences.

III

The truth of the shadowy nature of the story of Jesus, considered as a history, has also largely been obscured from us by the fact that there has been born into the world a traditional Jesus who has come almost wholly to obscure, and very largely to displace, the shadowy historical Jesus. In point of fact, the traditional portrait of Jesus was preëxistent to the historical and literary portrait of him by many years. The Gospels were not written, as many so often suppose, to convey the details of the life of Jesus to the world, but they were written to provide confirmation of and support to a more or less diffused and vague knowledge of him which Christians already possessed. This point is very well illustrated by the Epistles of Saint Paul. These Epistles were written many years before the Gospels, so that the great Apostle, writing to his converts of the early Gentile churches, was not writing to men who possessed a written and alleged historical biography of Christ. They had no book to which to refer, but nevertheless Paul thinks it quite unnecessary to relate even one of all the miracles Jesus performed and the parables he spoke, and mentions but one of all his disconnected utterances, as recorded in Acts, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' which never got into our written Gospels at all. From the Epistles alone we could gather no more of the life of Jesus than the bald statement that he was born of the Virgin Mary, was crucified, rose from the dead, and ascended into Heaven — insufficient enough incidents for a biographer! But the biographer was considered unnecessary. Not only did Paul apparently consider that what Jesus *was* was more important than what Jesus did or said, but also he apparently presumed that

a sufficient biographical knowledge was already possessed by his converts.

It was when the world did not, as the early Christians imagined that it would, come to a speedy and cataclysmic end that the Gospels came to be written. They were written to prevent men from forgetting, rather than to teach them. They were not written by cool historians anxious to preserve facts so much as by ardent theologians anxious to support theories. That in a sense they were inadequately and sketchily written, from an historical point of view, is due to the fact that the theories were so widely accepted. Pauline Christianity, in other words, held the field. The traditional Christ already dominated the Christian world.

It was this traditional Christ that held undisputed sway in the minds of men before the invention of printing and the Protestant Reformation. To us who are inheritors of the tradition of that Reformation, it is difficult to realize to what extent this was so. But a mediæval Christian was just as confident that Anna was the grandmother of Jesus as he was that Mary was his mother, although Anna belongs to the traditional and not to the literary portrait of Jesus at all. He was just as confident that Veronica wiped the face of Christ on the way to the cross as he was that Pontius Pilate sent him there, but Veronica belongs to the traditional and not to the literary portrait of Jesus. And whereas these and many other illustrations may seem trivial, the main details of the life of Christ were also traditional and Pauline rather than historical and literary.

Here, indeed, we enter upon a slightly more controversial field, for fragments of the narrative can be construed into the support of this traditional picture. This is natural, because the delineators of the later literary portrait had the traditional already

forming in their minds. But thus the mediaeval Christian thought that the main work of Christ on earth was the formation of an organized visible Church, of which the Apostles and their successors, the bishops, were established as rulers, over whom he had ordained Peter and his successors in Rome, and to which he had personally committed seven sacraments by which the soul of a Christian man could be redeemed from the power of the Devil and conveyed in safety to Paradise. To mediaeval men Christ was primarily the Divine Champion in an age-long conflict with Satan, and was chiefly concerned with theological questions of sin and damnation and of grace and salvation.

This traditional Christ was accepted by the Church as, practically, of more authority than the literary, and, when challenged, as of equal authority with him. Thus the Council of Trent — and the Roman Catholic Church ever since — deliberately states that the traditions are of equal authority with the writings of the Church, and thereby establishes an interesting and well-nigh impregnable position. It is, of course, even possible that the Church as a corporate society does remember a great deal that it was neither possible nor convenient to write down, but at any rate this hypothesis shifts the whole field of conflict. For the Catholic believes in the Church on grounds which are outside those of literary and historical study altogether. Thus, when his Church asserts that Jesus was born without human fatherhood, of an immaculate ever-virgin Mary, who had no other children and gave birth to her one child without the usual pains of motherhood, he does not believe it because of fragmentary and disputable texts which may or may not assert it in so many words. He believes it because the Church says it.

IV

Now, while all this is common knowledge to Protestants, we remain extraordinarily blind to its results. Protestantism has increasingly thrown over much of this traditional cargo, but the fact remains that the story of Jesus which the ordinary Protestant man in the street accepts as historical is not historical at all, but traditional. It is a traditional Jesus who has overshadowed the world. It is the traditional Jesus who is carved in our churches and cathedrals, depicted in our masterpieces of painting, sung in our popular hymns, and even shown on our cinema films. It is from his dominion that the modern mind has to some extent revolted, and the fact of paramount and vital importance is this, that the modern mind, as seen in most men in the street, is unaware that in revolting from the traditional Jesus it has not of necessity revolted from the historical Jesus at all.

The portrait of this traditional Jesus is worthy of our best attention. With the reconstructed document, 'Q,' and the original Mark before us, we have seen how extraordinarily little remains of the historical Christ. Speaking historically and authoritatively, we have no more before us than this: that somewhere and at some time and in some manner unknown, but in Palestine before the beginning of our era, there was born a man, Jesus, who was thought to be of distant royal Jewish blood and whose mother was an unknown Mary. This Jesus first steps upon the stage of history as a full-grown man, apparently aroused by the preaching of an historical John the Baptist. A certain number of his sayings have come down to us, although practically none of his doings, and these sayings apparently aroused such hostility that he was crucified. Exactly what led up to this event or why they aroused such hostility

we can only conjecture, but there would have been an end of the matter if it had not been that certain of his zealous followers believed that he rose from the dead and by so doing showed himself to have been by no manner of means merely a man, but the divine, ever-existing Son of God himself. And the Christian world ever since has been rent into factions and schisms attempting to square these theories with reason and logic, and working out corollaries based upon them.

This is the historical Jesus, but how different is the traditional! It is a fuller, richer, detailed picture, which does indeed afford material for innumerable Lives. It is of interest to sketch the traditional portrait in those details which have no historical support whatever.

According to this, there was a blameless Jewish virgin who from her earliest days exhibited an amazing holiness. The names of her father and mother are given, the place of her birth and upbringing, and, in full detail, the story of her unwilling betrothal to an old man called Joseph. Joseph, however, instructed thereto by God, had at no time carnal relationship with her. Eventually, heralded by all kinds of supernatural portents, a child was born to her, who early exhibited an astounding wisdom and beauty of character. This child, after thirty years of a carpenter's life, during which a sense of his divine origin continually grew upon him, entered upon a ministry which was attended by every kind of supernatural power, and which not unnaturally set Palestine in an uproar. Amid this turmoil, the divine man remained indifferent even to the clamor of the populace to make him king. With incredible foresight he wrote no books, and indeed took no steps to ensure a continuation of the knowledge of himself or of his teachings, except that he devoted all his

energies to the calling out and instruction of a certain small band of men who were to be the means of a divine miracle as wonderful as that of himself. These men were to compose a body with functions and a spiritual unity comparable to those of his own body, and possessed of a divine spirit giving it the power of supernatural remembrance, inerrable wisdom, and unquenchable life. Membership in it was to be salvation, the salvation he had come on earth to bring through a death, resurrection, and ascension which he explicitly foretold. With ever-increasing detail these latter events are portrayed. We are shown the traditional Christ in his very words and acts, going up to Jerusalem, himself instituting the last Paschal Feast, and inaugurating a new sacrifice of a new spotless lamb, which was indeed himself. He traverses the way to the cross, falling therein, meeting his mother, being nailed at the place of sacrifice, and dying there at a mystical hour with mystical words. We are told even the name of the centurion who crucified him. We are carried ourselves through the gate of death and are shown the triumphant Christ harrowing Hell and leading a train of exultant Old Testament saints to the Throne of God. Arrived there, we are asked to contemplate the triumphant Son, eternally removing the wrath of a Father angry with sin by the exhibition of his wounds. We are asked to observe a discomfited and chagrined Devil falling back before this spectacle and fleeing in terror before the Church on earth, utilizing his little remaining time in every artifice, to win, if it might be, a few more souls to eternal damnation. We are even exhorted to look into the future and see this triumphant Christ descending with angels to his expectant Church and establishing his reign on earth for a thousand years.

Incredible and amazing as it may

seem, this is the traditional picture, and it has no support whatever — as indeed, of course, in some matters it cannot have — from either history or the Gospels which we possess.

Now the tragic thing is that in many quarters this traditional Jesus is regarded as an imposture, and a substitution for the historic Jesus that involves great loss to us. Protestant Christians have inherited some part of this point of view from the early reformers, and, aided by the ever-increasing resources of modern knowledge, they have gone ever farther and farther in its pursuit. In our day the sense of imposture has left the study and gone to some extent into the street. There it has been popularized, not to say vulgarized. While an attenuated traditional Jesus affords good copy to the cinema producer and the Protestant publisher, — an attenuated Jesus who is neither wholly literary, historical, nor traditional, — a vast number of men have simply set him aside altogether. The law no longer enforces his worship, and we have an increasing population to whom the name of Jesus is no more than an oath, and who have set all religion outside their lives as a thing of no importance. Conscious of this growing population, the Protestant churches are in large measure seized with panic. Their own portrait of him a supreme muddle, their theology and their deductions grow naturally worse and worse. Their logical end, too, will be to give him up altogether.

But the traditional portrait is neither an imposture nor a substitution. In the first place, it is the original portrait, in the sense that it is the portrait which, in embryo, the Christian Church originally accepted. The Christian Church, considered historically, derives from its acceptance of that portrait. There was even a sense in which it was the only portrait it possessed. This traditional

Jesus is the Jesus whom men thought, a generation after his death, they had seen upon earth and touched and handled.

For nineteen centuries the European mind has been elaborating, not to say constructing, the most wonderful and beautiful figure that the world has ever seen. The European mind has made many achievements, achievements in art and science which are stupendous in their magnitude and which well prompted Swinburne to sing: ‘Glory to Man in the highest, Man is the Master of things!’ And its possible future achievements rightly dazzle us.

But none of its past achievements can vie with this, and confidently we assert that none of its future achievements will surpass it. The Western human mind has given substance to this figure of the traditional Jesus. In so doing, it has, if you like, made a God; but the miracle is that that God, which must in a sense have been made in its own image, should be so surpassingly beautiful. No one of us has done it; a million minds have brought to it every treasure that they possess. The admirable tenderness of a John, the civic sense of an Augustine, the logic of an Athanasius, the humility of a Saint Francis of Assisi, the wide vision of a Loyola, all have gone to the fashioning of that figure. To make it the Jew has given of his mysticism, the Greek of his subtlety, the Roman of his justice, the Anglo-Saxon of his practicality, and the Frank of his sense of beauty. A thousand unknown men and women have added touches here and there, not only of set thought, by their creative ability, but unconsciously, by the beauty and nobility of their lives. Rightly, too, do all these artificers speak of Jesus as their Founder, for he it was who began this thing, however shadowy he may appear when we look back to him, by the unique beauty of his life and sayings.

Christendom has made for itself a God; we call his name Jesus; and truly it was Jesus who began the work. But this God of ours, this traditional Jesus, is not the historic Jesus and is not the literary Jesus of the Gospels.

V

But with that negation we are not now concerned. We are concerned with the much more valuable and definite positive of the existence in the world to-day of this traditional Christian God. The point at issue is that in all the centuries we have needed him, and that we never needed him more than to-day. Our civilization cannot do without him. Without him our civilization will wreck itself in some unimaginably bloody war, or in some hideously materialistic phase of machinery and vulgarity in which life will not be worth living. In him and around him there has been concentrated for so long all that is beautiful and worth while, all that is noble and generous, all that goes to make up the best in man, to such a degree that in losing him we lose it.

It is, however, a very practical problem for us how we can retain him in all his beauty and yet remain free from the many implications and entanglements to progress which have been only too disastrously linked up with his name. We do not mean to relinquish the beautiful fables which are told in the Gospel about him; we are still going to tell our children the lovely stories of his blessing little children, of his feeding the five thousand with five loaves, of his tenderness to the mother of the little maid whom he raised from the dead, and of his inspiring courage and nobility in the Garden of Gethsemane and on the Hill of Calvary. But we cannot abide the hideous implications that there is a God who demanded the price of blood, or

who can remain unmoved while a Devil drags his deluded victims to Hell.

Is there any way in which this can be done? There is, undoubtedly, but it is not the way of modern Protestant thought. You cannot pare the traditional Jesus theologically to suit your convenience. You cannot identify him with an historical Jesus. The two figures are eternally separate and in a sense irreconcilable. And it is well that it is so. The main power and charm of the traditional Jesus lie in the fact that he is not historical, that he is not mummi-fied in any Gospel, and that he can be seen from many angles. He does not belong to the study and he is not the creation of understanding. His ancestry is a far more beautiful one than that.

We can still have faith in the traditional Jesus, but we have gotten into a dreadful muddle in our use of this word 'faith.' Faith is not intellectual proof. I do not require faith in knowing that two and two make four. Once a child has burned his fingers in the fire, he does not require faith in his mother to prevent him from putting his fingers between the bars of the grate. Faith is essentially the mind's acceptance, in a certain degree and in a certain way, of things that are not proved and even of things that are not provable. It does its finest work when it is based upon things of this nature. It often, in point of fact, loses, beyond rhyme or reason, all its potency when its undemonstrable basis is made demonstrable and logical. This is in itself unreasonable, but it happens to belong to the nature and being of that queer animal, man.

This, then, is the real nature of religious faith. It is the spirit in which originally men triumphantly shouted the Apostles' Creed, but it is not the spirit in which well-meaning citizens remain outwardly devout but inaudible in our churches to-day because they feel that they do not believe Jesus Christ

descended into Hell or will visibly come again with glory to judge the quick and the dead. They are confusing faith with an intellectual judgment. We have indeed so far gotten into that habit since the passing of the ages of faith that it is amazingly difficult to get out of it. We must, in fact, invent a new nomenclature if we are ever to see religious faith again strong among us.

In this sense, and in this sense only, we do not ask men to believe in a traditional Jesus. Or, if you like, we will put it another way. We ask men to believe in a traditional Jesus, but we do not mean by 'believe' that we ask them to accept as history his traditional story, or to accept as science his theological sin-bearing. It would be easier, probably, if we asked them instead to glory in the traditional Jesus, or to revere the beauty of the traditional Jesus, or to promise to tell their children with tenderness and love the traditional saga of Jesus. But all these things are to have 'faith' in Jesus. They are to believe that this traditional story, which has been evolved through two thousand years from so small a beginning, is a noble and uplifting ideal; is, among the turmoil and din of life, a white plume of Navarre. It is to ask them to set aside for a time the dreadful logic which rules them in most of their waking hours, and to give free rein to that finer spiritual thing within them which needs for its growth the contemplation of the beautiful, the worship of the unattainable, and the acceptance of the imaginary. In some such way as this we too can enjoy the heritage of the traditional Christ. He will make us finer, nobler men and women, and there is none other who can do so as can he.

(*A second paper will be entitled 'The Mind of the Master'*)

The traditional Christ must be the subject of our worship. So he will remain the source of our inspiration. He is not and cannot be, thank God, a subject for the exercise of our historical curiosity or of our scientific vivisection. It is the shadowy historic Jesus, who is so dimly outlined for us in such lost documents as 'Q' and the original Mark, who may be and is a most interesting subject of historical study and scientific investigation. It is not, perhaps, a very wide field, or one in which we are ever likely to arrive at very authoritative results. From the nature of the case, no two men are ever likely to agree upon him. But there is no doubt as to its enormous interest, and no doubt, within limits, as to its profit. If one had to choose, it would probably be better to have the faith of Pasteur's charcoal burner than the wide learning of a Hegel. But there is no need so to choose. It is possible to glory in the traditional Christ and to worship him as the ideal and inspirer of all nobility, while at the same time devoting our best intelligence to a scholarly study of the scant remains of the historic Christ.

One last anticipatory paragraph. The minister of religion has to remember that it is with the worship of the traditional Christ rather than with the study of the historic Christ that he is mainly concerned. We did not set him in the ministry that he should be a professor or a kind of policeman. We set him there that he might be a minister or a servant of men. He can serve us best in our need by holding up before us the traditional Jesus, in all his beauty and nobility, whom we tend to forget.

DESERT

BY RALPH LINTON

I

EXPLORATION is not an exciting business after the first novelty has worn off, and by the end of my second week in the unknown territory the journey had settled into a dull routine in which all days were alike. I soon gave up trying to sleep in the native huts, for they were verminous and unendurably stuffy, and spread my bed in the open behind a windbreak of baggage. There were no dogs or pigs to disturb me, for both were tabu to these natives, and I slept peacefully until three or four o'clock, when the cold wakened me. I lay dozing, too chilly really to sleep, but too comfortable to get up, until a voice called from one of the huts. Other voices answered in gruff, sleepy tones, and I heard the scrape of doors sliding back and the faint crunching of bare feet on sand. There was no hint of dawn as yet, but an even luminous grayness, a half light that seemed to come as much from the earth as from the sky. Through this grayness white-robed figures drifted silently and, it seemed, aimlessly, appearing and disappearing.

After a time a little flare of red light sprang up, where the cook kindled a fire to boil tea, and the white shapes crowded about it, stretching thin hands to the blaze as though they groped for life. When I shouted they left the fire reluctantly, drifting through the dimness and taking their places about the *filanzana* (sedan chair) without a word. For perhaps an hour we plodded along with no sound except the complaining

creak of leather and the soft scuffing of the bearers' feet. As we marched, the stars, which at first seemed closer and brighter than they do in Northern latitudes, grew fainter and faded out one by one, as though the sky were withdrawing from the earth. The strange colorless light strengthened, and little eddies of wind ran past us, rustling in the dry thorn. They came from the west, hurrying to meet the sunrise, and there was a bitter chill in them. The bearers shivered under their thin *lambas* (mantles), and sometimes I caught the faint click of chattering teeth. Then in the east a glow began, dull at first and overlaid with gray, like a sheet of iron that is beginning to cool. Minute by minute it brightened and mounted until half the sky was the color of thin flame, a smooth sheet of glowing light unbroken by any cloud. For a little while the sand and thorn took on the yellow of gold in dust, and the white lambas of my men seemed dyed with saffron. Then the sun came at a bound, the yellow glow faded, and our shadows leaped out before us, long and black. It seemed only a moment before the heat struck us.

The men halted to take off their lambas, rolling them about their waists or tying them on the poles of the *filanzana*. They stretched and rubbed their chilled limbs, like lizards thawing out after a frosty night, and their spirits began to revive. The sun was the black man's friend, just as it was the white man's enemy. While they were welcoming it I was adjusting my helmet

and smoked glasses and greasing my face with vaseline to keep the skin from cracking. Sometimes I tied a handkerchief across my mouth to protect my lips. They had become blistered early in the trip, and with repeated burnings the blisters had turned to open sores that made eating difficult.

As the sun mounted, the heat increased momentarily, until by ten o'clock even the wooden poles of the filanzana were so hot that the bearers had to pad their shoulders with their lambas. I felt as though I were being grilled at a slow fire, but even so I found the heat less troublesome than the light. The glare was indescribable, for the country was a waste of white sand that reflected the sun like a sheet of polished metal. Here and there stunted thorn trees broke the expanse, but they cast no real shadows, only mazes of thin gray lines that writhed in the heat waves like nests of spiders. The light stung my eyes through my dark glasses, and even when I closed them I found little relief, for my whole body was conscious of it. It seemed to come from all directions and to press upon me with a tangible weight, as water presses upon a diver. By the time we came to a village and halted for lunch, I had usually reached the limit of my endurance, and was glad to crawl into the first native hut, welcoming its malodorous darkness. Even this did not bring immediate relief, for I had a curious sensation as though two or three centres deep inside my body had become soaked with light and were radiating it back, like those chemicals which glow for hours after exposure to the sun. The main centre seemed to be in the neighborhood of my solar plexus, and the sensation, although not painful, was decidedly unpleasant. By the end of the noon halt, which was usually about three hours, the feeling would have worn off, and I would be ready to go on.

The afternoon would be a repetition of the morning, and when we reached the night halt I would turn in as soon as possible, almost too tired to eat.

Day after day we plodded westward through the deep sand, following zigzag trails and making long detours to reach villages, so that we rarely made more than five or six miles in an air line. I had planned to travel northwest from Faux Cap until I struck the west coast, then follow it northward to Tulcar, visiting a salt lake reported to be somewhere in that region, but I came to believe that this would be impossible. I was following the usual custom of living on the country, and it could not provide food for my *safari* of thirty men. As we went westward the villages dwindled to mere herdsmen's camps, vacant a large part of the year. Even the supply of cactus began to run out, and the natives themselves seemed half starved. The short rations brought the bearers first to noisy protests and then to a sullen apathy which was much more dangerous. I was fairly sure that they lacked the spirit for open mutiny so far from home, but I began to fear a knife while I was asleep, or poison. A supply of the latter was always on hand, for the desert contained a surprising number of deadly plants. An old native at Tsiombé had told me of sixteen different poisons and their effects, ending with an account of a certain root which, if cut and laid on the skin of a sleeping man, would kill him in two or three hours without wakening him. It may have been only a story, but during the rest of my stay in the region I was careful to make my own bed.

II

Looking back on that trip, I think that, with luck, I might have won through if it had not been for the appearance of a new and unexpected

enemy in my own mind. I had become quite accustomed to solitude and had learned to erect barriers against loneliness, but I found that my defenses were beginning to break down. I suppose that, although I did not realize it then, they had been undermined by the preceding months of travel when I saw other white men on an average of once a week. Then, too, the terrible sun and shortage of food were bringing out the fever in my blood, so that, although not really delirious, I found myself dwelling more and more in a shadowy half world that was neither altogether real nor altogether imaginary. It was as though the everyday world had retreated to a vast distance, while the half-formed thoughts and impressions that pass almost unnoticed at ordinary times had taken on a terrible strength and importance. There is a solitude of waste places, and a solitude of the crowd, and now I felt both pressing upon me.

The barrier between myself and the bearers could not be relaxed, for they would have taken the least touch of familiarity as a sign of weakness, and that would have meant the end. I lightened their work when I could, doctored them when they were sick, and heard them patiently when they had just complaints, but they had to be made to realize that they were only means to an end, draft animals who had to be kept in good condition if the trip were to succeed. As our hardships increased I could feel their indifference changing to a dull, almost impersonal hatred that dragged at me with a force that was intangible but real, as a current drags at a tired swimmer. I could have endured this, but there was something in the country itself that wore me down. There is a peace and a quiet grave companionship in mountains, and in jungles a press of eager and aspiring life, a battle and striving toward the sun, which make them kin to a man's soul,

but there was neither peace nor aspiration in this waste of thorn and shifting sand. It was a defeated land, a land that lay broken under the lash of the sun, lifting its head to snarl at us, hating us because we lived and moved. There was a menace in the crooked, crouching thorn trees that were like old men who had outlived battle and planned treachery, and there was a menace in the restless sand, white as dead men's teeth, forever whispering, like slaves that plot in corners. A bitter, impotent land that dared not fight us openly, but waited to stab us if we fell.

Slowly but surely I exhausted my mental resources one after the other. The few books I had allowed myself I already knew almost by heart, and they were of little real use, for one cannot read on the march. Long poems that I had learned as a boy were recited over and over until they lost their meaning. I solved scientific problems, composed stories, laid plans for the future — anything to fill my mind and drown the voices from the outside. Memories of well-loved things fed me for a while, then came memories of other things better forgotten, and always, just below the threshold of consciousness, I could feel the restless stir and crowding of those whom Yeats calls 'the dark folk who live in souls of passionate men, like bats in the dead trees.' Doubts eager to destroy all I had built up, fears of something more terrible than any ill of life or death, and shapeless black things that were pure evil. I thought that I had put the dark folk from me years before, in France and after, when I learned how much easier it was to act than to think, but now they came pressing up, not to be denied. Shape after shape forced its way into the light of the upper mind, each to be grappled with and each to pass, taking something with it. Then

no more came, and the mind was like a bare room, stripped of all except the crude furniture of daily routine, in which I stood and waited.

The voices from outside, which I had feared so, came quite clearly now, but they meant no more than the sound of rain on a roof. It was a strange mood — much, I fancy, like the mood of the mystic who waits a divine word or sign, but lacking his exaltation and his hope. No sign came, no guest entered the room that had been swept but not garnished, and I began to feel a growing resentment that I should be in a room at all. The walls of the mind seemed no longer a defense, but a barrier that shut me in, cutting me off from some larger fellowship and knowledge. I wanted to be free, but I was too tired to force my way out. I could only wait and watch my mind and body going through their daily round of unimportant things, wondering dully why they did it and when they would break. I felt as though I were being delayed by some boring visitor when I should be on the way to an important engagement, unable to break away, but too annoyed to pay attention. I was no longer lonely, and when I came among white men once more I felt a strong reluctance to meet them and an inability to talk to them. I understood why the dead return so seldom, and then only speak of trivial matters. There would be no common language in which to discuss the great ones. Everything in the world I had known before seemed somehow small and changed, and I realized with a bleak clarity that hardly one of the things by and for which people moulded their lives really mattered.

In this mood the trip no longer seemed very important, and my grip weakened. Moreover, toward the last I began to be light-headed at times. Even my interpreter seemed unable to tell when I was delirious, and, as the

orders I gave then were more forcible and convincing than those I gave when sane, a good deal of confusion resulted. At last I confessed that the desert had beaten me, and turned back, traveling northeastward until I reached one of the French posts. Although I had failed, I could comfort myself with the knowledge that I had gotten considerably farther into the country than any white man who had left a record.

My journal of the return journey is almost a blank, and only one incident remains in my memory. On the afternoon of the last day before we reached the fort a large snake, either a boa or a python, came into the trail ahead of us. It was as thick as a man's upper arm, and must have newly shed, for its colors were brilliant, a delicate cream mottled with reddish brown. Knowing that these Southern natives never injured snakes, I paid no attention to it, but the bearers crowded about me, begging me to kill it. 'But,' I said, 'it is *fady* (*tabu*).' 'Yes, yes, *fady* to us, but it is a bad snake. It eats chickens. Please kill it for us.' One of them brought me a stout club, and I went after it. By this time the front half had disappeared into the brush, and I hesitated to strike it, not wishing to injure the skin. My interpreter, gifted with more courage and less intelligence than I had given him credit for, seized it by the middle and dragged it back into the road. It instantly coiled around him, and for a few seconds they gave a lively imitation of the Laocoön. I finally got home with the club, and unwound the snake from the hero, who was violently sick at his stomach. The bearers had kept at a safe distance, but they now came forward, and each man solemnly rubbed the great toe of his right foot in the snake's blood.

When we arrived at the post I paid off my bearers, who could go home from there through territory under

government control, then devoted myself whole-heartedly to an attack of fever, which kept me in bed for a week. Fortunately there was a European in command, a sergeant of Corsican birth, and he tended me like a brother. I can only say of him, as Johnson said of Hervey, 'He was a vicious man, but very kind to me.' His post was so remote that he was rarely visited by any superior, and he had allowed his desire to retire with a fortune to overshadow most other considerations. He was a talkative little man and would chatter away by the hour without expecting a word from me, which fitted well with my mood. He was very homesick for Corsica, and always came back to the home he would buy there when he left the service. He had it all planned, even to the number of olive trees and vines and how many rooms there would be in the low, white house. He was never to see it, except in dreams, for a month after I had left word came that he was dead. I was grieved, but not surprised, for I had heard many tales of his treatment of the natives, and I had seen that he was getting careless. Matters had come to a head when he took an ox from a native without any pretense of payment, and kicked its owner out of the compound. This was the last straw, and a few days later two men came up to him in the street of the village and speared him without preliminaries. They disappeared into the desert and were never taken.

III

After the hardships of the preceding month the peace and plentiful food of the fort seemed very pleasant, and I was loath to move on. Even when the fever had left me I lingered day after day. I found myself regarding the passage of time almost with a native's indifference, and was conscious of a

great reluctance to return to civilization. I knew that three months' mail must be waiting for me at Tulear, but even this did not seem a great incentive. It was so much easier to sit in the shade of the Government House veranda and watch the village. When I first came to Madagascar I should have felt that its possibilities could be exhausted in half a day, but now I wondered whether an ordinary lifetime would be enough. There was something quiet and immemorial about it, comforting as an old garment that has long since shaped itself to the wearer's body. The fort with its whitewashed walls stood up stark and uncompromising, as out of place as the civilization it symbolized, but the village blended into the landscape like a patch of lichen on a rock. Like the lichen, it had its own colors, rich but subdued. The sand of the straggling streets was the color of worn gold, and the little houses had the gray of tarnished silver coins. It was days before I realized that their shadows were really blue. Here and there mango trees rose above the houses in rolls of dark green foliage, like sudden puffs of black smoke from locomotive stacks, while along the edge of the clearing ran a hedge of pale blue-green cactus, starred with yellow and orange flowers. Just beyond the village the gray scrub began, stretching away mile after mile to far-off hills that wavered like smoke in the heat haze.

In the face of that silent immensity human beings were dwarfed to microscopic size, but only we white men seemed out of place. Against that background of silence and space and quiet color the people of the village went their daily round, as much a part of it as the trees and sun. They went silently, on bare feet, walking slowly and luxuriously, with the grace of unhurried animals; tall beautiful men in loin cloths with skins the color of dark

bronze, and shapely women with the superb carriage of those accustomed to bearing burdens on their heads. Naked children played at quiet, decorous games, squatting beside intricate drawings in the sand and moving pebbles deliberately and at long intervals, as though they were playing chess. Old men, their time of work and war long past, sat all day with their backs against some house wall, changing their places only when the sun left them.

These old men fascinated me, for they had about them a stillness that was inhuman. They would sit for hours without moving a muscle, but wide-awake, with quick eyes darting here and there. It was as though, on their road to the grave, they had halted at the very edge of our world, and turned back to watch their descendants distrustfully. Their bodies had been almost laid aside, tools no longer needed, but in their minds I sensed a tense alertness like that of a crouching animal. Everything that happened in the village these watchers saw and recorded and weighed, not against the desires by which younger men measure events, but against one fixed and unalterable standard, the ancient usage of the tribe. In their vigilant immobility I saw a symbol of the *fomba*, the unalterable custom, fixed as the laws of nature, before which every individual in the tribe must bow or break. I knew that these old men were the real rulers of the village, viceroys for the ancestral spirits whom they would soon join. When they gave judgment they spoke with the voice of the ancestors, from whom there could be no appeal. Perhaps they themselves had rebelled in their youth, but if so they held it as no more than a disgraceful episode. In their eyes the old ways were not the best, but the only ones.

Knowing all this, I had expected them to be hostile to me, but they were

not. When I grew strong enough to stroll about the village I found them ready to meet my friendly advances halfway. From the calm security of the unchanging past they regarded me with a fleeting interest, or at least a benevolent indifference. To them the coming of the white men was only an incident, the fort no more than a camping place of a safari moving across the desert. They had known Europeans for, at most, two generations, and believed that in two more they would be gone again.

Like all old men, the watchers loved to talk of the past, and were glad to find someone who did not weary of their reminiscences. Most of their stories grouped themselves about their great king Tsipodra, who had reigned just before the French conquest. His name meant 'No Powder,' and he had earned it by training his warriors to charge home with their heavy stabbing spears, instead of blazing away with muskets from a safe distance. None of the other clans had been able to stand against him, and he had raided far and wide, gathering a huge booty of cattle and slaves. Even his death was notable, for his funeral had been worthy of such a hero. His body had lain in state for a whole month, exposed on a flat stone beside his dwelling, while the whole clan feasted at his family's expense. Rum had flowed like water, and over four hundred cattle had been slaughtered and their fat used to feed the fires which were kept blazing night and day to hide the odor of decaying flesh. When only his bones remained they had been laid in the largest tomb ever built in the Mahafaly country, and the place abandoned, leaving his houses standing with all their furniture. Now and then some native visited the spot to see that nothing had been disturbed; it was tabu to take anything, even a cactus fruit, from it. The houses had long since

disappeared, but the posts which fenced his cattle pen had taken root and grown into an almost impenetrable palisade twenty feet high. Other trees had sprung up and, under the protection of the tabu, had grown into a tall grove which rose above the scrub and was visible for a long distance.

I was anxious to visit the place, and as I was not sure the natives would favor this I decided to go alone, and secretly. I felt sure that, with the grove as a mark, I could find it without a guide. By this time the people were quite used to seeing me strolling about with my camera, and no one paid any attention to me when I set out. The trail was a narrow one through dense thorn that rustled at the slightest touch, and after stopping and listening several times I became convinced that I was not being followed. I found the tomb without difficulty, and settled down to take measurements and photographs. The tomb itself was a huge rectangular block of rough stone masonry with a row of ox skulls along its upper edge. Behind these, forming an oblong, were rows of *aloalo*, slabs of hard wood about eight feet high and eighteen inches wide. The lower part of each slab was carved with a series of crescents and disks which the natives had told me were moon symbols, while on the top were one or more figures. The moon symbols were always the same, but no two groups of figures were alike. Some slabs bore oxen, others birds, either singly or in pairs, and still others human figures, mostly women. Five or six had scenes carved in miniature, men milking cattle, wrestlers, and one a white officer drilling a troop of diminutive native soldiers.

There was no place from which I could get a good photograph of this unless I climbed on the tomb, and, although I had been careful so far not to touch anything, I finally decided to

take a chance. I had slung my camera and was preparing to scramble up when something prompted me to turn around. I found myself facing, literally at arm's length, a huge native armed with a very good modern rifle and the largest stabbing spear I had ever seen. In the instant of encounter it looked as wide as a shovel. He already had it half raised, and if I had laid a hand on the tomb it would have been driven through my back. Even when I turned he held it poised, and it was fortunate for me that my first reaction was neither fear nor fight, but a slightly hysterical amusement at the neat way in which I had been trapped. I laughed. The man's scowl gave place to a look of blank amazement, then he also began to laugh. 'May you have health,' I said, giving him the native greeting. 'Will you have some tobacco?' Then, taking care not to make any sudden movements, I drew out my pipe and tobacco pouch with my left hand and offered the pouch to him. Still laughing, he grounded his spear butt and brought out his own pipe from the folds of his loin cloth. I quietly hooked the thumb of my right hand into my belt, where it would be close to my pistol, and began to chat with him about the tomb in a matter-of-fact way.

He soon became quite friendly, pointing out the slab on which the body had lain and the sites of the various houses, and ended by selling me his spear and volunteering to show me a shorter way back to the fort. When he started I heard the bushes rustling in several places, and realized that I had been surrounded. The men who trailed me must have been wonderful stalkers, for they had come up without making a sound. My new friend led off, but soon distanced me, and when I came to a sudden turn in the path I found that he had disappeared. I went on with the best air of leisurely indifference that I

could muster, but until I was safe out of the brush I had a distinctly cool sensation up and down my spine. When I was back in my quarters I measured the spear and found that it really was the largest I had seen to date. The blade was seventeen inches long and four inches wide, with razor-sharp edges; and, meditating upon the wound that such a weapon would make, I registered a vow to keep the native tabus from that day forth, whether I thought I was being watched or not. I had the added chagrin of knowing that, like most adventures, the incident had been due to my own bad judgment. I could have accomplished quite as much if I had gone to the tomb openly. The story had reached the village by the time I reached the fort, and for the balance of my stay the natives greeted me with broad grins and sly jokes. I laughed with them, and could see that the incident had not lost me their respect or liking, although the owner of the spear found it convenient to go on a journey and remain away until I was gone.

IV

After a rest of over two weeks I mustered up energy to begin my trip northward to Tulear. The sergeant and I had become fast friends and I left him with genuine regret. He not only gave me his own filanzana bearers for the first stage of my trip, but refused all payment for my stay, a depth of devotion that only one who knew him could appreciate. As usual, we set out at gray dawn. In spite of the chill the bearers were in high spirits, for the fort lay near the edge of the military territory, and once I was in a new province I should have to get new men. They would be relieved the next night, and their two days' service would exempt them from further duty for some time to come. They laughed and shouted as they

trotted along, and one of them blew a little shell trumpet.

Just at sunrise we came to a wide river edged by a line of dark trees and beds of tangled cane. The water was low and ran crystal-clear over shoals of yellow sand. Downstream the sky was reflected on it in little gleaming patches of red and gold that scattered and ran like new coins spilled from a sack. The men slid down the bank and splashed through, shuffling to throw up clouds of glittering spray.

As we crossed the river the break in the brush gave me a view of the sky ahead, and I saw a long, low-lying cloud that seemed to be drifting eastward, like the smoke of a forest fire on a lazy wind. I knew that it could not be smoke, for it was pale brown with hints of light in it, like the furtive gleams in a very dull opal. Also, it had a peculiar motion of its own. Long wisps or streamers would break off from its upper edge, travel above and parallel with it for a time, then drop back into it. Our own path and that of the cloud converged, and I watched it through the occasional openings in the tree tops. As we drew nearer I made out a quantity of black specks that swerved around and through it in a crazy dance, like dust motes in a beam of light.

Within an hour we were in the midst of it — an enormous swarm of locusts in flight. There were literally millions of the big insects, filling the air with little points of light where the sun was reflected on their wings. They flew jerkily, beating upward and then coasting down in a series of long swoops. Their wings made a curious dry rustling, like a snake gliding over paper. It did not seem loud, but I found that I had to shout to make the men hear me. The black motes resolved themselves into a multitude of birds, mostly little hawks slightly larger than our own sparrow hawks. These would dash

through the thickest of the flying insects, striking right and left with their talons, and rise with a victim gripped in each foot. They floated above the swarm, devouring their prey at leisure, then plunged down for more. They never seemed to catch the locusts in their beaks, and I saw one foiled in his swoop by striking an insect head-on. The other birds were mostly dark gray buzzards and big black and white crows, but these flapped about clumsily, snapping at their prey and taking a smaller toll.

The locusts themselves were like gigantic grasshoppers about two and a half inches long. Their bodies were olive-green or brown, and their wings, in repose, had the yellowish glitter of thin sheets of mica. Here and there I saw larger individuals which were bright red with fantastic knobs and spines on their bodies and greenish wings. Their colors must have been a danger signal, for I saw a crow that had caught one spit it out and energetically wipe his beak on his wing. The great swarm covered a front of perhaps a mile and a half and was at least five miles deep. It seemed to move in waves, like advancing infantry, those in the van settling to feed while those in the rear flew over them. The feeding insects covered the bushes and trees with a glittering armor that made me think of sleet storms at home. Even the bare ground was almost solidly overspread with them, as though the earth had grown a scaly, reptilian skin. They seemed to love the sun, and I noticed that where a tree cast a heavy shadow they would pile up in seething windrows inches deep along the edges of the shade, but would rarely penetrate any distance into it. They seemed to feed with equal avidity on everything green and on the weak or injured members of the swarm, and left a trail of utter desolation in their wake. I had crossed the

paths of such swarms before, and found the trees stripped bare and the ground covered with a litter of brittle, broken twigs, like the aftermath of a hailstorm.

The harvest was too rich to miss, and the bearers asked leave to halt and gather some of them for food. A few resorted to hand methods, but with little success, for the prey were surprisingly quick and wary. The rest paired off, each couple holding a lamba outspread between them like a sail. With these they charged through the thickest of the insects, which rose in shimmering, rustling clouds. Many of the locusts struck and clung to the cloth, and after each charge it was quickly folded and squeezed to break the insects' wings. In a few minutes the men had gathered several pounds apiece, and we resumed the march with every lamba and rice sack bulging with loot. At the noon halt my cook offered me a dish of them, stripped of their wings and fried in oil, and I found them quite palatable, although they had a peculiar flavor. I only tasted them, for I had been able to gather better food for myself. The brush was becoming less heavy, and in the open glades we surprised many coveys of *krakratra*, dusty-brown ground pigeons as large as grouse, which rose whirring at our approach. I make it a rule never to kill for sport, but these birds were a real delicacy and seemed so numerous that after shooting two for my interpreter and myself I brought down six more, for the bearers of my filanzana.

It happened that these men were a mixed lot, six Mahafaly and the same number of Antandroy. When they received the gift the Mahafaly began to laugh and taunt the Antandroy, saying, 'Poor fellows! Krakratra are fady to you, and you will have to sit hungry and watch us eat a whole bird apiece.' 'Of course we can't eat them,' the Antandroy answered, 'but we come to one

of your villages this noon and we'll exchange our share for a chicken. Chicken is better than krakratra any day.' Then, turning to me, 'We can't touch krakratra, so make one of these ignorant Mahafaly carry our birds for us.' I agreed that this was just, and everyone thought it a good joke. When we halted for lunch I supervised the exchange myself, and saw to it that the Antandroy got their chicken without having to handle the pigeons. As soon as they had it I retired to the rest house, but presently heard scuffling and laughter and came out to find that two of the Mahafaly were wrestling with an Antandroy and trying to touch him with a handful of pigeon feathers. The other Antandroy stood by grinning, and even the victim took it in good part until they succeeded, when he became angry and struck at one of them with his fist. His tormentors ran away, laughing. Later in the afternoon I saw the same men chatting together amicably, so I judged the offense was not too serious.

V

We halted that night at a Mahafaly village, then pressed on northward. We had been climbing gradually, and now the country began to change. The sand through which I had been traveling for over two months gave place to hard red soil with outcrops of gray rock, and the thorny scrub disappeared. In its place were leafy trees and bushes that grew in clumps, with winding grassy lanes between. There were no flowers, except those of the ever-present cactus, but we began to find wild fruit. One straggling bush, covered with dark green foliage, bore red berries somewhat like large rose haws. These were tasteless but mildly sweet, and whenever the bearers sighted a clump of them there was a general scramble. One of my filanzana bearers had the

trick of taking a handful of these and tossing them high in the air, one after another, catching them in his open mouth as he trotted along. At every catch he brought his teeth together with a click like a steel trap and gave a whoop of delight. There were also low gray trees, nearly always growing alone, which bore translucent yellow fruit, egg-shaped and as large as a big plum. The hardier men ate these and I tasted one, but found it sourer than any lemon. Birds began to appear, big gray parrots which flew high for the most part, small white herons with black beaks and legs, and flocks of guinea fowl which crossed the road marching in single file. They were very wary, and I pursued one flock for nearly a mile until I lost them in an impenetrable cactus thicket, without getting a shot at them. Later in the day my interpreter stalked another flock and got two fine plump birds larger than chickens. I told my cook to prepare one that night, but it did not appear until the next noon. He explained apologetically that he had had to borrow a pot to cook it in, and it was too late to find one when we reached the town. Guinea fowl were his personal fady, imposed long before by an *ombiasy* (medicine man) whom he had consulted as to the best way to get rich. If he had cooked one in my own pots he could never have eaten food from them afterward.

We passed several herds of cattle, each surrounded by a guard of the little white herons, who perched fearlessly on their backs and picked off the ticks and stinging flies. They were watched by boys or tall, lean men who hid their spears hastily at my approach. Although the grass seemed baked dry the animals were sleek and in good condition. One huge bull, with horns at least four feet across and a hump like a camel, seemed inclined to dispute our passage, until a small boy ran up and

drove him away with much shouting and arm waving. Even then he glowered at us from a distance, pawing and bellowing. The bearers were in their element, naming each beast by its particular color and criticizing its points as closely as a group of jockeys around a race horse. Then one of them broached the question whether, all things considered, it was better to have a cow or a second wife. The dispute went on for hours, with a careful weighing of the advantages of each. The Malagasy love such long-drawn-out arguments, and the men became quite rhetorical, quoting proverbs and declaiming in their best style. I ventured a word in favor of the woman, but was ruled out as inexperienced, for I had to admit I had never had either two wives or a cow. Finally the decision went to the cow, on the grounds that she was more profitable and less troublesome.

It was well after dark when we reached the post, but I could see that it was a place of some size. We passed a fort and several whitewashed houses, and the strangers' house was a large, solidly built affair with three rooms. It was filthy and alive with fleas, a sure sign that I was nearing civilization, and I passed a bad night. Daylight showed that the post was even larger than I had thought it — in fact, the first real town I had seen in three months. There were several streets of mud houses and a number of shops, most of which seemed to be closed. The government offices were also closed, and this should have warned me, but I had been in the brush so long that I had lost all count of time and of the days of the week. I merely concluded that the town was having an epidemic of some sort, the usual explanation when a Madagascar town seems half deserted, and went on to the Administrator's residence to pay my official call. I knocked, and after some delay an orderly came to the door and I

sent in my card. A few moments later I was ushered into the presence of a very small and very irate Frenchman attired in straw slippers and pyjamas. I had committed the unpardonable offense of disturbing him on Sunday. He swelled with outraged dignity and drew himself up haughtily to his full five feet, demanding what I wanted, how I had dared to trouble him out of office hours, et cetera. He gave me no chance to reply, so I merely looked down on him benevolently while he buzzed about me like an angry mosquito. When he paused for breath I apologized for disturbing him and presented my credentials, assuring him that I would call again at a more appropriate time. At sight of my letter from the Governor-General he became visibly deflated, but continued to glare at me, even angrier than he had been before. When I inquired whether it was true that there was an American missionary stationed in the town, he said explosively, 'Yes! He has the finest house in the town! He is a millionaire! All Americans are millionaires!' He seemed about to go on on the subject of Americans, but changed his mind and ushered me out with a stiff bow. It was a fitting welcome to civilization.

When I returned next morning, to arrange for new bearers, I found a freshly painted sign in front of his office that Europeans were received only between the hours of 11 and 11.15 A. M. I was foolish enough to regard this, which was an error, for he belonged to the type who take even ordinary courtesy as a sign of fear. During the next few days I was subjected to a series of delays and petty annoyances, culminating in an effort to disarm my interpreter. It was plain that the official wanted a bribe, a small matter to a millionaire American, but I did not feel inclined to give it to him. Instead I had another interview in which I promised to lodge

a complaint against him with his superior. He made a half-hearted apology, and I had no more trouble. I must say to the credit of the French Colonial Service that he was one of the three deliberately troublesome officials I met during my stay in the island, and that all three were of the lowest rank.

VI

After my interview I set out to find the missionary and, following the sound of singing, soon discovered his church. Services were under way, but long experience had taught me what to do. As soon as the hymn was finished I entered and took my place on the foremost bench on the men's side, the proper seat for a European visitor. I could sense great though suppressed excitement in the congregation, and the missionary himself came down and shook hands before going on with the service. When I spoke to him in English he was so startled that he could hardly continue. An old native came sidling up and, with a friendly smile and pat on the shoulder, gave me a hymn book, pointing out the place. Then a wheezy little portable organ began to gasp and rattle, and the congregation droned through verse after verse.

While they were singing I took time to look about me. It was a very simple little church, as plain as the Quaker meetinghouses of my boyhood, and yet it bespoke a wealth of devotion that was almost pitiful. The whitewashed walls of mud brick bulged a little in places, mute evidence of their builders' inexperience, and the tall wooden posts and rudely joined rafters that supported the roof were scored with the shallow chippings of little native axes. I learned afterward that they had been hewn in the forest and carried over thirty miles on men's shoulders. Altar, altar rail, and pulpit were of planed

wood, the work of the missionary himself, and the altar cloth was a strip of cheap white cotton goods edged with native lace. The congregation sat on rough wooden benches, the men on the right and the women on the left. Most of them were dressed in white lambas with more or less complete European clothing underneath. Plainly they were natives from the Plateau, almost as much strangers in this region as I was myself. A few of the local Mahafaly, in loin cloths and striped blankets, occupied the humble benches near the door, but they seemed to be mostly poor old people. From my raised seat the congregation as a whole gave somewhat the effect of a large and lumpy tablecloth set with rows of black heads.

Small children wandered about, and there was a good deal of coming and going, but one felt that there was nothing casual or perfunctory. Everyone wore a serious, preoccupied expression, and when a dog wandered in the man nearest the door kicked him on the nose with extraordinary precision and without even taking his eyes from his hymn book. The dog's frantic yelps and hurried flight did not turn a head or bring a smile. When the hymn ended, a native pastor took the pulpit and began to preach. I could not catch his text, but he spoke first of the love and care of God for His own. The people listened with rapt attention, and it was borne in upon me, as often before, that I was in the presence of the real primitive Christians. These simple, earnest, half-civilized folk differed hardly at all from the shepherds and fishermen and artisans who crowded about the Great Teacher on some Judean hillside two thousand years ago. The message given then came to these latest converts with all its original freshness and force, couched in a language they could understand. The Good Shepherd, the wells of clear water, all the old phrases that have

become only phrases to us, were for them facts of daily life, similes drawn from the things they knew best.

Then the preacher changed to the wars of the Jews and Philistines, pointing out how the Lord had protected His people. The interest of the audience deepened. It was plain that the trials and tribulations of the early Israelites were to them like so much current history, lit by flashes of their own experience. When he came to the combat of David and Goliath he described it in lively detail, adding several features which had been omitted by the original war correspondent, and wound up with: 'So David cut off Goliath's head and hung it up outside his village for the hawks to eat. The family never recovered it, and they had to bury Goliath without a head. Observe, my friends, how God takes away the intelligence of the enemies of His people. Which one of us, armed only with a spear and sword, would attack a man who was at a distance and armed with a sling? Goliath was a great warrior, but he became proud and attacked God's people, and God took away his brains.' Several of the older men nodded, and I knew they were recalling their own experiences with the Mahafaly slingers, who are deadly up to seventy-five yards.

After the service many of the men and a few of the older women crowded about to shake hands and to welcome me to the church. Most of them belonged to types I easily recognized, minor officials in stiff white ducks with rows of brass buttons, prosperous merchants, and middle-aged widows, here as everywhere active in church work. There was one man, however, whom I could not place. He was barefoot and dressed in a single straight white garment and stood apart from the others, waiting patiently for them to finish. His light skin and straight hair showed that he came from the Plateau, but he

was like no Imerina or Betsileo I had ever seen. They are, for the most part, short, with slender bones and small weak hands, but this man was almost a giant in height, with the chest and shoulders of a wrestler. He seemed lean to the point of emaciation, but his bare arms were corded with muscle, and his whole figure told of strength and almost unlimited endurance. When the others had finished their polite greetings he came forward, and they made room for him quickly and a little timidly. He towered above the sleek officials and merchants as gaunt and uncompromising as a dead pine tree, and seized my hand in a grip as strong as my own.

Looking up into his face, I knew the mystery was solved. I had seen the primitive Christians, and now I was meeting an apostle. All the passionate zeal, the half-insane energy, the spirit burning through the flesh, which Rodin has caught in his great head of John the Baptist, were in the man before me. Still clasping my hand, he asked eagerly, 'Are you a missionary? A new missionary?' 'No,' I said, and the light seemed to fade from his face. His hand dropped to his side, and I saw that it was strong and yet sensitive, with long big-knuckled fingers like those of a trained musician. 'But you are a Christian?' he asked doubtfully, and I answered that I was, for it seemed no time for definitions. He brightened again, and would have said more if the missionary had not plucked me by the sleeve and asked me to come to his house. As we strolled toward it he explained that the old man was half mad, a member of a purely native sect of wandering preachers who traveled back and forth among the pagan tribes, spreading the Gospel.

'Of course they do some good by preparing the way for our work,' he said doubtfully, 'but I fear many of them are quite unorthodox.'

THE TRAGIC FALLACY

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

I

THROUGH the legacy of their art the great ages have transmitted to us a dim image of their glorious vitality. When we turn the pages of a Sophoclean or a Shakespearean tragedy we participate faintly in the experience which created it, and we sometimes presumptuously say that we 'understand' the spirit of these works. But the truth is that we see them, even at best and in the moments when our souls expand most nearly to their dimensions, through a glass darkly.

It is so much easier to appreciate than to create that an age too feeble to reach the heights achieved by the members of a preceding one can still see those heights towering above its impotence as we do when we perceive a Sophocles or a Shakespeare soaring in an air which we can never hope to breathe. We say that we can 'appreciate' them, but what we mean is that we are just able to wonder, and we can never hope to participate in the glorious vision of human life out of which they were created — not even to the extent of those humbler persons for whom they were written. To us the triumphant voices come from far away and tell of a heroic world which no longer exists; to them they spoke of immediate realities and revealed the inner meaning of events amid which they still lived.

When the life has entirely gone out of a work of art come down to us from the past, when we read it without any

emotional comprehension whatsoever, and can no longer even imagine why the people for whom it was intended found it absorbing and satisfying, then, of course, it has ceased to be a work of art at all, and has dwindled into one of those deceptive 'documents' from which we get a false sense of comprehending through the intellect things which cannot be comprehended at all except by means of a kinship of feeling. And though all works from a past age have begun in this way to fade, there are some, like the great Greek or Elizabethan tragedies, which are still half-way between the work of art and the document. They no longer can have for us the immediacy which they had for those to whom they originally belonged, but they have not yet eluded us entirely. We no longer live in the world which they represent, but we can half imagine it, and we can measure the distance which we have moved away. Thus we write no tragedies to-day, but we can still talk about the tragic spirit, of which we should, perhaps, have no conception were it not for the works in question.

An age which could really appreciate Shakespeare or Sophocles would have something comparable to put beside them, — something like them, not necessarily in form or in spirit, but at least in magnitude, — some vision of life which would be, however different, equally ample and passionate. But when we move to put a modern masterpiece beside them, when we seek to compare them with, let us say, a *Ghosts*

or a *Weavers*, we shrink as from the impulse to commit some folly, and we feel as though we were about to superimpose Bowling Green upon the Great Prairies in order to ascertain which is the larger.

The question, we see, is not primarily one of art, but of the two worlds which two minds inhabited. No increased powers of expression, no greater gift for words, could have transformed Ibsen into Shakespeare. The materials out of which the latter created his works — his conception of human dignity, his sense of the importance of human passions, his vision of the amplitude of human life — simply did not and could not exist for Ibsen, as they did not and could not exist for his contemporaries. God and Man and Nature had all somehow dwindled in the course of the intervening centuries, not because the realistic creed of modern art led us to seek out mean people, but because this meanness of human life was somehow thrust upon us by the operation of that same process which led to the development of realistic theories of art by which our vision could be justified.

Hence, though we still use, sometimes, the adjective 'tragic' to describe one or another of those modern works of literature which portray human misery and which end more sadly, even, than they begin, the term is a misnomer, since it is obvious that the works in question have nothing in common with the classical examples of the genre, and produce in the reader a sense of depression which is the exact opposite of that elation generated when the spirit of a Shakespeare rises joyously superior to the outward calamities which he recounts, and celebrates the greatness of the human spirit whose travail he describes.

Tragedies, in that only sense of the word which has any distinctive

meaning, are no longer written in either the dramatic or any other form, and the fact is not to be accounted for in any merely literary terms. It is not the result of any fashion in literature or of any deliberate determination to write about human nature or character under different aspects. Neither does it come from any greater sensitiveness of feeling which would make us shrink from the contemplation of the suffering of Medea or Othello, nor from any greater optimism which would make us likely to see life in more cheerful terms. It is, on the contrary, the result of enfeeblements of the human spirit not unlike that described in an earlier essay of mine, and a further illustration of that gradual weakening of man's confidence in his ability to impose upon the phenomenon of life an interpretation acceptable to his desires which is the subject of the whole of the present discussion.

To explain that fact and to make clear how the creation of classical tragedy did consist in the successful effort to impose such a satisfactory interpretation will require, perhaps, the special section which follows, although the truth of the fact that great tragedy does impose such an interpretation must be evident to anyone who has ever risen from the reading of *Oedipus* or *Lear* with that feeling of exultation which comes when we have been able, by rare good fortune, to enter into its spirit as completely as is possible for us of a remoter and emotionally enfeebled age. Meanwhile one anticipatory remark may be ventured. If the plays and the novels of to-day deal with littler people and less mighty emotions, it is not because we have become interested in commonplace souls and their unglamorous adventures, but because we have come, willy-nilly, to see the soul of man as commonplace and its emotions as mean.

II

Tragedy, said Aristotle, is the 'imitation of noble actions,' and though it is some twenty-five hundred years since the dictum was uttered, there is only one respect in which we are inclined to modify it. To us 'imitation' seems a rather naive word to apply to that process by which observation is turned into art, and we seek for one which would define, or at least imply, the nature of that interposition of the personality of the artist between the object and the beholder which constitutes his function, and by means of which he transmits a modified version rather than a mere imitation of the thing which he has contemplated.

In the search for this word, the aestheticians of romanticism invented the term 'expression' to describe the artistic purpose to which apparent imitation was subservient. Psychologists, on the other hand, feeling that the artistic process was primarily one by which reality is modified in such a way as to render it more acceptable to the desires of the artist, employed various terms in the effort to describe that distortion which the wish may produce in vision. And, though many of the newer critics reject both romanticism and psychology, even they insist upon the fundamental fact that in art we are concerned not with mere imitation, but with the imposition of some form upon the material which it would not have if it were merely copied as a camera copies. Tragedy is not, then, as Aristotle said, the imitation of noble actions, for, indeed, no one knows what a noble action is, or whether or not such a thing as nobility exists in nature apart from the mind of man. Certainly the action of Achilles in dragging the dead body of Hector around the walls of Troy and under the eyes of Andromache, who had begged to be allowed to give it

decent burial, is not to us a noble action, though it was such to Homer, who made it the subject of a noble passage in a noble poem. Certainly, too, the same action might conceivably be made the subject of a tragedy and the subject of a farce, depending upon the way in which it was treated; so that to say that tragedy is the imitation of a noble action is to be guilty of assuming, first, that art and photography are the same end, second, that there may be something inherently noble in an act as distinguished from the motives which prompted it or from the point of view from which it is regarded.

Nevertheless, the idea of nobility is inseparable from the idea of tragedy, which cannot exist without it. If tragedy is not the imitation or even the modified representation of noble actions, it is certainly a representation of actions *considered* noble, and herein lies its essential nature, since no man can conceive it unless he is capable of believing in the greatness and importance of man. Its action is usually, if not always, calamitous, because it is only in calamity that the human spirit has the opportunity to reveal itself triumphant over the outward universe, which fails to conquer it; but this calamity in tragedy is only a means to an end, and the essential thing which distinguishes real tragedy from those distressing modern works sometimes called by its name is the fact that it is in the former alone that the artist has found himself capable of considering and of making us consider that his people and his actions have that amplitude and importance which make them noble.

Tragedy arises, then, when, as in Periclean Greece or Elizabethan England, a people fully aware of the calamities of life is nevertheless serenely confident of the greatness of man, whose mighty passions and supreme

fortitude are revealed when one of these calamities overtakes him.

To those who mistakenly think of tragedy as something gloomy or depressing, who are incapable of recognizing the elation which its celebration of human greatness inspires, and who, therefore, confuse it with things merely miserable or pathetic, it must be a paradox that the happiest, most vigorous, and most confident ages which the world has ever known — the Periclean and the Elizabethan — should be exactly those which created and which most relished the mightiest tragedies; but the paradox is, of course, resolved by the fact that tragedy is essentially an expression, not of despair, but of the triumph over despair and of confidence in the value of human life. If Shakespeare himself ever had that 'dark period' which his critics and biographers have imagined for him, it was at least no darkness like that bleak and arid despair which sometimes settles over modern spirits. In the midst of it he created both the elemental grandeur of Othello and the pensive majesty of Hamlet, and, holding them up to his contemporaries, he said in the words of his own Miranda: 'O brave new world, that has such people in 't!'

All works of art which deserve their name have a happy end. This is indeed the thing which constitutes them art and through which they perform their function. Whatever the character of the events, fortunate or unfortunate, which they recount, they so mould or arrange or interpret them that we accept gladly the conclusion which they reach and would not have it otherwise. They may conduct us into the realm of pure fancy, where wish and fact are identical and the world is remade exactly after the fashion of the heart's desire, or they may yield some greater or less allegiance to fact; but they must always reconcile us in one

way or another to the representation which they make, and the distinctions between the genre are simply the distinctions between the means by which this reconciliation is effected.

Comedy laughs the minor mishaps of its characters away; drama solves all the difficulties it allows to arise; and melodrama, separating good from evil by simple lines, distributes its rewards and punishments in accordance with the principles of a naïve justice satisfying the simple souls of its audience, which are neither philosophical enough to question its primitive ethics nor critical enough to object to the way in which its neat events violate the laws of probability. Tragedy, the greatest and the most difficult of the arts, can adopt none of these methods; and yet it must reach its own happy end in its own way. Though its conclusion must be, by its premise, outwardly calamitous, though it must speak to those who know that the good man is cut off and that the fairest things are the first to perish, yet it must leave them, as *Othello* does, content that this is so. We must be and we are glad that Juliet dies, and glad that Lear is turned out into the storm.

Milton set out, he said, to justify the ways of God to man; and his phrase, if it be interpreted broadly enough, may be taken as describing the function of all art, which must, in some way or other, make the life which it seems to represent satisfactory to those who see its reflection in the magic mirror, and must gratify, or at least reconcile, the desires of the beholder — not necessarily, as the more naïve exponents of Freudian psychology maintain, by gratifying individual and often eccentric wishes, but at least by satisfying the universally human desire to find in the world some justice, some meaning, or, at the very least, some recognizable order. Hence it is that every real

tragedy, however tremendous it may be, is an affirmation of faith in life, a declaration that, even if God is not in His Heaven, then at least Man is in his World.

We accept gladly the outward defeats which it describes for the sake of the inward victories which it reveals. Juliet died, but not before she had shown how great and resplendent a thing love could be; Othello plunged the dagger into his own breast, but not before he had revealed that greatness of soul which makes his death seem unimportant. Had he died in the instant when he struck the blow, had he perished still believing that the world was as completely black as he saw it before the innocence of Desdemona was revealed to him, then, for him at least, the world would have been merely damnable; but Shakespeare kept him alive long enough to allow him to learn his error and hence to die, not in despair, but in the full acceptance of the tragic reconciliation to life. Perhaps it would be pleasanter if men could believe what the child is taught, — that the good are happy and that things turn out as they should, — but it is far more important to be able to believe, as Shakespeare did, that however much things in the outward world may go awry, man has, nevertheless, splendors of his own, and that, in short, Love and Honor and Glory are not words, but realities.

Thus for the great ages tragedy is not an expression of despair, but the means by which they saved themselves from it. It is a profession of faith, and a sort of religion — a way of looking at life by virtue of which it is robbed of its pain. The sturdy soul of the tragic author seizes upon suffering and uses it as a means by which joy may be wrung out of existence, but it is not to be forgotten that he is enabled to do so only because of his belief in the greatness of

human nature, and because, though he has lost the child's faith in life, he has not lost his far more important faith in human nature. A tragic writer does not have to believe in God, but he must believe in man.

And if, then, the tragic spirit is in reality the product of a religious faith, in which, sometimes at least, faith in the greatness of God is replaced by faith in the greatness of man, it serves, of course, to perform the function of religion, to make life tolerable for those who participate in its beneficent illusion. It purges the souls of those who might otherwise despair, and it makes endurable the realization that the events of the outward world do not correspond with the desires of the heart, and thus in its own particular way it does what all religions do, for it gives a rationality, a meaning, and a justification to the universe. But if it has the strength it has also the weakness of all faiths, since it may — nay, it must — be ultimately lost, as reality, encroaching further and further into the realm of imagination, leaves less and less room in which that imagination can build its refuge.

III

It is, indeed, only at a certain stage in the development of the realistic intelligence of a people that the tragic faith can exist. A naiver people, still possessed of the child's faith that the universe coincides exactly with its desires, has only — and needs only — its happy and childlike mythology, which arrives inevitably at its happy end, where the only ones who suffer 'deserve' to do so, and in which, therefore, life is represented as directly and easily acceptable. A too sophisticated society, on the other hand, — one which, like ours, has outgrown not merely the simple optimism of the

child, but also that vigorous, one might almost say adolescent, faith in the nobility of man which marks a Sophocles or a Shakespeare,—has neither fairy tales to assure it that all is always right in the end nor tragedies to make it believe that it rises superior in soul to the outward calamities which befall it.

Distrusting its thought, despising its passions, realizing its impotent unimportance in the universe, it can tell itself no stories except those which make it still more acutely aware of its trivial miseries. When its heroes—sad misnomer for the pitiful creatures who people contemporary fiction—are struck down it is not, as in the case of Oedipus, by the gods that they are struck, but only, as with Oswald Alving, by syphilis, for they know that the gods, even if they existed, would not trouble with them, and they cannot attribute to themselves in art an importance in which they do not believe. Their so-called tragedies do not and cannot end with one of those splendid calamities which in Shakespeare seem to reverberate through the universe, because they cannot believe that the universe trembles when their love is, like Romeo's, cut off, or when the place where they, small as they are, have gathered up their trivial treasure is, like Othello's sanctuary, defiled. Instead, mean misery piles on mean misery, petty misfortune follows petty misfortune, and despair becomes intolerable because it is no longer even significant or important.

Ibsen once made one of his characters say that he did not read much in the classics because he found them 'irrelevant,' and the adjective was brilliantly chosen because it held implication even beyond those of which Ibsen was consciously aware. What is it that made the classics irrelevant to him and to us? Is it not just exactly those to him impossible premises which

make tragedy what it is, those assumptions that the soul of man is great, that the universe, together with whatever gods may be, concerned itself with him, and that he is, in a word, noble? He turned to village politics for exactly the same reason that his contemporaries and his successors have, each in his own way, sought out some aspect of the common man and his common life—because, that is to say, here was at least something small enough for him to be able to believe.

Bearing this fact in mind, let us compare a modern 'tragedy' with one of the great works of a happy age, not in order to judge of their relative technical merits, but in order to determine to what extent the former deserves its name by achieving a tragic solution capable of purging the soul or of reconciling the emotions to the life which it pictures. And, in order to make the comparison as fruitful as possible, let us choose *Hamlet* on the one hand and on the other a play like *Ghosts*, which was not only written by perhaps the most powerful as well as the most typical of modern writers, but which is, in addition, the one of his works which seems most nearly to escape that triviality which cannot be entirely escaped by anyone who feels, as all contemporary minds do, that man is relatively trivial.

In *Hamlet* a prince ('In apprehension how like a god!') has thrust upon him from the unseen world a duty to redress a wrong which concerns not merely him, his mother, and his uncle, but the moral order of the universe. Erasing all trivial fond records from his mind, abandoning at once both his studies and his romance, because it has been his good fortune to be called upon to take part in an action of cosmic importance, he plunges at first, not into action, but into thought, weighing the claims which are made upon him and

contemplating the grandiose complexities of the universe. And when the time comes at last for him to die he dies, not as a failure, but as a success. Not only has the universe regained the balance which had been upset by what seemed the monstrous crime of the guilty pair ('There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so'), but in the process by which that readjustment was made a mighty mind has been given the opportunity, first to contemplate the magnificent scheme of which it was a part, and then to demonstrate the greatness of its spirit by playing a rôle in the grand style which it called for. We do not need to despair in such a world if it has such creatures in it.

Turn now to *Ghosts*. Look upon this picture and upon that. A young man has inherited syphilis from his father. Struck by a to him mysterious malady, he returns to his northern village, learns the hopeless truth about himself, and persuades his mother to poison him. The incidents prove, perhaps, that pastors should not endeavor to keep a husband and wife together unless they know what they are doing. But what a world is this in which a great writer can deduce nothing more than that from his greatest work, and how are we to be purged or reconciled when we see it acted? Not only is the failure utter, but it is trivial and meaningless as well.

Yet the journey from Elsinore to Skien is precisely the journey which the human spirit has made, exchanging in the process princes for invalids and gods for disease. We say, as Ibsen would say, that the problems of Oswald Alving are more 'relevant' to our life than the problems of Hamlet, that the play in which the former appears is more 'real' than the other more glamorous one, but it is exactly because we find it so that we are condemned. We can believe

in Oswald, but we cannot believe in Hamlet, and a light has gone out in the universe. Shakespeare justifies the ways of God to man, but in Ibsen there is no such happy end and with him tragedy, so called, has become an expression of our despair at finding that such justification is no longer possible.

Modern critics have sometimes been puzzled to account for the fact that the concern of ancient tragedy is almost exclusively with kings and courts. They have been tempted to accuse even Aristotle of a certain naïveté in assuming, as he seems to assume, that the nobility of which he speaks as necessary to a tragedy implies a nobility of rank as well as of soul, and they have sometimes regretted that Shakespeare did not devote himself more than he did to the serious consideration of those common woes of the common man which subsequent writers have exploited with increasing pertinacity. Yet the tendency to lay the scene of a tragedy at the court of a king is not the result of any arbitrary convention, but of the fact that the tragic writers believed easily in greatness just as we believe easily in meanness. To Shakespeare, robes and crowns and jewels are the garments most appropriate to man because they are the fitting outward manifestation of his inward majesty, but to us they seem absurd because the man who bears them has, in our estimation, so pitifully shrunk. We do not write about kings because we do not believe that any man is worthy to be one, and we do not write about courts because hovels seem to us to be dwellings more appropriate to the creatures who inhabit them. Any modern attempt to dress characters in robes ends only by making us aware of a comic incongruity, and any modern attempt to furnish them with a language resplendent like Shakespeare's ends only in bombast.

True tragedy, capable of performing its function and of purging the soul by reconciling man to his woes, can exist only by virtue of a certain pathetic fallacy far more inclusive than that to which the name is commonly given. The romantics, feeble descendants of the tragic writers, to whom they are linked by their effort to see life and nature in grandiose terms, loved to imagine that the sea or the sky had a way of accordinig itself with their moods, of storming when they stormed and smiling when they smiled. But the tragic spirit sustains itself by an assumption much more far-reaching and no more justified. Man, as it sees him, lives in a world which he may not dominate, but which is always aware of him. Occupying the exact centre of a universe which would have no meaning except for him, and being so little below the angels that, if he believes in God, he has no hesitation in imagining Him formed as he is formed and crowned with a crown like that which he or one of his fellows wears, he assumes that each of his acts reverberates through the universe. His passions are important to him because he believes them important throughout all time and all space; the very fact that he can sin (no modern can) means that this universe is watching his acts; and, though he may perish, a God leans out from infinity to strike him down.

And it is exactly because an Ibsen cannot think of man in any such terms as these that his persons have so shrunk and that his 'tragedy' has lost that power which real tragedy always has of making that infinitely ambitious creature called man content to accept his misery if only he can be made to feel great enough and important enough. An Oswald is not a Hamlet chiefly because he has lost that tie with the natural and supernatural world which the latter had. No ghost will leave the

other world to warn or encourage him; there is no virtue and no vice which he can possibly have which can be really important; and when he dies neither his death nor the manner of it will be, outside the circle of two or three people as unnecessary as himself, any more important than that of a rat behind the arras.

Perhaps we may dub the illusion upon which the tragic spirit is nourished the Tragic, as opposed to the Pathetic, Fallacy; but fallacy though it is, upon its existence depends not merely the writing of tragedy, but the existence of that religious feeling of which tragedy is an expression, and by means of which a people aware of the dissonances of life manages nevertheless to hear them as harmony. Without it neither man nor his passions can seem great enough or important enough to justify the sufferings which they entail, and literature, expressing the mood of a people, begins to despair where once it exulted. Like the belief in love, and like most of the other mighty illusions by means of which human life has been given a value, the Tragic Fallacy depends ultimately upon the assumption which man so readily makes that something outside his own being, some 'spirit not himself,' — be it God, Nature, or that still vaguer thing called a Moral Order, — joins him in the emphasis which he places upon this or that and confirms him in his feeling that his passions and his opinions are important. When his instinctive faith in that correspondence between the outer and the inner world fades, his grasp upon the faith that sustained him fades also; and love, or tragedy, or what not, ceases to be the reality which it was because he is never strong enough in his own insignificant self to stand alone in a universe which snubs him with its indifference.

In both the modern and the ancient

worlds tragedy was dead long before writers were aware of the fact. Seneca wrote his frigid melodramas under the impression that he was following in the footsteps of Sophocles, and Dryden probably thought that his *All for Love* was an improvement upon Shakespeare; but in time we came to see that no amount of rhetorical bombast could conceal the fact that grandeur was not to be counterfeited when the belief in its possibility was dead, and, turning from the hero to the common man, we inaugurated the era of realism. For us no choice remains except that between mere rhetoric and the frank consideration of man, who may be the highest of the anthropoids, but who is certainly too far below the angels to imagine either that the latter can concern themselves with him or that he can catch any glimpse of even the soles of their feet. We can no longer tell tales of the fall of noble men, because we do not believe that noble men exist. The best that we can achieve is pathos, and the most that we can do is to feel sorry for ourselves. Man has put off his royal robes, and it is only in sceptred pomp that tragedy can come sweeping by.

IV

Nietzsche was the last of the great philosophers to attempt a tragic justification of life. His central and famous dogma, 'Life is good because it is painful,' sums up in a few words the desperate and almost meaningless paradox to which he was driven in his effort to reduce to rational terms the far more imaginative conception which is everywhere present but everywhere unanalyzed in a Sophocles and a Shakespeare, and by means of which they rise triumphant over the manifold miseries of life. But the very fact that Nietzsche could not even attempt to state in any except intellectual terms an attitude

which is primarily unintellectual, and to which, indeed, intellectual analysis is inevitably fatal, is proof of the distance which he had been carried, by the rationalizing tendencies of the human mind, away from the possibility of the tragic solution which he sought; and the confused, half-insane violence of his work will reveal, by the contrast which it affords with the serenity of the tragic writers whom he admired, how great was his failure.

Fundamentally this failure was, moreover, conditioned by exactly the same thing which has conditioned the failure of all modern attempts to achieve what he attempted — by the fact, that is to say, that tragedy must have a hero if it is not to be merely an accusation against, instead of a justification of, the world in which it occurs. It is, as Aristotle said, an imitation of noble actions, and Nietzsche, for all his enthusiasm for the Greek tragic writers, was palsied by the universally modern incapacity to conceive man as noble. Out of this dilemma, out of his need to find a hero who could give to life as he saw it the only possible justification, was born the idea of the Superman; but the Superman is merely a hypothetical creature destined to become what man actually was in the eyes of the great tragic writers — a creature, as Hamlet said, 'how infinite in faculty . . . in apprehension how like a god.' Thus Nietzsche lived half in the past, through his literary enthusiasms, and half in the future, through his grandiose dreams; but, for all his professed determination to justify existence, he was no more able than the rest of us to find the present acceptable. Life, he said in effect, is not a tragedy now, but perhaps it will be when the Ape-man has been transformed into a hero (the *Übermensch*); and, trying to find that sufficient, he went mad.

He failed, as all moderns must fail

when they attempt, like him, to embrace the tragic spirit as a religious faith, because the resurgence of that faith is not an intellectual but a vital phenomenon, something not achieved by taking thought, but born, on the contrary, out of an instinctive confidence in life which is nearer to the animals' unquestioning allegiance to the scheme of nature than it is to that critical intelligence characteristic of a fully developed humanism. And, like other faiths, it is not to be recaptured merely by reaching an intellectual conviction that it would be desirable to do so.

Modern psychology has discovered — or at least strongly emphasized — the fact that under certain conditions desire produces belief; and, having discovered also that the more primitive a given mentality, the more completely are its opinions determined by its wishes, modern psychology has concluded that the best mind is that which most resists the tendency to believe a thing simply because it would be pleasant or advantageous to do so. But, justified as this conclusion may be from the intellectual point of view, it fails to take into account the fact that, in a universe as badly adapted as this one to human as distinguished from animal needs, this ability to will a belief may bestow an enormous vital advantage — as it did, for instance, in the case at present under discussion, where it made possible for Shakespeare the compensation of a tragic faith completely inaccessible to Nietzsche. Pure intelligence, incapable of being influenced by desire, and therefore also incapable of choosing one opinion rather than another simply because the one chosen is the more fruitful or beneficent, is doubtless a relatively perfect instrument for the pursuit of truth; but the question — likely, it would seem, to be answered in the negative —

is simply whether or not the spirit of man can endure the literal and inhuman truth.

Certain ages and most simple people have conceived of the action which passes upon the stage of the universe as of something in the nature of a Divine Comedy — something, that is to say, which will reach its end with the words 'and they lived happily ever after.' Others, less naïve and therefore more aware of those maladjustments whose reality, at least so far as outward events are concerned, they could not escape, have imposed upon it another artistic form and called it a Divine Tragedy, accepting its catastrophe as we accept the catastrophe of an *Othello*, because of its grandeur. But a tragedy, divine or otherwise, must, it may again be repeated, have a hero, and from the universe, as we see it, both the Glory of God and the Glory of Man have departed. Our cosmos may be farcical or it may be pathetic, but it has not the dignity of tragedy and we cannot accept it as such.

Yet our need for the consolations of tragedy has not passed with the passing of our ability to conceive it. Indeed, the dissonances which it was tragedy's function to resolve grow more insistent instead of diminishing. Our passions, our disappointments, and our sufferings remain important to us though important to nothing else, and they thrust themselves upon us with an urgency which makes it impossible for us to dismiss them as the mere trivialities which, so our intellects tell us, they are. And yet, in the absence of tragic faith or the possibility of achieving it, we have no way in which we may succeed in giving them the dignity which would not only render them tolerable, but would transform them, as they were transformed by the great ages, into joys. The death of Tragedy is, like the death of Love, one of those

emotional fatalities as the result of which the human as distinguished from the natural world grows more and more a desert.

Poetry, said Santayana in his famous phrase, is 'religion which is no longer believed,' but it depends, nevertheless, upon its power to revive in us a sort of temporary or provisional credence, and the nearer it can come to producing an illusion of belief, the greater is its power as poetry. Once the tragic spirit was a living faith, and out of it tragedies were written. To-day these great expressions of a great faith have declined, not merely into poetry, but

into a kind of poetry whose premises are so far from any we can really accept that we can only partially and dimly grasp its meaning. We read but we do not write tragedies. The tragic solution of the problem of existence, the reconciliation to life by means of the tragic spirit, is, that is to say, now only a fiction surviving in art. When that art itself has become, as it probably will, completely meaningless, when we have ceased not only to write but to read tragic works, then it will be lost and in all real senses forgotten, since the devolution from Religion to Art to Document will be complete.

MOUNTAINEERS AND MILL FOLKS

BY ELEANOR RISLEY

I

WE camped beside the blanched road near the foot of the hill, where we could lie and look across the shining ford of the little river into the moon-drenched valley below. The mountaineer in the near-by cabin had said, 'Ef you-all won't sleep hyar, you'd best go on half a quarter and sleep in the schoolhouse. The mill folks carries liquor down this road sometimes. They goes up tother way, but sometimes they comes back by hyar — hit's a lonesomer way. And you best tie up you-all's dog. The mill folks jist runs over our houn's lickety-split! They won't mis-putt theyselves ter stop whin they kills one even.'

But vacant schoolhouses were not for us. For there we heard sounds of revelry by night, and the smell of liquor lingered there by day, and the floors

were often deep in dirt and torn textbooks. Once during a drizzling rain we had camped for three days in a schoolhouse where four men kept their tools, which they said were for digging graphite — though we saw no evidence of graphite and much evidence of moonshine. One of these men asked us for our newspapers received at the last mountain post office.

'I'm the onliest one thet kin read in this settlemint, and whin I gits a-holt of a paper I reads hit to all the neighbors. I cain't read writin', though. I wusht I could,' he ended wistfully. Peter asked him if he could not learn to write at the school here. He answered, 'This hyar schoolhouse hes ben built three yars, and thar hain't ben a term o' school in hit. Whut with the boll weevil and the chillern hevin' ter work and all the likely young folks gone down

ter the mill, thar hain't nobody ter go noways.'

But this night there was a full moon, and witchery was in the air. For months we had slept under the stars, seldom putting up our little tent, though always carefully packing Sisyphus, our pushcart, in case of a storm or a sudden alarm. A night under the open sky is a royal adventure; and sleep under a full moon is not an abdication. For sleep means not merely surcease from sorrow while the 'sleave of care' is knitted; the full moon is a silver trumpet calling a challenge from some enchanted world of otherwhereness, which we answer bravely, taking consciousness gladly to new fields of magic where the moon is a monarch. Earth, under the full moon, answers the call with a quickened pulse, and the water's lagging feet obey her lyric summons with a quickened measure. Even John, our beloved dog, who just missed being a setter, gazed at the moon and howled mournfully from the depths of some dread memory in answer to her solemn call. But when a mocking bird, teetering on the very tip of a dogwood bough above him,—a premeditated insult,—burst into a passion of song, John, chained to the wheel of Sisyphus, stiffened in resentment, turned around four times, flung himself to earth, and slept. And after a while there was whispering in the willows by the river, and a little breeze, drugged with the scent of honeysuckle, stole out and softly touched our faces — and we too slept.

In the chill of the night we were awakened by the noise of a motor car clattering down the mountain road. It splashed through the ford and groaned a sudden stop, and a woman's drunken laugh profaned the night. John leaped the length of his chain as two men ran from the car and stood upon our blankets. I looked up into the face of one, who grasped my arm and cried,

'Get up and come on down to the schoolhouse!' But Peter had seized the loaded rifle by his side and, pointing it at the man's head, said icily, in his best chest tones, 'Gentlemen, we are sleeping here by permission of the land-owner; and we do not desire to be disturbed.' With the rifle waving before them they backed silently to the car, and presently from the schoolhouse came sounds of drunken revelry.

'Here,' I said, 'is where I take up my bed and walk. They will come back, and we shall be compelled to shoot someone.' And not long after we heard yells and shots at our abandoned camp.

The next morning the mountain woman said, 'Hit wuz some o' them mill folks. I knows who hit wuz. They hain't bad folks. They wuz drinkin' and they'll be pow'ful 'shamed this mornin'. They ust ter live up hyar. But 'pears like whin they gits down ter the mill they jist goes hawg-wild! You know,' she went on, fixing her great melancholy eyes on the far horizon of the mountains, 'they's ben lonesome so long.'

'Ya-a-s,' said the man, 'my womern's got kin down ter the mill, and onct she went thar ter visit 'em. I had a great chanct o' peaches thet yar, and hit did n't dis-abundance me ter send some, and hit did n't mis-putt Viney ter take 'em. Viney says they did n't can up a one! They jist sets down and et 'em up and give 'em away. They even don't bake they own bread. Jist runs out and buys a loaf,—they's a big store they calls a commissary,—and eats and lights out fur them picture movies. Hit seems ter make 'em go hawg-wild ter git ter the mill. They forgits Gawddlemighty *en-tire!*'

II

We set out on the road to the mill with reluctance. But at the mill was

the only bridge across the river to Deer Mountain, where we wished to go. So we loitered on the way, and in the afternoon there suddenly appeared on the summit of the mountain, overlooking the valley of the mill, a place that simply demanded a camp. Back from a grassy meadow sprawled an old unpainted house under immense pine trees. At the right was a cuplike dell filled with blossoming altheas. Everywhere we had found altheas in door-yards; for an althea twig makes the best snuff stick, and a snuff stick is a salient feature of a mountaineer woman's face. But these altheas were almost trees, and trembling above and among the blossoms were hundreds of humming birds, the Western sun glinting their tiny green feathers until they shimmered with myriad iridescent hues. We went through the big gate, and I could scarcely get Peter, John, and Sisyphus past the fascinating open workshop at the left. From the house came a woman in a long brown calico dress. She was so tall and so thin that, as she came rapidly across the grass, she seemed to be walking on stilts. And her great black eyes, glassy with age, burned with unquenched fire as she cried, 'Ef you-all air sellin' medicine, you-all need n't come in! I sells all the medicine this hyar mounting needs. I ben arrested fur hit. But I jist tol' em to crack they whup! I jist go on sellin'. 'T ain't no ust comin' in hyar!'

We explained meekly that we were only attracted by the beauty of the place, and wanted to camp for the night by the humming birds in the dell. Around the corner of the house, walking softly on the myrtle, solid and thick as a carpet, a small clean-shaven old man drifted toward us. We afterward found that he never approached a destination other than obliquely. John ran forward to meet him and stood statuelike in amazement. For the man had a

Captain Cuttle hook for his left hand, only this was of two iron prongs tied to his wrist by a leather thong.

'James,' said the woman, 'these hyar folks thinks our place is so purty they wants ter stay all night.'

'Hit is a purty place,' said the old man gently. 'Hit ust ter be a great place fur the highrostocracy afore the war between the States. They ust ter come frum the South with they niggers and they carriages. They's a fine chalybeate spring jist past them posies down the hill. The chimbleys is thar yit whar they burnt the big hotels in the war. Come round ter the back door and see whar they ust ter dance. Thar's names cyarved on the rock frum way back.'

Worn smooth by the dancing feet of forgotten belles and beaus lay an enormous rock, level as a floor, on the edge of a precipice overlooking a wide valley. An old insecure iron fence protected one who dared look down.

'Be keerful!' warned the old man. 'Ef we hed iny chillern I'd fix thet fence.' I looked eagerly at the names carved there, and exclaimed when I found one I knew. The date was 1824.

'Yas,' said the man, 'my grandpappy knowed them folks. I ricollect hit, fur the name wuz so square.'

'De la Vergne,' I said.

'Thet's hit!' he cried. 'They all kim frum the North, and one of 'em painted a pictur o' whar my grandpappy's pigpen war. And hit's framed and hangin' in our house hyar. And one like hit sold fur money. And one time my granny said thet Mr. Devilin et at her house, and she hed ter rub his plate with a onion, though he would n't eat no onion. I've heerd her tell hit and laugh!'

'That was my great-grandfather,' I said.

'Think o' thet, Marthy! Ole Mr. Devilin's her great-grandpappy! Come

right in the house 'n' rest! Er maybe you-all'd like ter try some o' my seedlin' peaches? I keeps the finest tree fur my friends. Thar's four props under hit this yar. I never sells a peach frum hit. I calls hit my Friends' Tree.'

'Humph!' said his wife acidly. 'They is all his friends' trees! He won't sell nothin' fur what hit's wuth!'

'Now, Marthy,' he answered patiently, 'I sells 'em. But to sell too expensive is whut the Bible calls "doublin' and thrublin,'" and hit's agin the Book.'

'Oh, thet Bouk! Thet Bouk!' she cried contemptuously. 'I'll bring out some cheers and knives, and you-all jist set under the tree and eat. Thet's what all his friends does!'

'Don't mind Marthy. Marthy's a good Christian womern, though she don't seem to reelize hit. See this hat? Hit's a good hat,' he said, removing his wide gray felt. 'I hain't hed hit but two yars and hit's all frayed on the aidge. You see, mornin's after chorin's done I th'ows hit in the kitchen door, and ef hit comes rollin' back I lights out fur the work shed and waits around a spell. But ef hit don't come bouncin' back, I jist walks right in ter breakfast.'

III

The Friends' Tree, near the house, stood on a little knoll overlooking the valley, and under the four props was a bower where one could sit and, without rising, pick the rosy peaches. Our host said, 'Don't take iny but the very finest. Thar's more'n we'll eat. I hain't got enough friends! Whin you-all eats all you want, come round ter the back porch. They's some sugar-sweet muskmelons I ben wantin' somebody ter try.'

It was an experience to see the old man wash his iron hand, deftly carve a

melon, and offer a slice politely on a prong. John turned surprised and delighted eyes on me, as if to say, 'Here is a man that is a man!'

'Whut's you-all's name?' called the woman from the kitchen door. We told her, and she said, 'Our name's Brent, but iverbody calls us Aunt Marthy and Uncle James. I reckon you-all kin too. Why n't you-all come in the house? I don't like folks ter light on me and stay in the yard!'

'I'll go round and roll you-all's little wagon inter a room,' said Uncle James.

We explained that for our health we preferred to camp outdoors. Aunt Marthy sniffed something about 'pink pills fur pale people,' and we entered the great beamed kitchen with its huge fireplace and polished stove. At the east was an open door with a fence across it, which looked down a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. And as Aunt Marthy bent her tall form and vehemently threw out the dishwater I trembled for fear she would bring up in the valley below.

It rained for the next two days, and we moved into the house, which leaked like a sieve.

'Git yerself cheers and hunt a dry spot and set down,' said Aunt Marthy, who was occupying the most commodious spot, engaged in quilting a wonderful Texas Star quilt. 'James wants ter putt on a new roof. But we're old, and we hain't much comp'ny, and thar's allers spots fur cheers whar hit don't leak — though we cain't allers set in the same room, the leaks not bein' in the right spots. Kin you-all read print?'

Peter answered that we could.

'Wal, I got a book. Hit's titled *Leny Rivers*, by Mary J. Holmes. I've hed hit more'n twenty yars, and whiniver inybody comes as kin read they reads hit ter me. I cain't read, and James won't read nothin' but newspaper lies

and that Bouk! Lord, I've hed ter hyar so much about that Bouk that hit's plumb spiled my natur'! I don't hold with cussin', but iver' time James says "the Bouk" I feel like tellin' him who died fur him!"

And Aunt Marthy opened a trunk and carefully unwrapped *Lena Rivers* from a blue silk handkerchief.

The pride of a mountain woman's heart is a trunk. Though she has never traveled, nor ever expects to travel, and would beaghast at the thought, her social position is determined by the size and quality of her trunk; and Aunt Marthy smiled appreciatively when Peter cried, 'Some trunk!'

So I followed Lena from childhood in the country to adolescence in the cruel city, when suddenly Aunt Marthy called to Peter, who sat with Uncle James in respective dry spots in the next room.

'Hyar you, Peter! You read a spell. She's tired.'

'Aunt Marthy,' said Peter mendaciously, 'I've read—er—*Lena*—er—*Riverton*. I'll read you a good piece out of my paper.'

'In case o' that,' said Uncle James, 'I'll bring my harness in ter mend. I've hed ter hyar *Leny* in spots fur more'n twenty yars—though I cain't say I've ever connected hit up.'

Peter hurriedly selected a back-to-the-land article. With fervor it called the weary wayworn city dweller back to the farm, and urged him to relax, relax. Aunt Marthy looked bored. She took snuff, spat, and looked mortified. She said, 'Fur Gawd's sake, Peter, whut is that air ree-lax and how do you do hit?'

Peter gave me an appealing glance, and I said, 'He means "to ease up—not try too hard. Be peaceful." He wants the poor tired city man to go on a farm and—er—relax, you know.'

'Humph!' cried Aunt Marthy, and missed the fireplace again. 'Thet man's got a farm ter sell! Does he think we gits a ree-lax outen hoein' cawn and choppin' cotton, er raisin' leetle things like chickens and calves jist ter kill 'em er sell 'em? The onliest ree-lax I kin git on a farm is ter kill a rattle in my sang patch, er look down the bar'l o' my gun at a revenue officer! Now, Peter—you jist quit that ree-lax piece and read some in *Leny*.'

Peter, anxious to avoid *Leny* and to cover his lack of literary taste, said, 'I looked down the barrel of my rifle on the road last night.' I told the story, and Aunt Marthy cried, 'Hit wuz them no-count ornery mill folks! I wusht you-all'd shot 'em whilst you all hed the chanct!'

'Now, now, Marthy,' said Uncle James, 'they is jist the same folks that ust ter be our friends—leastways they mammies and pappies wuz. I don't low they would a harmed you-all. But whin they gits ter the mill, civileyezation takes holt and hit ruinates them fur a while—jist like a fever takes holt. They is ust ter still places, and Gawd-almighty, and lonesomeness, and they don't know how ter be in the world and out of hit too like the Good Book tells us ter be. You never knows whut civileyezation's a-goin' ter do whin hit fust takes holt. Now you take Willie Lemon—he's jist Hell-bent fur civileyezation. You see, thar is Willie Lemon—'

'Ya-a-a-s,' said Aunt Marthy cynically, 'thar is Willie Lemon! I see him stanterin' thu the huckleberry patch now, comin' down the mounting ter set under yo' Friends' Tree and hyar you norate! Willie Lemon ort ter be shot fur laziness. He don't work a lick!'

'Willie hain't ter say lazy exactly. He claims he's diskivered hit hain't no use ter work, and the Book does say ter take no thought fur the morrer.'

IV

Peter, intrigued by this fascinating doctrine, asked, 'Who is Willie Lemon?' Aunt Marthy answered gladly, 'Willie Lemon's a wood's colt. His mammy war Lily Ann Lemon, and I wuz thar whin he wuz borned. She war a-layin' thar white as death and iverbody thought a-dyin', and the preacher he come and told Lily Ann she'd go to Hell if she did n't tell who the pappy wuz and confess her sin; and she jist smiled and niver said a word, and got well and met a mill feller and married him and left Willie with his grandpappy and he died too. And Willie he ketches rattlers and sells the ile and the skins thu the mail order. He won't trap, fur he won't kill nothin' but a rattler er a copperhead. I claim Willie Lemon is lackin', myself.'

'No, Willie hain't lackin'. But he war a quare young un. He war four yar old afore he'd speak a word. One day they kotched a big rat, and they war a-showin' hit in a trap, and they all went uten the room, and whin they comes back the rat wuz gone, and they wuz a-marvelin', and Willie Lemon up and says, "I let that rat out, and I'm glad I done hit!" Fust word he iver spoke! And whin he went ter school he jist set thar, and the teacher, thinkin' he wuz lackin', jist let him set. And one day whin thar wuz a sum a big boy could n't do, Willie went ter the blackboard and done the sum right, and set down and never said a word. No, Willie hain't lackin'.'

'Hyar he comes thu the big gate,' said Aunt Marthy.

But Willie Lemon did not come through the big gate. He came over it like a bird, and with one continuous gesture he cart-wheeled across the grass with a bunch of white grapes in his hand, which he presented to Aunt Marthy, apparently without the loss of

a grape. And Willie Lemon was the most perfect specimen of the human race we had ever seen. He was twenty-three, of medium height, broad of shoulder and small of thigh. His jet-black hair might have been permanently waved at a beauty parlor; his skin was milk-white and apparently did not tan. For, unlike the mountaineer, he wore no hat. His features were like chiseled marble, and his soft black eyes under their curling lashes gleamed with veiled fire beneath their gentleness. During the week we spent with Aunt Marthy he came every day, and he never spoke but to answer a question, though he was quick to see when any helpful act could be performed for any of us.

Willie Lemon seemed closer to his hands, his feet, his head, his body, than other human creature ever was. I spoke of this one day, and Uncle James said, 'Willie, show how you kin walk on yer haid.' Obligingly Willie bounced away over the grass on his head, gracefully and seemingly without effort. We used to speculate as to whether Willie Lemon *was* his body, or whether he stood outside his body and commanded it. And one day, as we all sat on the gallery, Willie Lemon, as ever silent, and with his eyes fixed on the distant mountains, suddenly arose and ran off in a direction opposite from his home.

'Willie's had a call,' said Aunt Marthy.

'Yes, he has 'em too, like Samuel in the Good Book, and like —'

'Shucks!' cried Aunt Marthy. 'I reckon Samuel did n't smell a rattler whin he had a call! I claim he smells 'em! I low Willie Lemon kin smell a rattler miles away!'

And after a while Willie returned, carrying a huge rattlesnake, with twelve rattles, on a stick.

'Whar'd ye find hit, Willie?' asked Uncle James admiringly.

'Hit war a mile down the road under the stile whar the Reed chillern passes frum school. I jist got thar afore 'em.'

The day before we left he suddenly spoke to me. 'Do you-all know inybody in Kansas City?' he asked.

I told him I once lived there.

'I wusht I knowed someone thar. I larned about automobiles by mail order frum thar, all about 'em and how ter drive one. I'm a-goin' thar.'

'Oh, Willie Lemon!' I answered, pained. 'Why? Why?'

'I wants ter putt my hand on er wheel and go faster'n iny varmint in these hyar mountings. Sometime I wants er airship.'

So that was why Uncle James knew that 'civileyezation had tuck holt o' Willie Lemon'!

We gave him a letter to someone we knew in Kansas City, and I doubt not that Willie Lemon stood silent for a time before some garage or factory, and suddenly proved his ability to drive in a race!

V

There came a day when for the last time I took the perilous path down through the altheas to the chalybeate spring by the desolate chimneys of the old hotels. And as I climbed back up the rocky way I wondered how those delicate women of America's feudalism, in their hoop skirts and thin slippers, ever managed to reach the dancing rock. I walked for the last time through the grove of altheas, where the humming birds, not at all afraid of me, bobbed about like tiny soap bubbles iridescent in the sunlight; and I walked across the thick, soundless myrtle and sat down on the edge of the gallery to rest. Through the open window came the voice of Uncle James in melancholy groans.

'I tolle you, James Brent,' cried Aunt Marthy's voice, 'I tolle you whut'd

happen ef you et so many o' them muskmelons! Now jist groan away!'

'Hit hain't thet, Marthy! Hit hain't muskmelons! Hit's Peter and Eleanor!' He groaned again. 'They is good folks! Fine folks! But they lives down thar in civileyezation, and they hain't obeyed they Book's commands. Good folks! Fine folks! And lost! Lost!'

And he groaned again.

Aunt Marthy hissed one famous Napoleonic word which expressed all her contempt for creeds outworn; and I tiptoed across the myrtle to the Friends' Tree, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to weep.

Peter sat under the tree, and as I saw Uncle James emerge from the house, followed by his hat, and tack toward the workshop, I knew he would come to anchor presently at the peach tree. So I said, 'Here comes Uncle James to speak to us about our souls. Be careful not to hurt him. He is suffering about our souls.'

'Our souls!' cried Peter in a frightened voice, slipping the Little Blue Book of Nietzsche into his pocket.

Uncle James took off his hat, and spoke with grave dignity. 'I don't aim ter be brash ner conceitful, but I feels I jist gotter speak ter you afore you-all leaves. I knows hit's hard ter keep onspotted frum the world, down in civileyezation whar you-all belongs ter go back ter. And now Willie Lemon, he's Hell-bent fur hit too — and I jist cain't stand hit, somehow! I've watched civileyezation take holt o' our own mounting folks down at the mill and — '

He turned away his head and wiped his eyes with his red handkerchief.

Peter, nervous about his soul and anxious to confuse the issue, said, 'But, Uncle James, civilization is just an easier way of doing things. Just machinery. Now those mill folks, their

natural needs — things they have always wanted — are for the first time being supplied. It's like food to a starving man. It intoxicates them — makes them hysterical —'

'Peter,' said Uncle James, gently but reproachfully, 'hit hain't as ef I could n't read. I kin read the plain commands o' the Good Book, and I takes the *Atlanta Constitution*, and I knows about civileyezation. Thet thar machinery jist kills thousands and thousands jist runnin' over folks, and in mines and factories. And the folks as owns 'em is doublin' and thrilibin' and makin' some folks rich and some folks pore, and nobody keers! I wuz in civileyezation a whole yar onct, and I lef' my hand thar twell the Resurrection, whin please Gawd I'll hev hit agin! Fur the Lord is comin' in His power sooner'n you know! And — and — I reckon you-all hain't even ever ben baptized!'

'Uncle James,' I cried desperately, 'whatever God you love, I'm sure I love Him too!'

'Hit hain't enough, honey,' he said, patting my arm with his iron prongs, 'we gotter obey thim plain commands.'

Blessed Aunt Marthy called at this moment, — for I should have committed myself to anything, — 'You-all quit listenin' ter James and come in ter dinner. This is you-all's last day and you-all gotter eat with me. I got fried chicken and chess pie!'

Uncle James smiled in a relieved way, and placed his peace barometer firmly on his head. Peter, in the freemasonry of men, cried, 'Fair weather, and mild, Uncle James.'

'Yes,' he said. 'Now you take Marthy. Once saved, allers saved. Marthy's saved, though she don't know hit. But you see, she's obeyed thim commands — and I'm afeared you-all hain't.'

'Uncle James,' said Peter, 'those

commands have made a mighty good man out of you. And I promise to read them all over again.' And we did.

The next morning, as we looked back at the old house under the pines, and at the althea dell, and at Aunt Marthy and Uncle James waving from the big gate, I brushed the tears from my eyes and said, 'Maybe we'll meet them again under the Friends' Tree in Paradise. But it will not be the same. Aunt Marthy's dear wicked fire will be quenched, and Uncle James will walk directly on those golden streets, and he'll not have the Captain Cuttle hand, and he will have lost that lovely blend of wisdom and superstition!'

'But,' said Peter, 'if Uncle James wants to gain his hand and lose his naiveté we should n't stand in his way!'

'Therein,' I answered, 'is a mystery. The problem of love, and growth, and separation and everything. We'll consider that at the camp fire to-night.'

VI

But there was no camp fire that night or for several nights. For, arriving at the valley of the mill, civilization 'tuck holt,' and we moved into a large vacant hotel where from our deep window ledge we could drop a penny — and I did — into the chuckling water of the river below. Across the road, in the great red brick mansion with its white stone pillars and spacious grounds, lived a delightful family, and there was music in the evenings, and much talk of books. For they were lonely folks, burdened with household cares; and, while the mill continued to run, no one could be persuaded to go out to service.

Peter spent much of his time at the woolen mill. But, after once seeing that the piteous bundles of fleeces — shipped in from some place where civilization had 'tuck strong holt' —

were filled with rags, old iron, and old shoes to increase the weight, I wandered, instead, among the shabby, neglected homes of the mill people, where no blooming geraniums in tin cans adorned the windows, as in all mountain homes. For the home is kept by a child too young to work at the mill, or a woman too old.

One morning I stopped at a shackly house where an old woman sat with a child on the little porch. Observing that the boy did not run about, I asked if he were sick. 'No,' she answered, 'he's jist got the rickets. We hes a heap o' lung trouble and rickets hyar. But lawzy, whin we had pellagry up in the mountings we jist up and died without no doctor. We got good doctors hyar.'

'But don't you sometimes wish for the mountains?' I asked.

'Me? I would n't go back to thim mountings fur nothin' in this hyar world! Allers choppin' cotton, and splittin' stove wood, and niver seein' nobody! We-uns is goin' ter hev a dance 'cross the river frum the hotel ternight. You-all come over.'

I thanked her and told her we would, and that they were decorating the hotel also for a dance to-night, and many of the guests and the music would come from the state capital. I asked her if she would like to come and watch the dance with us.

'No'm, I don't low as I will. I don't keer fur thet bellerin' music. I've heerd hit. Some o' our mill girls'd like ter dance like thim city folks, but

our men won't dance with 'em like that. You cain't git 'em ter jiggle round and kick out behint like that! Cain't even git our manager ter dance like that, but he goes to 'em — reckon he jist has ter caper to 'em.'

That night the guests arrived in cars and danced to an excellent jazz band. By the window where we sat two old men, mill hands, looked on from outside. The floor manager approached them and said civilly, 'Move on, will you? We need the air. The ladies complain that it is too warm.'

One of the men replied easily, 'Wal, I would n't low as they needs more air. They don't 'pear ter hev on no more clo'es then'd wad a shotgun.' And they walked quietly away.

We followed them across the bridge to the mill dance. A solitary fiddler sat in the fork of a tree, playing 'Money Musk.' Children danced together on the grass, and the grandmother of the child with the rickets swung about the small platform and 'balanced all' with the best of them. I dare say that moonshine as well as moonlight contributed to the joy of the occasion, but there was no rowdyism, and no hint of envy of the hotel dance across the river. For these mill folks are mountaineers or descendants of mountaineers, proud of their heritage and tenacious of their customs. So they danced the summer night happily away, forgetting the day's toil and the threat of to-morrow's drudgery — for they were together.

A REMEMBERED HOUSE

SOMETIMES a house will die as men will die;

And then the pulses of its being fail,
And cold upon the hearth its ashes lie.

Its windows slumber, veiled with blinds that seem
Like eyelids drooping over lifeless eyes
Wherein lies orbéd no dear recurrent gleam.

These things befell a house I loved of old,
But I was far away when they befell.
I did not see it darken and grow cold.

Between me and my memory of that place
I must be glad that there will never hang
The pitiful image of a lifeless face.

It was an old house, sober and sedate,
Aloof yet whimsical, austere yet warm;
It had a paved court and a creaking gate.

Some of its walls you could not see for books,
Calf-bound, a tawny bloom upon their leaves;
Its unpolled elms were clamorous with rooks.

There were three dim urns in the dining room,
Vaguely adorned with russet streaks and black
And dug long since from some Etruscan tomb.

Above them hung a parson's painted head,
With grave gray wig and seemly bands of lawn;
He had known Dr. Johnson, it was said.

His wife hung opposite, a resolute dame
More like Queen Charlotte than he might have wished,
With cap too wide to go inside her frame.

He must have been an old philosopher
And a collector in a modest way;
His were the urns, and his the amethysts were;

The amethysts that beneath a glassy dome
Lay shrined, uncut, unpolished, yet beautiful
Like frozen splinters of pale purple foam.

Climbing the shallow stairs you could rescan
The Hogarths, see the bad apprentice haled
Before the good one grown an Alderman.

Now all these things are scattered and forlorn,
And in the echoing rooms that were their own
None who remembers them is left to mourn.

And there no more the long-drawn dusk of Spring
Deepening outside shall give new tongues of light
To the brown logs fresh-stirred and flickering.

Yet, since I did not see their gold turn gray,
For me that house still stands, unchanged and dear,
But in some nameless country far away.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

SOME CONSTRUCTIVE PRINCIPLES

BY HERBERT PARRISH

A YEAR or so ago a very wealthy and successful business man told me that as soon as he could secure the time from his other enterprises he would turn his attention to the matter of the reconstruction of religion.

'I shall,' said he, 'employ an efficiency expert and make a thorough survey of the condition of the churches in a given district. We shall find out why a greater proportion of people do not attend church services regularly, how the services can be made more attractive, their proper length, and the times most suitable for holding them. We ought to ascertain what should be scrapped in the way of outworn methods and effete organization and equipment. The churches should be put on a sound economic basis. Religion is a good thing, but something seems to be the matter with the churches.'

'It would be,' I suggested, 'a matter of some difficulty.'

'Not at all,' he replied. 'It is simply a question of the employment of correct business methods.'

I promised him the most hearty coöperation. But he has not yet secured the time from his other enterprises to begin the work. There is no doubt, however, that other business men are giving time and consideration to the problems of religion.

I

The break-up of the old theological systems and the old organizations of

Protestantism, confidently forecast two years ago, has now reached a condition so advanced that men are already beginning to look forward to plans for reconstruction and ways for the salvage of such spiritual values as were held in the outworn institutions. The new form that religion will take in the modern world is already shaping itself. The World Conference in 1927 at Lausanne, the Conference on Comity of the Protestant churches at Cleveland which followed, and the various proposals for unity made by a number of the leading sects, and now under discussion, all indicate that the religious revolution has reached the stage of constructive enterprise.

One thing that threw Protestantism back upon its own resources was the Papal Encyclical of Pius XI. This very able but uncompromising pronouncement blocked the ideal of a complete Christian unity as a *terminus ad quem* that had haunted the imagination of many for the last fifty years. The Pope left no room for hope of concession from Roman Catholicism. 'The whole of a man's life,' said he in effect, 'would not suffice for an individual to investigate and settle for himself the problems of religion. Why throw open the subjects, long since settled by authority, to renewed debate? Let those who sincerely seek unity come unto me. Unity and peace will be found only in the acceptance of the authority of the Vicar of Christ.' And the decided attitude of the British Parliament in rejecting the proposed

revision of the Book of Common Prayer, because it contained provision for the reservation of the Sacrament, made it clear that a large and influential portion of the Protestant world had no mind to revert to anything remotely resembling Roman Catholicism.

The reconstruction of Protestantism, then, must come from within, if it is to survive as an organized institution. New forms must be found for the expression of its spiritual values and ideals. That Protestantism has spiritual values and ideals cannot be doubted. And that these are not adequately expressed by its present systems and organizations is certainly clear. Some analysis of these values and ideals should be made before any programme for reconstruction can be attempted. And it is doubtful even then whether the lines indicated will be the lines followed. In the history of religion, as well as in the history of politics, the logic of events is more likely to supply a statement of principles than a statement of principles is to influence the course of events. Philosophers deal rather with things already accomplished than with things not yet established. Men knew liberty after Salamis and order after the Punic Wars, not before. Still, nothing is ever done until the need of it is felt, and the need cannot be felt until it is expressed and the imagination stirred to stimulate action.

Protestantism was born with the spirit of liberty. It can no more revert to the papal authority than can the modern nations of the world re-establish the defunct Holy Roman Empire. It grew out of the same causes that at the Renaissance accounted for the rise of nations. It was a creation originally of the modern State. *Cujus regio illius religio.* And the Calvinistic and Lutheran sects still bear the stamp of the governments by which they were

established. At the later period, when the principles of democracy prevailed in governments, the sects which arose, the Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, and others, expressed in their systems the principle of democratic organization, which is the principle of individual liberty. It is true enough that the liberty the Protestant sects desired for themselves they readily denied to others, but in this they did little more than follow the political standards of their time.

And with the spirit of liberty and democracy Protestantism stands or falls. It has indeed the spiritual values and ideals of these great modern features of civil life, but it has also their difficulties and problems to solve. No one thinks that these difficulties and problems have yet been solved in the State, except the professional politicians for the occasions of partisan oratory. It is evident that they have not yet been solved in the churches.

But it is at least certain that Protestantism has produced a liberal scholarship which — in spite of a conservative opposition quite as intransigent as the frozen theology of Rome — has in the last half century illuminated the dark places of religion and freed the human mind of vast superstitions and absurd prepositions. The criticism of the Old and New Testaments was the work of Protestant scholars. And this has been accomplished without the sacrifice of moral or spiritual values. On the contrary, the acceptance of the conclusions, now very general, as soon as men's minds were adjusted to them, advanced the cause of religious interest. Protestant scholars have put religion on a new and better basis. They, and they alone, have accepted the assured knowledge acquired by modern science in that spirit of open-mindedness and untrammeled freedom in which lies the hope of modern

thinking. The principles upon which Protestantism rests include the expectation that such knowledge will be open to every individual. It is true, perhaps, that in the process of liberalization too great stress has been laid upon criticism and too little upon the emphasis of a realization of spiritual ideals, but that period is probably now over. The work has been done. Religion cannot go back to the intellectual standards of the thirteenth century and to the dogmatism of the *Summa* of Saint Thomas for all the popes in history. It does not choose to do so. And compulsion in religion is obsolete.

There are perhaps two defects in the spirit of Protestantism that need to be recognized. These result from the conditions under which it struggled in the effort to acquire the qualities that are its chief glory. On the one hand, Protestantism has an overweening and unsophisticated trust in the power of legislation to accomplish spiritual results. This is a heritage of the age of Old Testament idealism, combined with the delight of unaccustomed minds in the making of laws. It is a crude survival. And, on the other hand, Protestantism is lacking in the sense of joy. Its chief emotional intensity is found only in the penitential aspects of religious experience. It delights in conversions, in repentances. It is very serious, very solemn, very gloomy in its religious exercises. It cannot understand humor in the treatment of theology. All gayety has in its eyes the suspicion of sin. Its very festivals are drab affairs. In this respect it contrasts sadly with the joy of the Catholic religion, which is always at its best on festivals, and whose theologians, with some exceptions, can see a joke. Now gayety is one of the four corners of the kingdom of God. But Protestantism, born amid the fires of the Inquisition, has a fear complex

that mars its charm. And this spiritual defect is more serious than might at first be thought, for it means that Protestantism as a religion keeps itself apart from daily life. It becomes a thing for Sundays only and for cavernous gloomy buildings without color and without life. It bores children, and drives the worldly-minded only further away. It cannot appeal to the poetical and the artistic elements in humanity. These two things are spiritual defects that will be found even in the most liberal and the most democratic. There are exceptions, no doubt. Billy Sunday had a sense of humor, though he clung to law as a savage clings to his taboo, while Dean Brown, who presumably sees through the folly of prohibitive legislation, is as solemn as an owl. It is to be hoped that time and experience will cure such spiritual eccentricities.

II

The very real spiritual values of Protestantism, its love of truth and the freedom to assimilate truth, now that the old bondage which the Reformation 'settlements' imposed upon it has been destroyed, should be preserved and made increasingly available. If Protestantism is to accomplish this, it presumably will follow the lead of the State, which also is engaged upon a somewhat similar task. For the State seeks to realize the ideals of liberty and democracy and to encourage advancement in every department of life.

To accomplish this aim in America a greater measure of national unity is essential. At the present time the United States of America is scarcely a nation. It is a congeries of nationalities. The melting pot does its work but slowly, and every statesman feels that anything that can speed the sense of national unity is a gain in the direction

of a national consciousness. But, curiously, the churches are the greatest obstacle to the elimination of divisive racial lines. It is the churches of the various races who have come to these shores that strive to keep alive the habits, customs, forms, systems, traditional prides, and even the languages of the ancient fatherlands from which their adherents came. Every sect harks back to its tradition of racial glory. The pastors use every device of foreign appeal to remind their congregations of remote splendors, real and imagined, by which loyalty to the religion, and consequently to the former region, the home government, can be stimulated. Some of the churches, indeed, maintain 'Americanization' departments and secretaries, but the idea they have of Americanization is too often an idea of conformation to the customs of the particular race to which the department belongs by its church affiliation. And just which race in America has the right to consider itself the hundred-per-cent-American race? The English? The German? One has as good a right as another. Mere length of residence and numerical superiority cannot validate such a claim in the formative period of our national existence. There is something to be said for and against each. And the only way to settle the matter is for each to dismiss its ancient memory and to merge for the accomplishment of a future ideal.

There are some things the mere elimination of which is not destructive, but constructive. To clear away rubbish is a necessary preliminary to building. The abolition of slavery was a constructive piece of statesmanship, if you regard it as the giving of liberty to men and not merely as the taking away of property from individuals. So the first thing the churches should do in America is to eliminate their

peculiar racial traditions. The tercentenaries and sesquicentennials of the Dutch, the English, the Scandinavians, the Poles, the Lithuanians, together with the papal colors and the flag of the Irish Republic, might well be cast to the limbo of forgotten symbolism. Every semipiratical adventurer who carried a chaplain on his vessel and held a religious service on these shores in the pre-Colonial days was not necessarily a saint of God. And the pastors of the early days who advocated the extinction of the aborigines because they were heathen and not the chosen and elect people of the Covenant, who thanked the Lord piously on the arrival of slave ships from the African coast, are not deserving of veneration in the religious commemorative services of posterity. Most of the worthies of the past were not worthies at all. Their faults were greater than their virtues, and they would have killed others with cruel tortures as readily as they themselves were sometimes killed. We might well leave them behind in looking forward to better standards in the future of religion in America.

Constructive movements are already started for merging some of the larger denominations. Economically, in every sense of the word, such steps should be encouraged. But the problem of unity in the churches is more difficult even than the problem of unity in the State, inasmuch as the varieties of ideals and aims are more numerous and diversified. Unity can be accomplished only upon the basis of the lowest common denominator of agreement. But religions have flourished chiefly in the belief of their adherents that their peculiar possession of truth was a unique and esoteric thing. Financial pressure, however, may bring about a greater liberality of opinion and a more generous view of the possibility of others attaining to all that is valuable

in religious conviction. The aim of unity is at least an ideal, and already a felt need.

III

What Protestantism needs most, however, is a technique of devotion. It has, in its intellectual aspect, specialized in correct ideas. Correct ideas are all right. They are important. But in religion they are not enough. In religion right feelings are more important than correct ideas. Moreover, the Pope was right: the masses of mankind have not yet arrived, and probably never will arrive, at a complete hold upon correct ideas. 'The whole of a man's life,' as the Pope puts it, 'would not suffice for an individual to investigate and settle for himself the problems of religion.' It cannot be done, and is seldom attempted. It is a work for pale professors in theological seminaries, embittered by indigestion. The man in the street cares nothing for the differentiation between the mythology of Genesis and the philosophy it may enshrine. What he needs is a sense of being 'right with God' and a kindly attitude toward his neighbor. Protestantism has exhausted itself in finding out the errors. Ask the average Protestant what he believes, and he will begin at once a list of the things he does not hold with. His feelings, when he has any, are almost purely negative.

For on the emotional side the old crude methods by which Protestantism sought to sustain religious emotion are worn-out. They belonged to a low state of civilization. It is only in the backwoods that a sensational exhorter can any longer drive crowds of Methodists and Baptists into a condition of excitement so that many of them will wallow on the ground and bark like dogs, go into trances and shout out their sins in public. Civilization, the newspapers and the radio, have given the

mossback a better idea of values. As a nation we may lack a good deal in the matter of artistic taste and cultural standards, but we have at least refined ourselves out of the Corybantic religious frenzies of the old-fashioned revivalism and the orgiastic savagery of the Elmer Gantry period. There may be something of them left among the queer sects of Protestantism for want of a better method of working up religious excitement. One may still hear groups at prayer meetings singing over and over again:—

'Oh, how I love Jesus!
Oh, how I love Jesus!
Oh, how I love Jesus,
The Saviour of my soul!'

But groups at prayer meetings are small in quality and quantity. Intelligent people keep away from prayer meetings.

The immediate need, then, of Protestantism is a new technique of devotion. It must provide a method that will stimulate and edify, by devices that will not alienate the civilized modern man, right religious feelings. The old methods of arousing religious emotion are played out. It is far more important that a man should be 'moved' to stop beating his wife and to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, even on a basis of a very imperfect theology, than that he should continue to be a scoundrel with the most elaborate freedom of scholarly concepts supplied by a learned divine at some service that leaves him cold. Protestantism addresses itself too much to the intellect and too little to the emotions. The sermon does something, but it does not do enough. It does not sufficiently reach the imagination and draw with the charm of beauty. It cannot produce the emotional complexes that an appeal to the senses will provide.

Protestant leaders of the more advanced type, men of some artistic taste

and wider culture, are already beginning to feel the need indicated. For a long time now the so-called High Church Anglican clergy have led the way in a movement to recover some of the devotional technique discarded at the Reformation. They have been met, of course, by opposition and obloquy. Men possessed by a fear complex of Rome, like Bishop Barnes of Birmingham, Dr. Cummins of Poughkeepsie, and the Protestants in Parliament, have raised the 'No Popery' cry and charged the movement with being a return to 'fetishism,' to 'mediaeval superstition.' In America the demand for a retention of the Thirty-nine Articles is an effort to stop the movement. Most Protestants see nothing in it but a Jesuit plan to restore Roman Catholicism. Yet in reality the men engaged in the movement are as remote from Roman Catholicism as those who oppose them in this regard. And actually the devotional technique is not particularly Roman. It is not, in fact, even limited to primitive Christianity. Things like incense, holy water, images, ritualistic ceremonial, are as old as religion and the human race. You will find all of them in the ancient religions of the East, in Judaism, or in the mysteries of the pagan Empire. Those who would seek their extirpation in the modern world fail to realize the deep and inherited need of them in human nature. Such men make religion a coldly intellectual attainment, a philosophy barren of warm expression. It is more human even to practise a little idolatry, if you like, and go with those who attend St. Praxed's, where one may

. . . Hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
And see God made and eaten all day long.

The majority of people are not cold philosophers with correct ideas. A lot of them may hate Rome and scorn the instruments of devotion, but very often

hatred and scorn are the only religion these have. In leaving to Rome all the advantages of a method, they cut off their nose to spite their face.

And so, in spite of the braying, the movement to reclaim a Catholic technique of devotion goes right on. You can see it in America chiefly in the architecture of new churches. The Anglican cathedrals in New York and Washington are by no means the only examples. There are a good many Presbyterian churches in various parts of the country which are quite Catholic, at least in exterior effect. These have been erected generally by individuals who have the rare combination of culture and wealth. (No board of lay trustees would be apt to have either the courage or the wit.) The new Baptist building given by Mr. Rockefeller in New York, with its thirteenth-century windows, promises to have at least some devotional values. And the Lutherans and Methodists have appointed commissions on church architecture who will put up structures that do not entirely resemble motion-picture emporiums, it is hoped.

Consider, for example, the new chapel at Princeton University. The architect there, who appears to have had a free hand, has erected a Gothic dream out of the Middle Ages. It has all the atmosphere and symbolism of a structure thoroughly Catholic and designed for the purpose of worship. To be sure, the prejudices of a Presbyterian tradition have spoiled a complete effect by making the building as far as possible a place for the audience of men, rather than a shrine for the worship of God. A dull east window in very bad taste darkens the chancel. There is no rood screen, no reredos. Stodgy seats for the president and faculty occupy the place where the Sacrament should be. Still, in the way of college chapels, this one is a step in

the direction of an ideal of worship and of the use of art to express devotion. Great architecture is perhaps the most compelling factor in the creation of a spirit of worship. From the Parthenon at Athens, the Pyramid of Cheops, and the cathedral at Chartres down, it has symbolized that ideal. And no one can visit the chapel at Princeton without feeling it.

At the same time one finds in the Protestant churches an increase in the use of liturgical services. The long extempore prayers, in which the events of the week were rehearsed for the edification of God and the boredom of the congregation, are giving way to a more dignified, simple, and Catholic manner of approach to the Deity. Vestments also are no longer left solely to symbolize the impartiality of justice in law courts and for the brightening of the meetings of fraternal orders. Robes for the ministers and surplices for the choir, all very Catholic features, are coming into fashion. Protestantism is awakening to a sense of beauty in religion.

With a further reduction of prejudice we shall see restored in the course of time all the ancient features—incense, holy water, lights, colors, form and ceremony, the Sacrifice of the Mass. People may believe what they want to about them, but they cannot escape their restoration if religion is to have an effective and popular expression. Protestants will try every other method than the method of traditional Christianity to create a new expression for religious symbolism, but it is doubtful whether they can find any that will be as effective. These ancient things have stood the test of time.

I suppose that there are few things that Protestants scorn more than the rosary. Yet in principle the rosary differs not at all from the iterated

stanzas of such a hymn as I quoted above, 'Oh, how I love Jesus.' Iteration in devotion has a peculiar psychological value. It impresses upon the subconscious mind a devotional idea. And when the hands are employed, as in the use of the rosary, the nervous system is more readily and more effectively impressed. The rosary, therefore, has been used for thousands of years for the purposes of devout meditation. It is probably pre-Buddhist in origin. It was introduced into Christianity by the monks of the Desert, and the subjects to be used in meditation were arranged in the present form by Saint Dominic. Its use is practical, and it has probably been the instrument of bringing very much comfort to countless generations of pious people, giving consolation, courage, hope, and peace in the feeling natures of those who used it. The rosary may not be an essential factor of salvation, but there is no sense in scorning it.

Perhaps of all the Catholic instruments in the technique of devotion the confessional is the one that has been most abhorred by the Protestant world. One used to hear dreadful tales about the confessional. But to-day the Reverend Dr. Fosdick, whose Protestantism nobody could possibly question, boasts openly over the radio Sunday after Sunday of the great value of the confessional in his church. And he is only one of many Protestant ministers who hear confessions. The confessional has come back, no doubt, through the gate of psychoanalysis and psychotherapeutics. But back it has come. And hundreds of perfectly good Protestants are using it to their souls' health. Rome has used it for centuries, and it has been the chief instrument for spiritual vitality in that church. People who want relief from remorse, discontent, sorrow, obsessions,

and the perplexities of spiritual problems will use it more and more. Prejudice against it cannot destroy its evident utility.

Protestant pastors and Protestant congregations will doubtless try every expedient to create devotional fervor except those that Roman Catholicism uses, so long as the fear complex of Rome remains. But the more enlightened will perceive that there are certain tested values which the long experience of the ages has endorsed that cannot be bettered by empiricism. Gradually the Catholic tradition will return.

IV

It is doubtful, however, whether Protestantism, with its love of liberty and its dread of monarchical institutions, will be inclined to accept the Catholic system of episcopacy. A modified episcopacy, such as existed in the days of primitive Christianity, when there was a bishop-pastor over each small town and the adjoining villages, rather Presbyterian than Episcopcal in character, might be developed in the consideration of this problem by the various groups now seeking to unite. But the modern monarchical episcopacy of the Roman and Anglican churches, and even that of the Methodist, has two defects that a free Protestantism would feel. It gives the right of an interference in matters parochial to an individual who is remote from the immediate interests of the place, and it admits the possibility of a tyranny over the inferior clergy by the same power. Under ideal conditions no doubt the episcopal system has the fascination that a perfect tyranny combined with a complete liberty, as an ideal form of government, had for Machiavelli. But, human nature being what it is, the ideal is seldom realized. And there are few clergy, Roman or

Anglican, who do not at some time or other complain of the annoyances of the authority under which they work.

Stories illustrative of actual conditions might be multiplied. I recall from my personal knowledge one which it is to be hoped is extreme. A certain poor clergyman out of work, who had by his previous conduct offended his bishop on a point of churchmanship, went to the bishop and appealed for a job. There were plenty of vacant places at the disposal of the bishop, and the clergyman had eight children dependent for support upon his earnings. The bishop was writing, and he continued to write while the man made his appeal. Finally, getting no response, the clergyman exclaimed, 'But I must live!' Whereupon the bishop, looking up long enough to fix him with the cold and fishlike eye for which he was famous, replied in tones of ice, 'I do not see the necessity.' And he resumed his writing. In a more civilized diocese the clergyman would possibly not even have secured an interview. The fact is that many bishops deliberately adopt the principle that the good of the institution — which means their idea of the good of the institution — is more important than the good of the individual, especially of the individual clergyman. They deal with religion, in short, as a business man deals with his factory — when the union cannot help itself.

But, hard as bishops sometimes are, they are not any harder than most lay boards in their dealing with the ministry. Protestantism is seeking some remedy for the present lay control and some amelioration of the cruel conditions under which its clergy work. The average missionary to Pago Pago or to Timbuktu is better off than the home parson in many of our small towns. The missionary has a sense of authority and a feeling of apostolic

mission. He is not paid by those to whom he preaches. The building he uses for a church and the one he lives in are not owned by them. He is independent except for the remote home board and its distant secretaries. But the home man is the paid servant of his group. His church and his house are theirs. And the group, often little more civilized than savages themselves, can drive or starve him out at will. He is obliged to depend upon an oleaginous tact, a boisterous dominance, the cajoling of the rich and aristocratic, or a method so dazzling to the average business man, with all the arts of the advertiser and the 'go-getter' in 'selling' religion, that he holds his job with truly political skill. And old age under such conditions is a tragedy. It is only within the last few years that any efforts have been made to create pensions for the aged and infirm ministers of the Protestant churches. Formerly they were left to shift for themselves, having been paid less than enough to subsist upon, let alone saving for old age. I have known many cases of those who died in poor-houses or were left to the tender mercies of the charity of relatives. Christianity was supposed to have done away with the ancient system of throwing the old who had become an economic burden to the tribe over some cliff, and with the savage custom described by Trader Horn of tossing them to the crocodiles, but in the treatment of undesirable and elderly clergymen it still sacrifices the individual to the institution. It is greatly to the credit of Roman Catholicism that, however much it demands from its clergy in the way of a military discipline, it does at least support them in dignity and honor up to the day of their death.

In the reconstruction, therefore, Protestantism should reconsider the relation of the individual to the institu-

tion. And in the problem of official control there should be some new and decided change. However much one may desire democracy, it cannot be denied that in matters requiring expert knowledge those who have it must direct. In Soviet Russia it was said that after the revolution the miners of certain mines compelled the experts and engineers to leave their offices and go down the shafts, while the day laborers occupied the mahogany chairs in the offices and rested their feet upon the desks. Protestant laymen have never quite taken over the special work of conducting services and preaching sermons, but in all other church matters they have displaced the men who should be the experts in such things as church building, church music, and church administration. The application of the business man's ideas in these particulars has been marked in too many instances by a policy of cheapness, a lack of art, and an ignorance that keep back the work of religion to a great extent.

And on the other hand some degree of centralized authority will be needed to correct the limitations of the thousands of pastors in the smaller places who tend to a condition of petrified village mediocrity and who lack the imagination for great enterprises. Such central organizations, thanks to the late war, have already been started, and are functioning. The chief officials of certain of them, with their entourage of secretaries, differ only in title from the Pope and the college of cardinals.

V

It will no doubt be offensive to many Protestants to have it suggested that anything good in the way of constructive principles can be found in the Roman Catholic system. Prejudice in that direction is so indurated, so bitter,

so marked by historic strife, that it is hard for any but minds freed from narrowness by experience and culture to look facts fairly in the face. But there are excellent reasons why Protestantism might learn the value of certain lessons from her old enemy. In the first place, Rome has had the experience of ages in dealing with the practical problems of the relation of Church and State. She has come at times very near to the control of the civil powers of the Western world. Above all, she has generally resisted successfully the encroachment of state authority upon her spiritual claims. And, on the other hand, many of the strongest Protestant churches have been, and are yet, merely the creatures of the States in which they were born. They were made by kings and governments. And the Protestant mind still clings to something of this conception. It cannot, for example, divest itself of the idea that spiritual results can be obtained by the passage of civil legislation. But if Protestantism is to thrive apart from the State, it must employ very much the same methods that Rome has employed during the ages to sustain its independence and authority. And in the matter of the psychology of devotion, of the problems of teaching and of directing the mass emotions, the experience of Rome is well worth careful study. Certainly, except in respect to the highly cultured classes, Rome has been very successful. In this country Roman Catholics attend religious services far more regularly than Protestants do. They are, on the whole, much more loyal and enthusiastic. Their religious devotion is more intense and real. And that must be because the Roman Catholic Church knows how to supply the multitude with the things that the multitude needs. A wise business man studies the methods by which his competitors succeed. It is worse

than folly merely to stand by and find fault with a system and method that evidently have value and power. And no organization can ever prosper merely by denying the virtues of its rival. The thing to do is to find out by what methods the rival carries his work on, to employ the same, and, if possible, to improve them. There is in reality a common Christianity involved, and the same means to establish it. The points of agreement are more numerous and fundamental than the points of divergence. And the mythology that Rome venerated as literal truth Protestantism receives as a philosophy of life. Thus the same expression must be employed to realize both. The intellectual freedom of Protestantism may therefore properly combine with the devotional system of Rome. Protestantism has been too busy with negation and too little employed in construction. Rome advances by a ceaseless affirmation.

In the way of constructive principles, therefore, Protestantism cannot afford to neglect a study of the Roman Catholic system of financing its enterprises. There is no business enterprise better financed in this country than that of the Roman Church. Let any Roman Catholic priest go into any bank in America and ask for a loan for the Church, and I venture to say that he will be received with open arms by the officials and speedily accommodated to the full. But the same cannot be said of the average Protestant divine or even of the lay trustee. The bank presidents do not hand over to them without carefully scrutinized security the wherewithal to build churches and to replace mortgages, as a general rule. The credit of the Roman Church is practically unlimited. And this is not merely because the Roman Catholic Church owns a vast amount of property in real estate. It is for the reason that the money of the Church, handled by

the clerical order, is administered, with rare exceptions, with a skill and integrity that command respect.

Protestantism must reconstruct its present fiscal system. And not only that: it will have to revise its programmes for advance work, for missionary enterprises. At the present time the programmes of the Protestant churches are actually on a dishonest basis. It is for that reason that they are so continually failing, so difficult to keep up. The bishops, boards, executive secretaries, secretaries, archdeacons, presiding elders, and other numerous functionaries conceive of their great and splendid opportunities for advancing what they call 'the kingdom.' They hold mass meetings and wax eloquent. Those who attend the meetings are persuaded by the booming voices, and pledge the money to carry out the enterprises. Dioceses are assessed. Parishes are assigned a quota. The contracts are given for buildings. Property is purchased. Ministers are hired. All this before any money is in hand. A year, perhaps, before. Then comes the strain. The pastors are bedeviled by the bishops and secretaries to raise their assessments from the people. The people—who did not attend the meetings and hear the eloquent divines—are bedeviled by the pastors to give. But they are not disposed to give. They do not choose to give. They are under no obligation to give. Nothing under heaven will compel them to give. And why should they? It is not their enterprise. They have no interest in the matter. Their pastors begin to bore them. And it is quite wonderful, under the circumstances, how much they have given.

Of course a certain reasonable amount of money can be calculated on in advance. But the schemes and programmes go far beyond this. The fact is that giving money in churches

depends in a large measure upon the ability of the preacher to awaken enthusiasm on the part of his hearers. There is little effective system of giving in Protestant churches. Where there is, it is at the expense of continued, renewed, and elaborate efforts. It would be far more honest, and far more an evidence of faith in the power of Providence to manage the affairs of religion, if the amounts voted for programmes were voted only when the money was in hand, and if the underwriting of programmes were done by those who felt the enthusiasm for the programmes and would give the money themselves to carry them out. The work of missions should be left to volunteer societies, at least until some more dependable and systematic method of securing funds is devised.

The continual cry for money is one of the obstacles to religion both in the Roman Catholic Church and in the Protestant churches. For though the money is better handled in Roman Catholic churches than in the others, and though it costs less to be a Roman Catholic than it does to be any sort of Protestant, the ambitious schemes of the bishops of the Roman Church, and the eagerness of the clergy to make a reputation by supplying funds for the bishops, have brought upon that Church also this evil condition. It would be far better if all the churches would return to an emphasis on principles and let programmes take care of themselves for a while. There is too much of the economic spirit and too little of the Spirit of God in them all.

When the Pope was standing with Saint Thomas Aquinas as the sacks of money were being carried into the papal treasury, he said, 'Peter can no longer say, "Silver and gold have I none," Thomas.' 'No,' answered Thomas; 'neither can he say, "Rise up and walk."'

ELEPHANTS AGAIN

BY MAJOR A. W. SMITH

I

IN the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* there was published an article deplored the cruelty involved in the trapping of small animals for fur. This attitude has elicited some support in the correspondence columns. In the April number appeared an article entitled 'Elephants,' written by a Mr. Defosse, dealing mainly with elephant hunting. It will be interesting to see if this too calls forth any comment, but possibly it will be surprising if it does, for to most Americans the elephant is a strange and dangerous, though sagacious, beast, only to be seen in circuses and zoos, while it is understood that all dangerous animals are fair game in the Orient.

With the trapping of fur-bearing animals most Americans have at least approximate familiarity. They can appreciate the perfect slow cruelty of the snap trap which is a familiar object on sale in every hardware store. They can appreciate, also, the bitter wait for death in the cold and the last few moments of terror when the trapper at length puts in an appearance. Extreme cold is common to most of North America, it all happens near home, and the dressed pelts are to be seen in the shops and on the backs of human beings. This familiarity gives a sympathy which cannot thrive on ignorance.

Mr. Defosse's article describes with frankness the killing of elephants on a fairly considerable scale. Usually the females and young of any game are

considered to be inviolable, except in cases of extremity when the animals are killed for meat. Nothing, however, is safe from Mr. Defosse, to whose rifle immature males, females, and calves are equally welcome. By any standards indiscriminate butchery of this description is inexcusable and brutal, all the more brutal, indeed, because it yields nothing, neither trophy nor meat, neither skin nor sport. It is, in short, the destruction of harmless animals leading for the most part peaceful lives in jungles remote and large enough to hold them. Nor does Mr. Defosse only kill painlessly, for he appears to have used solely weapons quite insufficient in power. He required, as he states in many cases, more than one shot to finish his work, and his percentage of loss of wounded animals is probably high. Admittedly one can kill an elephant with a small-bore rifle, but for the kind of shooting he describes, in thick jungle where many shots must needs be taken without waste of time at imperfectly seen animals, the use of anything less than a double-barreled .450 bore is both rash and unfair to the animals hunted. The question of rashness, however, is Mr. Defosse's affair. As regards the other, if one must go shooting game one should make sure of killing it outright.

Ethically there is possibly no difference between killing an elephant and killing a smaller animal, but it is the motive that justifies to most of us the taking of a life. The fur-bearing animal, although few can

endorse the common methods of his capture, at least has a skin to offer which is useful and generally ornamental. An elephant has his tusks, but beyond that nothing worth taking. There is, of course, the aspect of sport. Of all big-game shooting, elephant hunting is the most dangerous, as it is in this that man is most evenly matched with his quarry. It is done on foot, and beast and man face each other with the trumps more evenly divided than is generally the case. It is the opportunity to indulge a taste for excitement in a test of courage and endurance, of which the trophy is the proof, that induces most men to go hunting dangerous game. There are few men who have not the hunting instinct in one form or another, and it is the cost in energy that makes the hunt worth while. How far indulgence is justified is neither here nor there, but there are certain well-defined conventions involved, most of which aim at the preservation of game by the prevention of killing the young, the female, and the immature. Only those beasts which have reached full development and strength are considered a proper match and shootable.

Mr. Defosse, however, has disregarded these conventions entirely and appears to have entered into a course of wholesale slaughter. And all for what? For little, indeed, apparently; but only those who have seen it can appreciate to the full the appalling waste involved in a putrefying mass of some five tons of elephant tissue.

There are fortunately, however, many men in India, Burma, and Siam who know the elephant, know him and look upon him, in fact, much as a farmer looks upon his horses. These men are mostly in the big timber forests, and it is upon the elephant that they have largely to depend for both transport and draft. They are in close contact with the animals under

them, a contact which, incidentally, has to cover a very considerable veterinary experience. They know elephants individually and generally, and with few exceptions they regard them as kindly and very wise.

II

I am, or rather was, one of those in direct control of elephants, for I belong to a firm whose main business it is to extract teak from the forests of Burma and Siam. My firm, the biggest engaged in that business, manufactures some sixty-five million board feet of teak annually. To supply the mills and to bring the logs from stump to floating streams, a force of over two thousand five hundred elephants are employed, which represent a value of about three and three-quarter million dollars gold. At a conservative estimate, the elephant power employed in Burma and Siam alone is probably worth fifteen million dollars. It is not surprising that, with capital sunk to this extent, elephant knowledge should have become a fine science.

Timber elephants do not lead captive lives, but lives which are in as many respects as possible similar to those of wild animals.

Normally in wild life an elephant will feed for eighteen to twenty hours out of the twenty-four, this time being required to fill his enormous bulk with green food. Included in his feeding time are his moving and drinking times, for he generally will feed as he moves and he seldom moves without plucking at leaves, unless disturbed. He sleeps very little, generally an hour or two at a time.

In the light form of bondage of timber elephants, working hours are three to four hours daily during the early morning and only for four days a week. As he is not worked during the

hot-weather period, an elephant's working year is only about four hundred hours, but even this imposes a strain on his physique which is counteracted as far as possible by daily rations of salt and the fruit of the tamarind, of which he is very fond, while paddy (unhusked rice) is given under certain conditions. He is also taken down to bathe daily and his hide is scrubbed with rough bark and cocoanut husk. During his hours of idleness he is allowed to wander at will in the jungle, prevented from straying only by chain fettters on his forefeet, which allow him to walk with some ease, and also by a long trailing chain which makes an easily recognizable track by which he may be followed. Around his neck he wears a bell, and this in most forests is wooden, but in the rare instance of a dangerous animal a metal one may be substituted whose distinctive note serves as a warning.

The net result of all the care and attention bestowed on him is that the captive beast is generally fatter and better-looking than the wild. At the same time, the knowledge of the elephant in these conditions is not the specialized knowledge of a beast in captivity, but covers the habits of the free animal as well. I have met frequently, and shot occasionally, the wild elephant, and experience of him only goes to confirm experience gained in dealing with our captive herds.

III

Generally speaking, the Indian elephant stands some eight and a half to nine feet at the shoulder for grown males and seven and a half to eight for females. Elephants over ten feet in height are known, but are extremely rare, while the largest recorded is probably that of which the skeleton stands in the Indian Museum in Calcutta, and

which apparently attained the magnificent height of nearly twelve feet.

The age cycle of an elephant's life is very similar to that of humans. A youngster is put to light work at sixteen and gains his full development at twenty-five, and, though females may carry calves at eighteen, this is young. The animals are getting past work at sixty-five, and although there are, I believe, instances of great life in elephants, our experience is that they seldom live beyond seventy-five.

The males are frequently provided with tusks, but this is by no means universal, and the finest physical development is reached in those males that have no tusks at all. These are known in Burma as *hines* and in India as *mukna*. The tuskless males frequently dominate the tuskers, in which connection the Burman and Indian riders have it that a hine can defeat a tusker in a fight by passing the trunk under one of his adversary's tusks and over the other, and, by applying pressure, either throwing him or smashing a tusk. There is, so far as I know, no reliable evidence in favor of this, but it is a fact that tuskless males often rule the herd.

Males frequently grow only one tusk, but these single-tuskers have no outstanding characteristics. Females occasionally have rudimentary tusks which are in reality no more than tushes, and which when removed are found to be practically hollow and of a fibrous substance which is hardly ivory.

Elephants as a rule are kindly disposed, and, although sometimes one may come across a 'rogue,' these are fortunately rare. Rogues become so from various causes. Old wounds, suppurating and maggoty, are frequently the reason, while tusk trouble, which is equivalent to violent tooth-ache, is another common cause. Otherwise they are simply bad-tempered

animals who have become crotchety and sulky. True, on occasion male elephants get into the state called *musth*, the symptoms of which, and possibly the cause, are excessive secretions in certain head glands. *Musth* has no connection with sex, although this is commonly thought to be the case, nor is it common in wild animals, for the low feeding and steady labor of getting a living are not conducive to the condition. Animals in captivity are generally most liable to it in the hot weather when they are off work, but the symptoms can be detected easily and the condition prevented by low diet and a dose of a pound of Epsom salts. If necessary, opium is also given, which has a sedative effect.

There are, of course, occasions when a captive elephant comes on *musth*, becomes a nuisance, and has to be tied up and hand fed until the attack is over. If he gets loose he is apt to be very dangerous. On one occasion one of our best workers, a big male with heavy tusks, was allowed to come on *musth* and, through carelessness, to break away in that condition. Thereafter he eluded all attempts at recapture. We tried to give him opium and ganja (that is, hashish, a hempen narcotic drug) by putting down paddy with balls of the drug mixed in, but he generally sorted out the sedatives and ate the paddy. We tried to noose him without success and finally to lame him by shooting a piece of sharpened bamboo, the size of a candle, into his foreleg from a twelve-bore gun. An elephant's foreleg is full of nerves and small bones, and he is easily lamed there, while the effect of the wound is to bring him off *musth*. We were, in fact, prepared to do anything, as he was destroying everything within reach. He had practically wrecked one Chin village and had killed two men.

One of our British managers took up

the matter. After trailing the elephant for a fortnight, the manager one evening, at the end of a long day's march, came in sight of his tents, which were pitched in the shade at the end of an open space covered with yellow paddy stubble two square miles in extent. To the left was a river bed, now almost dry, but affording good cover. This, however, was reported empty by a Burman tracker. To the right was open plain for a mile, with only a small patch of bushes two hundred yards away which did not look as if it would harbor a partridge, but it was out of this that the elephant came. The manager was walking fifty yards ahead of his Burman tracker, who was carrying his heavy double-barreled .500 cordite rifle. The sun, which was now on a level with the trees, was behind them, and the trees were throwing long shadows, when into the golden light stepped the elephant, his tusks gleaming. He stood for a moment without a sound, as if dazzled by the level rays of the sun, and then his head went back, his trunk curled up in a ball, and he started at a pace with which one who does not know elephants could not credit him. The manager had hardly time to shout 'Hsin Bok!' ('The Tusker!') before his rifle was in his hands. Fortunately the rifle was loaded, in expectation of something of the sort, with two solid nickel-jacketed bullets, each weighing 480 grains and each backed with 61 grains of cordite.

But now came the most trying time of that silent charge. To shoot too soon meant the possibility of a miss, for an elephant's brain offers a small target and the brain shot is the only stopper. Further, an elephant with his head up, and his precious trunk curled up out of harm's way, presents a nice problem of calculation of angles to one who is used to judging the aiming mark when the head is down in a normal position.

Holding on meant that nerves had to be kept in check and a steady hand meanwhile ensured. On he came, his feet going like the beat of the pistons of a huge machine, and the ground shook.

All this time the manager was wondering what the head office in Rangoon would say to a dead elephant worth eight thousand rupees (three thousand dollars). One may call that silly, but it probably kept his head clear and hand steady. More and more enormous loomed the elephant, clearly outlined against the dark trees. At seventy yards, up went the rifle; at fifty, the first barrel smacked with no apparent effect; at twenty, the second. Down he went, sliding on his forefeet in the dust, his tusks ploughing the earth in a shower. He came to a stop a foot or two short of his objective, his head resting between his legs in a curiously repentant attitude.

The manager looked around — the sun was still above the trees, the Burman tracker was still standing unmoved behind him. It had all taken about twenty-five seconds. The tension was over, and all that remained was a slight feeling of depression. No sense of victory, no sense of elation — only a vast relief and a great regret that the hunt was over.

IV

Elephants are keen neither of sight, of scent, nor of hearing. I realize that in saying this I contradict Mr. Defosse, but the jungle standard of these senses is so high that elephants do not stand comparison with the other inhabitants. Nor, indeed, is there any reason for the elephant to be on the alert, for he has nothing to fear except the occasional killing of a calf by a tiger. The story of Mr. Defosse moving through the jungle and finding himself without warning

within two feet of an elephant's tail illustrates the point. This is, of course, a perfectly possible situation, but it shows no well-developed sense in the elephant. With no other jungle beast could Mr. Defosse have done this. A sambhur stag would have been aware of his presence several hundred yards away in thick jungle, and would have melted into the background without his knowledge. A bison would have been alert, too, but possibly would have waited to catch sight of him.

I can also support my statement from my own experience. One of our elephant camps had lost a young tusker who was suspected of having joined a wild herd known to be in the neighborhood, and we were all eager to get him back. A few days later, when I was out on inspection, one of my Burman followers, an expert tracker, came to me with the news that this herd was feeding within a mile of us, and he proposed seeing whether our tusker was with it. I was doubtful as to how this was to be done, but allowed myself to be posted on a shady rock in the bed of a creek, with my rifle, in case of accidents. I was to leeward of the herd, but I could hear the elephants close to me and could occasionally see them within a hundred yards. My Burman slipped into the herd and examined each one in turn. There were twenty-six elephants, and as he did not know the beast in question he had to manoeuvre to see the rump of each possible one to find the firm's brand. Not content with this, he went to windward and shepherded the whole herd down my creek undisturbed. They passed in a long procession, some within ten feet of me. Some even stopped for a moment to take a shower bath, but not one was aware of what was driving him. At that moment I would as soon have shot a horse or a cow on a farm as any one of them.

V

The sources of supply for timber-working elephants are various, but by far the greatest number are born into the service. The parents of these calves may be two elephants working in the same camp, but it frequently happens that the female is visited by a male from a wild herd. The mating is quite promiscuous, and it would be difficult to arrange for it to be otherwise, for there is no rutting season and neither animal shows any physical change before mating takes place. Whether wild females visit captive males is unknown, though it is possible, for the mating is the result of companionship and a period of quiet courtship, and, as males visit females, the converse is also possible. It is not always known when a wild bull mates with a captive female, but it is always known when mating occurs with a captive male, for his fetters scar the female's shoulders. It is sometimes difficult to tell when two elephants are likely to mate, for there is no previous excitement on their part or on the part of other males. Two animals will form a friendship and this will develop into constant companionship. They will join each other feeding in the jungle, and it may come about that they will not work unless together. After weeks, possibly months, of this, mating will take place. Only then do the animals show any excitement, and both take an equal part in the final stages of the courtship.

The period of gestation is from eighteen to twenty-two months. Both Indians and Burmans claim that the period is longer for a male calf than a female, but we have no evidence to support this. It is difficult sometimes to tell if a cow is in calf, and even the presence of milk at the teats is not satisfactory proof. There have been cases in which an elephant has walked into

camp with a newly born calf happily at heel, previous to which no one had suspected her condition. The explanation of this is that elephants are frequently what is called in a horse 'well sprung' — that is to say, the ribs come out well from the spine, and, as she carries her calf forward, it can easily escape detection.

Parturition seems to take place very easily, and a calf can walk almost as soon as it is born. The trunk at first is rudimentary in the extreme; a good illustration of it is in *Just So Stories*, where a woodcut shows the crocodile of 'the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo River' stretching the young elephant's nose. The calf sucks with his mouth, with the trunk curled back. Contrary to common belief, the elephant does not drink with his trunk, the use of the trunk in drinking being confined to taking up water, which is then squirted back into the mouth.

Another source of elephant supply is the keddah, a form of stockade with a wide mouth narrowing to a bottle neck, into which a herd is driven or into which it may wander. A certain number of elephants are caught also by a method known in Assam as *mela Shikar*. The method is simplicity itself, but it is a test of courage, skill, and endurance for the hunter. All that is required is a long rope made of twisted rattan cane, about three to four hundred feet in length, with a noose at one end. The hunter will then go in search of the herd, and from it he will pick the animal he requires, generally a young tusker, who must first be isolated from the rest of the herd. Infinite patience is required until eventually he is found feeding in a favorable position alone. Then the real business begins. The rattan rope is uncoiled and the noose brought to the elephant, who must not become aware of the presence of danger, and all that remains to be done is to

make him put a foot into the noose. This can be achieved by tickling him with long pieces of grass, which makes him fidgety, and when he lifts a foot the noose is slipped under it. Once about his leg, the noose is gradually raised until it is a little off the ground. But the capture is not yet complete, for an elephant in full vigor, with a quite insufficient noose around one leg, is by no means overpowered. A noise is made behind him and off he goes with three to four hundred feet of cane rope trailing behind him. The effect of this is to terrify him and set him off at his best speed, with the rope catching in every tree and wearing him down. Here comes the test of endurance for the hunter, for an elephant may go like this for ten or twelve or even twenty hours, traveling at eight or ten miles an hour, and the hunter must keep on his tracks the whole time to secure him as soon as exhaustion overcomes him. Eventually he stops, winded and incapable of movement, and is secured as promptly as may be.

An elephant secured, however, is by no means an elephant in the working camp, no matter how he has been caught. He can be trained in three weeks, but he is not fit for work for a year, and deaths in this period may be as many as 35 per cent, generally from heart trouble due to the strain of being captured.

Training will begin with handling and feeding, to accustom the animals to humans. The handling usually begins with light touches with long pieces of bamboo, until eventually the elephant reaches the stage where he can be put into a sort of cage of stout timber over which there is a horizontal bar some four feet above his back. A man will then lower himself on to the back, moving about until the animal is accustomed to this too. In the meanwhile he is walked out daily, carrying light

loads to which he is gradually accustomed, and with a heavy rope around his neck attached to one or, if necessary, two trained elephants who are known as *koonkies*, or schoolmasters. Any punishment necessary is administered by a koonkie and may consist of a beating with the trunk or a butt in the side. Koonkies are usually heavy and very steady females who appear to take a satisfaction in their work. One in our service, Koonkie Rose by name, was particularly good with calves and would stand no nonsense until she formed a liaison with a newly captured tusker. The calf she bore was wickedly spoiled by her and she could hardly be persuaded to let anyone touch it. Eventually she was induced to take up her duties with the calf at heel.

It sometimes happens, although it is strictly forbidden, that pets are made of calves in elephant camps, and these often develop into dangerous animals. When little they are encouraged to play with the men, but this does not last long, for they soon reach a stage when their play ceases to be a joke. If promptly disciplined, they may even then be made into steady and useful animals, but once allow them to discover their absolute physical power over humans, and their dispositions are permanently ruined. It becomes impossible to eradicate the effects of the discovery — bad temper follows punishment, and the result is an animal whose disposition is a constant danger to those who have to handle him.

VI

The actual work which elephants perform varies widely. Until a few years ago they were employed in the sawmills in Rangoon for bringing logs up to the saws and piling the cut balks, but electric log hauls and winches have driven them out. Nowadays their work

is practically confined to the jungle and most commonly consists in dragging the teak logs from stump to either floating streams or cart roads.

A teak forest is not a forest in the ordinary sense of the word. It has no counterpart in the North, where areas of pine and fir, consisting exclusively of one type of tree, may be clear-felled and mechanical extraction of various types utilized. A teak forest is thick forest with possibly one fellable teak tree to the acre, the remainder being trees of other species, which it does not pay at the moment to extract.

The country in which teak grows is generally so inaccessible, roadless, and mountainous that movement is difficult anywhere without elephant transport for tents and stores. The bottoms of the valleys have creeks which fill in the rainy season, but are dry the rest of the year, and it is on these that the extraction of teak depends. Green teak, however, is too heavy to float, and as the forests are ravaged annually by brush fires, which would consume any log lying on the ground, the method has been adopted of killing the standing trees over an area by girdling the bark at the base. The trees are then allowed to stand for three years, after which, when the sap has drained and dried, work is started in the area. A camp of Burman fellers and some five or six elephants and riders under a headman are sent in, and this becomes their home for the time being.

The trees are felled and logged, and here starts the elephants' job. Each log is 'snubbed' — that is to say, has one end cut away on the under side to make it drag easily without splitting, and a recessed hole at each end is cut, through which a chain may be passed. The drag chains are shackled on, and the drag through thick jungle to the stream begins. On arrival the logs are laid straight along the bottom of the

creek to await the freshet which will carry them out to the main river, where they are collected and rafted for the journey to Rangoon.

But it is not always so simple as all that. Sometimes there is no way down to the nearest stream, and in this case a log slide must be made down which the logs are pushed. Elephants learn the mechanics of a slide surprisingly quickly, and it is a pretty sight to see an elephant, after being unshackled from a log at the top of a slide, pick up and hand his drag chain to his rider, and then manoeuvre the log square with the end of the slide with both tusks and forefeet. He gathers himself and gives it one push with his tusks and trunk, possibly following it with a kick with a forefoot. He critically watches it on its way down the slide, only to turn to go back for another as soon as it is properly started. Occasionally roads are made in good country and logs are carted to streams by buffaloes, the elephants being used to load the logs into the carts. A good tusker can lift a log on his tusks, and he is quite capable of putting it on a cart single-handed, touching at this end and that to get it square.

The other main duty of elephants is what is called 'ounging,' the movement of logs by the head. When logs jam in a stream bed in the rains, ounging elephants are sent to clear the jam. By pushing with the tusks or forehead and pulling with the trunk, working shoulder-deep in water, they move the key logs, and then the whole thing is straightened out.

It was in ounging that one of our females was nearly lost, for she slipped and fell into a deep hole in a rocky stream bed, where she was caught in a kind of sitting position. A tremendous rush of water was going past her and only a couple of feet of trunk showed above the surface, through which she

could breathe, and with which she snatched at everything within reach. Normally she would have swum, but she was in some way stuck and the question was how to move her. As it happened, the banks were precipitous above her, which enabled us to fell two stout trees across the stream from bank to bank over her head, and to these we attached three chain hoists. Now an elephant weighs about five tons and is no easy matter to shift; also we had to get something around her with which to hoist. Meanwhile it was raining and we had reports of the stream rising, but fortunately it showed no signs of doing so. In that forest we had a squad of expert swimmers whose job it was to deal with logs caught in the booms, and one of these men volunteered to pass a girth under her elbows. This, however, we were not prepared to allow, for if he had come within reach of her trunk he would have been caught and drowned. Instead, we weighted two girths, and after several attempts succeeded in passing them into position under her forelegs. With these, after twenty-six hours' submersion, she was pulled to the surface in a state of collapse. As soon as we got her ashore she fell exhausted on a sand bank, where she lay for an hour or so, in the meantime being massaged with cocoanut and camphor oils. She then got up and tottered off to feed. It was a year before she was fit to work, but she is living and working now.

An elephant is more liable to saddle and collar sores than a horse, and infinite care and attention have to be paid to the fit and condition of saddlery. Normally, with a dragging elephant, saddlery consists of a breast band, known as a *laibut*, on which comes all the weight of the drag. This is made of a nine-inch-wide plait of fibre rope, which has to be dressed continually with pig's fat, imported for the purpose in large quantities from Chicago.

Incidentally, the Burman approves of pig's fat for his cooking, therefore it is rendered impalatable before issue by passing a stick dipped in iodoform into each tin, thus tainting the whole.

The drag chain is connected to a loop in each end of the *laibut*. To prevent the chain dropping, it is passed on each side through the loops of a band, similar to the *laibut*, which is fitted across the back and over a saddle made of wood. Under the saddle is fitted a pad consisting of several thicknesses of an astringent bark which is said to have healing properties. The whole is much like the harness of a horse in a cart, the drag chain representing the traces. Some shapes of back are much more liable to sores than others, and each shape has its name. The best dragging back is the *nepyauthee* or 'banana back,' so called as it comes in a steady and sturdy curve from the shoulder to the hind heels.

Eyes, too, frequently need attention, and it is here that Western skill has improved vastly on native tradition. The old Indian mahout's treatment for cure of cataract, for instance, involved the blowing, through a tube of bamboo, of powdered glass into the eye to break up the film. Eyes also have their technical nomenclature. The most favored is what is called a 'pearl eye,' which is a wide-open and intelligent eye of a bluish tint.

VII

Mr. Defosse's article is animated throughout with that spirit of sport which has denuded the hedgerows of France of its song birds and which brings anything feathered into the game bag. Blackbirds, thrushes, and larks are all game, and here in French Indo-China the trophyless male (as Mr. Defosse remarks, the ivory is light), the female with no tusks at all, and the baby are all welcomed for the

chance of a shot. True, any elephant yields four feet which can be made into various articles, but anyone who has seen a household mausoleum, in which every waste-paper basket and umbrella stand are memorials to the dead, will agree that they do not form a trophy for which alone an elephant should yield his life.

What a slaughter of the innocents! What impulse prompted Mr. Defosse and his Belgian friend, sportsmen both, to kill five cows from a herd consisting of five cows, six immature beasts, and one young bull? They sighted the herd from their tent door, moving to a wood half a mile away, and were able to attack it from the breakfast table at a minimum of exertion to themselves. They did not, apparently, even attempt to shoot the young bull, which of all the herd could have been the only shootable beast.

Mr. Defosse describes the killing of eight bulls, eleven cows, and three calves, of which, in justice, we must assume the eight bulls to have been fair game. No elephant appears to have charged him unprovoked. Three of his elephants had been ravaging fields and were shot from a herd of four. The killing of these three might have been justifiable, but it appears to have been carrying capital punishment a little far.

Mr. Defosse describes the killing of three calves, which is quite inexcusable, judged by any standards. One his motives of humanity prompted him to destroy, as, having killed its mother, he considered it too small to look after itself. In this he displays lamentable ignorance of his game, in that a calf, when left an orphan for any reason, is looked after by the herd and, if a suckling, is taken over by a foster mother. This has happened again and again, and on one occasion in our experience a calf that lost its mother at the stage when it was being weaned was taken over by

a tusker of uncertain temper, to be brought up by him. He allowed it to be suckled by a female until weaned, and so strong did his affection for the calf become that he refused to work except with the calf at heel.

The herd instinct among elephants is so strong that it once was responsible for the destruction of the greater part of a station on the Burma Railways. Some years ago a German firm of dealers in animals purchased from us a baby elephant, and delivery of the animal was accordingly taken at a camp near a railway station in Upper Burma. He was put into a car and the car shunted into the siding for the night. The calf, unused to such treatment, started to trumpet his little heart out. This was disastrous, for it quickly fetched in all the elephants in the vicinity, who began by wrecking the car, which was soon smashed into matchwood, and, having freed the calf, started on the station. Fortunately we were able to leave the German firm to fight out the question of damages with the railway authorities.

Finally, Mr. Defosse writes that 'the extermination of the elephants in Indo-China is not likely to occur for a very long time,' and, 'the big giants are secure for a great number of generations to come.' With men killing indiscriminately at the rate of Mr. Defosse and his sportsmen friends, both these statements are open to doubt. His are the views that were held in regard to an indigenous American pigeon which, from moving in countless millions in its migrations a few years ago, has now become extinct through injudicious destruction. His too are the views that used to be held concerning the South African game lands which are now practically bare. But why enlarge on it? With enemies such as Mr. Defosse and his rifles, the extermination of the elephant in Indo-China is as sure as fate, and a great deal quicker.

THE WORLD OF THE NOVEL

Contrasting Types in the Stream of Fiction

BY EDWIN MUIR

I

THE novel of character is one of the most important divisions in prose fiction. Probably the purest example of it in English literature is *Vanity Fair*. *Vanity Fair* has no 'hero'; no figure who exists to precipitate the action; no very salient plot; no definite action to which everything contributes; no end toward which all things move. The characters are not conceived as parts of the plot; on the contrary, they exist independently, and the action is subservient to them. Whereas in the novel of action particular events have specific consequences, here the situations are typical or general, and designed primarily to tell us more about the characters, or to introduce new characters. As long as this is done, anything within probability may happen. The author may invent his plot as he goes along, as we know Thackeray did. Nor need the action spring from an inner development, from a spiritual change in the characters. It need not show us any new quality in them; all it needs to do is to bring out their various attributes, which were there at the beginning. For these characters are almost always static. They are like a familiar landscape, which now and then surprises us when a particular effect of light or shadow alters it, or we see it from a new prospect. Amelia Sedley, George Osborne, Becky Sharp, Rawdon Crawley,

these do not change as Eustacia Vye and Catherine Earnshaw do; the alteration they undergo is less a temporal one than an unfolding in a continuously widening present. Their weaknesses, their vanities, their foibles, they possess from the beginning and never lose to the end; and what actually does change is not these, but our knowledge of them.

The figures in *Vanity Fair* have this unchangeability, this completeness from the beginning, and it is one of the essential marks of the figures in the novel of character. We find those figures in Smollett, Fielding, and Sterne, in Scott, Dickens, and Trollope. Their unchangeability may seem at variance with truth, and it has often been called a fault. It is claimed that they should be more like 'life'; that they should not keep one side always turned toward the reader; that they should revolve, showing us all their facets instead of an unchanging surface. Mr. Forster calls these characters flat, and regrets that they should be so.

But let us accept the unchangeability of flat characters as a quality rather than a fault. Given their flatness, what can the writer do with them? What will the function of his plot be? Obviously not to trace their development, for, being flat, they cannot develop; but to set them in new situations, to change their relations to one another, and in all of these to make them behave typically.

So Becky Sharp must be introduced to Joe Sedley, to Sir Pitt Crawley, to the Marquis of Steyne, to Dobbin, to Lady Sheepshanks. She must be 'subjected' to them, combined with them, colored by them; but at the same time she must show more clearly the characteristics we expect of her, or at any rate must always return to them. The combinations will be as many as the novelist can invent, and if they are to have sufficient variety he must not be trammeled by a rigid plot, or by the need to develop his story dramatically. He must have freedom to invent whatever he requires. So it has been a convention that the plot of a novel of character should be loose and easy.

It is difficult at first sight and formally to place such novels as *Roderick Random*, *Tom Jones*, *Old Mortality*, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*. In all these novels there is something of the novel of action as well as of the novel of character; they strike a gentlemanly compromise which the reader finds it worth his while to accept. In all of them we shall find a great deal of action; one event leads on to another, and a happy solution of the entanglement is sought. We shall find, on the other hand, that the most successful characters are really independent of the main action, and that their responses are typical rather than useful. *Roderick Random* and *Tom Jones* are picaresque novels. This is a very striking class in English fiction; it is unique in certain interesting particulars, and it may be considered separately.

The real aim of this form is obviously to provide a number of situations and a variety of objects for satirical, humorous, or critical delineation. In the eighteenth century the novel had not yet freed itself from the trammels of the story centred on a single figure who had always to be present; and, though characterization was then considered the main thing, the narrator remained

on the centre of the stage. Perhaps he doubted the capacity of his characters to hold the reader's interest, and felt that an exciting story, containing adventures, was necessary. In any case a tale, centred round a hero, had to be kept going, and at the same time a number of characters had to be given an excuse for appearing. So we have the hard-worked traveling hero, posting from inn to inn, now in the country, now in London, knocking at the doors of the great, forgathering with rogues and thieves, languishing in prison or on board ship, suffering every vicissitude, good and bad; and enduring it all, not because the novelist has any tender regard for his hero's sufferings or fortunes, but because he is determined to get a pass to as great a number of contrasting scenes as he can. We see Roderick Random suffering agonies at school in Dumbartonshire; but we are not interested in his agonies — we have eyes only for the author's immensely effective portrait of the dominie who inflicts them. Roderick suffers again when he studies medicine; but we are interested only in the quack who gulls him. In London he is taught prudence by a pair of sharpers, and the arts of worldly advancement by a member of Parliament. Even this is not enough. The sea must be put under contribution, and Roderick enters the navy. By this time he has passed through enough to kill off three vigorous men; and we only make a sort of formal acknowledgment that he is still alive. But that was not of the slightest importance to Smollett, whose object was to give a picture of as many scenes and characters as possible, and in doing so to paint a broad picture of the life of his time.

Tom Jones is a real character; he is the traveling hero; he is Fielding's means of introducing a host of characters, but he is as authentic as they. Yet,

being a real character, his actions had to be probable; he could not move about with Roderick's lack of responsibility, nor could such an astounding abundance of accidents befall him. He had, in short, to act the part of a natural young man without a knife to grind, while actually carrying on his business as a traveling tout for characters. He does both; and if, as a consequence, *Tom Jones* is less various than *Roderick Random*, it is immensely superior in continuous reality and verisimilitude. The object of these novels was not only to delineate character, but to take the reader on a panoramic tour through society, a tour in which all the features of interest would be unobtrusively indicated. This is generally one of the aims of the novel of character, and in this respect it stands apart from most other forms of the novel. Obviously Thackeray was interested in society, and as obviously Emily Brontë was very little interested in it.

There is an almost exact parallel to this aspect of the picaresque novel in contemporary fiction: the recurring story of the young man who begins in poor circumstances and climbs vertically through all the social classes until he reaches the top. The counterpart of Smollett's traveling hero is Mr. Wells's climbing hero. Travel was the chief means of becoming acquainted with the different manifestations of social life in the eighteenth century; success is the chief means to-day. Travel was difficult then; only a minority could undertake it, and these were then in a position to tell the majority how whole areas of society lived with which it would never come into intimate contact. Success is to-day as difficult as communication was in the eighteenth century, and it possesses the same social advantages. The man who has traveled or succeeded will inevitably want to communicate his specially acquired

knowledge, as well as to portray the characters with whom he has come in contact; and in the picaresque novel, ancient and modern, there is generally an attempt to provide information such as a social student, or a moralist, or an intelligent newspaper would give.

Old Mortality is a novel of a very different type. At first sight we might feel inclined to put it among the novels of action and have done with it. But it is a novel of character as well. Apart from the main action, in a different world, there are a few characters, Cuddie Headrigg and his mother among them, who are not bound by the plot, and act as independently as if they were in a different novel of their own. The hero, Henry Morton, is a typical novel-of-action figure. The story could quite well be carried forward by the chief roughly characterized figures—Morton, Claverhouse, Evandale, Burleigh. The real children of Scott's genius, here, as in the other Waverley Novels, are supernumerary. These two sets of figures come into contact, but on a different plane from that on which the plot moves; and whenever they meet, the surface movement of the story is suspended, and we get comedy which seems to make nonsense of the action and suddenly exhibits it as make-believe. When we think of Scott's great characters, Cuddie Headrigg, Andrew Fairweather, Edie Ochiltree, Caleb Balderstone, we think of them as a chorus or as an audience to the artificially created action, the noise and fury, fundamentally uninteresting, that sink to the foreseen and insipid end. They help on the action by chance, or unwillingly, or with a skeptical detachment. Once, in *Jeanie Deans*, this type of character becomes the chief actor, and Scott writes the greatest of his novels.

The action in Dickens's novels, except in a few late instances, is simple,

melodramatic intrigue. In *Martin Chuzzlewit* we have one great creation, Pecksniff, and a host of delightful figures; but the action belongs to the cruder and more improbable kind of mystery story. The metamorphosis of Montague Tigg, the fascinating sponger, into an opulent company promoter; his machinations against Jonas Chuzzlewit, ending in the murder; the deception practised by old Martin on Pecksniff for the purpose of unmasking him — compared with such things as these, Scott's management of the action is serious and responsible. Dickens's plots, of course, were primarily intended to keep up the reader's interest from installment to installment of a serial. They were plots in Sir W. Joynson-Hicks's, rather than Aristotle's, sense; plots against the public. They had no literary function at all. To bring in his characters and set them going Dickens did not need such artifices; he had an exceptional talent in that direction. The meeting of old Martin Chuzzlewit's relatives in the beginning of the story; the visit of the Pecksniffs to Todgers's; and with some reservations the journeyings of young Martin and Mark Tapley in the United States — these are brilliant strokes of comic invention, and Dickens is full of them.

It was Thackeray who first made a clear break with the plot, both as a literary and as a popular convention; and it was in this more clearly than in any other respect that he showed his superiority to Dickens in critical sense. Like the eighteenth-century novelists whom he admired so much, he set out to portray society; but if I am to do that, one might imagine him saying, why should I not do it directly? Why should I have an ambulating hero to take me from scene to scene? Why should I not be in any place where I want to be? So he starts with a number of characters drawn from various classes of social life.

They meet in different places, move up or down the social scale, quarrel or agree, flatter or condescend; and, as their lives unroll, the complex of relationships and the number of characters expand until they embrace society.

II

In the dramatic novel the hiatus between the characters and the plot disappears. The characters are not a part of the machinery of the plot; nor is the plot merely a rough framework round the characters. On the contrary, both are inseparably knit together. The given qualities of the characters determine the action, and the action in turn progressively changes the characters, and thus everything is borne forward to an end. At its greatest the affinity of the dramatic novel is with poetic tragedy, just as that of the novel of character is with comedy. The dialogue in the most intense scenes in *Wuthering Heights* and *Moby Dick* is hardly distinguishable from poetic utterance; the most memorable figures in *Vanity Fair* and *Tom Jones* are always on the verge of becoming purely comic figures like Falstaff or Sir Toby.

But in all its forms the dramatic novel need not be tragic, and the first novelist who practised it with consummate success in England — Jane Austen — consistently avoided, and probably was quite incapable of sounding, the tragic note. The instance may seem strange, but it is only so in appearance. The art of Jane Austen has a more essential resemblance to that of Hardy than to Fielding's or Thackeray's. There is in her novels, in the first place, a confinement to one circle, one complex of life, producing naturally an intensification of action; and this intensification is one of the essential attributes of the dramatic novel. In the second place, character is to her no longer a thing

merely to delight in, as it was to Fielding, Smollett, and Scott, and as it remained later to Dickens and Thackeray — it has consequences. It influences events; it creates difficulties, and later, in different circumstances, dissolves them. When Elizabeth Bennet and Darcy meet first, the complexion of their next encounter is immediately determined. The action is set going by the changing tension between them, and by a few acts of intervention on the part of the other figures; and the balance of all the forces within the novel creates and moulds the plot. One figure in the pure comedic sense there is in the book — Mr. Collins. Mr. Collins has no great effect on the action; he remains unchanged throughout the story. There are other purely comedic elements; for example, the permanent domestic tension between Mr. and Mrs. Bennet. But in most dramatic novels such figures and combinations are to be found. Hardy has his peasants to give relief and an additional emphasis of proportion to the action. The real power of the Wessex novels lies of course elsewhere, in the development of a changing tension making toward an end.

Where the plot of *Pride and Prejudice* differs from the plot of a novel of action is in its strict interior causation. The first aversion of Elizabeth for Darcy was inevitable because of the circumstances in which they met, because Darcy was proud of his social position and Elizabeth encumbered by her un-presentable family, and because they were people of such decided character that they were certain to dislike each other at the beginning. Elizabeth is true to the candor of her mind in believing Darcy to be cold, haughty, and vindictive; she is equally true to it later in acknowledging that she is mistaken, and in changing her opinion. The action is created here by those characters who remain true to themselves; it is their

immovability which, like a law of necessity, sets it moving; and through it they gradually and irresistibly manifest themselves.

The dramatic novel stands apart from the novel of action and the novel of character, in both of which there is a hiatus between the plot and the characters; there should be none in the dramatic novel. Its plot is part of its significance. A change in the situation always involves a change in the characters, while every change, dramatic or psychological, external or internal, is either caused or given its form by something in both.

But if a change in the situation involves a change in the characters, the propriety and truth of the progression — in other words, of the plot — are of the first importance. That progression will be inevitable on two planes. It will have an inner truth so far as it traces the unfolding of character, and an external truth inasmuch as it is a just development of the action. Or, rather, the identity of these two aspects of truth will here be complete, as it is in no other kind of novel.

Necessity and freedom, the logical and the spontaneous, are of equal importance in the dramatic plot. The lines of action must be laid down, but life must perpetually flood them, bend them, and produce the 'erosions of contour' which Nietzsche praised. If the situation is worked out logically without any allowance for the free invention of life, the result will be mechanical, even if the characters are true. Some of Hardy's novels have this fault. 'The characters,' Mr. Forster remarks, 'have to suspend their natures at every turn, or else are so swept away by the course of fate that our sense of reality is weakened. . . . Hardy arranges events with emphasis on causality, the ground plan is a plot, and the characters are ordered to acquiesce in its requirements. There

is a ceaseless emphasis on fate, and yet, for all the sacrifices made to it, we never see the action as a living thing as we see it in *Antigone* or *Bérénice* or *The Cherry Orchard*. The fate above us, not the fate working through us — that is what is eminent and memorable in the West-ssex novels.⁷

When freedom is overstressed the effect is equally false. There is a notorious instance of this in *Jane Eyre*, a novel which just misses being truly dramatic. Jane loves Rochester, but she will not live with him while his wife is alive; this is the real dramatic problem. All Jane's character, all that should of necessity decide the direction of the action, is summed up in her refusal to go against her conscience. The story should have been worked out to the end on this assumption. Instead Charlotte Brontë has the insane Mrs. Rochester conveniently burned to death; she defeats fate, she defeats Jane, making her qualities irrelevant and meaningless. In *The Newcomes* Thackeray 'by a most monstrous blunder . . . killed Lady Farintosh's mother at one page and brought her to life at another.' We hardly notice it; we do not care much what becomes of the plot. But Charlotte Brontë could not make a single false move in the plot of *Jane Eyre* without giving a wrong direction to the whole book.

Wuthering Heights is more totally impressive than either *Jane Eyre* or *The Return of the Native*, because the balance between necessity and freedom is held more tautly, and proportion is won through the very intensity of the strain which these two forces impose on each other. Catherine and Heathcliff act of their own will, and their action is perfect freedom; yet at the same time they are figures in a tragedy whose terms and end are ordained from the beginning. The progression in both dimensions is unerring, and it is one progression.

The end of any dramatic novel will be a solution of the problem which sets the events moving; the particular action will have completed itself, bringing about an equilibrium, or issuing in some catastrophe which cannot be pursued further. Equilibrium or death — these are the two ends toward which the dramatic novel moves. The first, for reasons which it would be idle to enter into, generally takes the form of a suitable marriage.

We may mention one other respect in which the dramatic novel diverges from the character novel: its confinement to a narrow scene, and to one complex of life. We find this concentration of the area of action in Hardy, in Emily Brontë, even in *Moby Dick*, where, though the state is vast, it is in a sense unchanged; there is no escape from it. The reason for the isolation of the scene in the dramatic novel is obvious enough. Only in a completely shut-in arena can the conflicts which it portrays arise, develop, and end inevitably. All the exits are closed, and as we watch the action we know this. There is no escape into other scenes; or, if there is, we know that they are false exits, bringing the protagonist back to the main stage again, where he must await his destiny.

III

There are, of course, no novels purely of character or merely of conflict; there are only novels which are predominantly the one or the other. Nobody is likely to dispute this distinction, or to insist that it is absolute; and, trusting to this, I can now go on to my next generalization, which is that the imaginative world of the dramatic novel is in Time, the imaginative world of the character novel in Space. In the one, space is more or less given, and the action is built up in time; in the other, time is assumed, and the action is a

static pattern, continuously redistributed and reshuffled, in space. It is the fixity and the circumference of the character novel that give the parts their proportion and meaning; it is the progression and resolution of the dramatic novel that do the same thing for it. The values of the character novel are social, in other words; the values of the dramatic novel, individual or universal, as we choose to regard them. On the one hand, we see characters living in a society; on the other, figures moving between birth and death. These two types of the novel are neither opposites, then, nor in any important sense complements of each other; they are rather two distinct modes of seeing life: in time, personally, and in space, socially.

A more vivid sense of the meaning of this distinction can be evoked by calling to mind the different feeling of time and space in various novels. In the dramatic novel, in general, the articulation of space is vague and arbitrary. London might be a thousand miles away from *Wuthering Heights* or Casterbridge. From the London of *Vanity Fair* and *Tom Jones*, on the other hand, every place has its just geographical distance; and no part of England, no small town, no country estate or remote parsonage, is inaccessible. We are conscious of England in *Tom Jones* and *Vanity Fair*; we are only aware of the Yorkshire Moors and Egdon Heath in *Wuthering Heights* and *The Return of the Native*.

Or consider another difference. By what seems at first a paradox, we shall find in the dramatic novel a far more intense visual realization of the scene than in the novel of character. No doubt this is partly because the scene in the former becomes colored and dyed by the passions of the chief figures; because we always see them against it, and closed in by it. But it is more

essentially because the scene here — the scene in Hardy's novels and in *Wuthering Heights* — is not an ordinary and particular scene at all, like the Sedley's drawing-room, or Sir Pitt Crawley's country estate, but rather an image of humanity's temporal environment. The Yorkshire moors and Wessex are not places differentiated and recognizable like Mr. Bennett's Five Towns or Trollope's Barchester; they are universal scenes where the drama of mankind is played out. When we think of Thackeray's characters we think of them in the costume and against the background of their time; their clothes, the houses they live in, and the fashions they observe are part of their reality; they exist in their period as in a suddenly fixed world. But we recall Hardy's figures as we recall things which are amenable to no fashions save those of nature; as we remember heaths, rocks, and trees. The scene against which he sets his men and women has not essentially changed since the time when figures capable of the few universal emotions with which he endows them might have lived in it. Space here, then, is undifferentiated and universal; though apparently narrow, an image of the world itself; and moreover unchangeable, for, no matter what fashions may alter the surface of human life, thus a mind like Hardy's will always be able to see the world. The scene here, in short, is the earth, as in the novel of character it is civilization. For the character novelist will show us that the human scene, that world in itself, is infinitely various and interesting; that Queen's Crawley is a very different place from Russell Square, and that there is an inexhaustible diversity of places and states of life in the Five Towns. We shall see the universal becoming particularized, humanity in all its varieties of prison house, ornamental or plain; and, if we are no longer conscious of the earth, we become free

citizens of society, with a pass to all sorts of places.

Or take another striking difference, between the feeling of time in the character novel and in the dramatic novel; how it seems to linger in the one and fly in the other. If we open *Vanity Fair* at the first chapter and listen to Becky Sharp, and then take up toward the end, when we know that a great number of things have happened and many years elapsed, we shall have a curious feeling of having marked time, of still being in the same spot; somewhat the same feeling one might have if one were to fall asleep in a room where people were discussing some question, and waken to find the discussion at exactly the same stage. In the last chapters of *Vanity Fair* Becky is still talking very much as she did in the first. Let us turn next to the passage which introduces Catherine Earnshaw, and to her last interview with Heathcliff. There the shock we receive is of a different kind. We know at once that, while we have been sleeping, something extraordinary has happened: time, almost like a physical process, has passed over the figure of Catherine. This test may be applied to any great dramatically conceived figure, except for a few, like Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick*. For Ahab does not change. The action of the whole book, indeed, hardly moves for a while; there is only the long stretch of description, reverie, waiting, and then the fatal combat, described in the last few chapters — a combat which we do not see approaching, which could only come suddenly, absent one moment, unconditionally present the next.

In the novel of character at its best we feel that time is inexhaustible. The great character creations — Uncle Toby, Parson Adams, Lismahago, Mr. Collins, Cuddie Headrigg, Micawber — are beyond time and change, just as the great dramatic figures are completely

enclosed in them and subject to them. In no novel of character, of course, is time quite stationary, though certain of the characters may remain so; but the more time is slowed down or ignored, — the more all urgency is taken from it, — the more favorable does it become for the emergence of characters. There is something humorous, something giving a sense of security, in the very slowing down of time, as may be seen in *Tristram Shandy*, *Ulysses*, and the slow-motion picture.

It is this imperviousness to time, this almost mythical permanence, which deepens our delight in such figures as Falstaff, Uncle Toby, Cuddie Headrigg, and Mr. Micawber. To admit that they were capable of change would be to limit their significance, not to enrich it; changed, they would no longer be universal in their place, which is a stationary spatial world in which time has reached an equilibrium. This is the reason why, when Dickens fits out Micawber with a new existence at the end of *David Copperfield*, the effect is so displeasing. Not only is a term set to a delight which seemed unending, but Micawber himself is at one stroke robbed of his eternal validity. We still think of him as everlastingly 'waiting for something to turn up,' for our imagination ignores the last transformation and gives him back to us as he was.

So much for the temporal vacancy of the novel of character; its spatial vitality, if this analysis should be accepted by anyone, will appear as obvious. There is in the great character novels a feeling of intensely filled space as extraordinary in its way as the feeling of crowded time in the dramatic novel. Witness the almost nightmare luxuriance of life in Dickens's London; the mob of characters which jostle one another in his books, so that the scene seems crammed to bursting point.

When we think of the world of characters the picture that comes before us is something like those crowded frontispieces which used to adorn the collected editions of Dickens's novels, where we see standing side by side and one behind the other the forms of Mr. Pickwick, Pecksniff, Micawber, Dick Swiveller, Uriah Heep, Sam Weller, Sairey Gamp, Montague Tigg, the Artful Dodger, the Fat Boy, and a host of minor figures, until the page seems to be unable to hold any more. This crowded effect, this sense of living and moving space, is produced, once more, by the unchangeability of the characters. None of them ceases to occupy his place when another appears; all existing permanently, all exist contemporaneously; and even if they have their places in separate novels, we think of them together. We think of Dickens's and Thackeray's characters as all living at the same time, and as all living forever, and we think of them therefore as a crowd.

IV

We must needs believe that neither of the two types of novels which we have discussed could give us its characteristic sense of human variety if it

did not observe its limitations. Without its shut-in arena the one could not evoke such a range and absoluteness of experience in its figures. Without the unchangeability of its types the other could not show us such a clear-cut diversity of character and manners. To see sharply the difference between a multitude of living things we must arrest their movement. They must not change while we look, or the change will confuse our sense of distinction; difference will merge at times into identity. If the author tries to overleap natural bounds and, combining the conventions, sharply differentiates his characters like the character novelist, and continuously develops them like the dramatic novelist, he will weaken and confuse the effect of both attempts, will give a sense neither of inevitable development nor of rich and clear-cut diversity, but will be caught into a flux. He will write the kind of novel which Matthew Arnold once called 'a slice of life.' If all this is so, however, the limitations of the dramatic and the character novel, in appearance arbitrary, are in reality reasonable and necessary; for only by observing them can the writer convey the desired effect and externalize his peculiar vision of life.

A FORGOTTEN HERO

BY FREDERICK CHEEVER SHATTUCK

AMONG family papers I find the following letter to my grandfather, evidently from a former patient: —

SHIPPENSBURG, Jan. 6th 1810.

DEAR SIR,

Every thing, says somebody, has a *beginning, a middle and an end.* I wrote you from Lancaster, where I considered myself as *beginning* my enterprise; I now am I think about the *centre* and should deem myself inexcusable did I not write you something appertaining thereto. I do this the more readily as I am a little down at the heel and in writing to *you*, I shall entertain the comfortable *idea* of a *Doctor*. Besides I have the satisfaction of telling you that I have atoned for all those *small sins* and I could hope some of the big ones. Be patient, and I will answer you that old catechetical query, ‘What is atonement?’ It consists in doing as follows. The day after I wrote you I started from Lancaster on foot for York, the shire town of the county of that name. I did this because the stage would not go till the next week, which would delay me five days. It is 23 miles to York and half of that way I travelled in a wet snow of four inches deep with thin boots and of course with wet feet. York is in point of wealth and population the third town in the state, about 3400 inhabitants. They have a ‘*College*’ there with small funds. It was said they were in *great want* of an *instructor* and much encouragement was given me by people acquainted with the place. I concluded it was the most favorable place for me in the State. I arrived in due time; and, after waiting three days, met the trustees in solemn conclave; who, I found, amounted to about a dozen, portly *Dutchmen by trade*; and the amount of all this *fuss* was, I might open a school, if I chose. I found they had one *professor*,

who instructed in the A, B, C, and gave lectures on the A, B, ab, with a salary of *three hundred per An.* Were I to engage, I should have the income of seven latin schollars at \$24 each per An.; or perhaps fifteen english schollars at \$8 each and the interest of their funds, which I was informed, consisted of thirteen ‘fippenny bits’ and a cent and an half. To be serious. As I am a famous pedagogue, I expect, I could earn about \$400 the first year and \$500 or 600 the 2 next. But it is all a matter of *experiment*. Dutchmen do not like to be insulted with Latin and Greek. Their brain is so impregnably fortified with scull, that *surprise* is out of the question; and who, of common mortal composition, would not shrink at undertaking to carry them by a regular *siege*? I left York, to return if nothing better offered. I was told at that place, that by taking the stage for Hanover, (which, *they said* was only twenty-three miles from Carlisle whither I wished to go) I should find a stage there ready on my arrival to start for Carlisle. Thinking 23 miles such walk as I had was quant. suff. I determined to go the rest of the way by stage via Hanover. I took the stage for that place and arrived in due *order* and *time* viz. very late and body bruised and partly frozen. On my arrival think of my disappointment, when I found I was *two miles farther from Carlisle* than I was at York; with the comfortable prospect of embracing one of three alternatives, *wait seven days for a stage, hire a man and two horses to carry me, or walk thro' a muddy road where every step brought after it a sample of the soil of a pounds weight!!* Good God! such a bore! a ‘trick upon a traveller!’ After mature deliberation I determined to mortify the flesh a little more. I started and tramped seven miles of it. There I would have hired a passage, had not the

price there been the same as at Hanover. After walking 7 miles I swore I would not give so much viz. 5 Dollars and bear all the expenses! In short after wading the bigger part of three days in mud or clay nearly over shoes I arrived in Carlisle, worn quite out. I really fear serious bad consequences from the excessive fatigue. In Carlisle I found no encouragement. I expect some here but it is very uncertain. I shall if nothing better is found here return to Lancaster for my trunk and settle at York. I must settle myself and recruit soon or I shall be settled with by the universal Accountant; be brought to a *balance* and may I not be found wanting! Sixty miles on foot in the very worst of travelling and four hundred and thirty with ninety more to get to York again making of stage riding in dreadful roads 520 plus 60 equal to 580 miles in the very worst season of the year, is enough to wear out all but the *soul*, which God be praised, rises in strength as difficulties increase. I could travel the last inch of skin from my *bones* (I have no *flesh*) and not repine could I but be assured by *so doing* I could *pay my debts*. To do that is the *first wish* of my *heart* and will draw my *last sigh*, should Heaven decree an impossibility of it. But cheerly, Doctor, I am yet two thirds as stout as you last saw me and there is no telling what a little squad of a Dutch girl may do for me in case of necessity. I have been to one ball with them (a very genteel one when I saw *congressmen*) and squeezed the little *cross cut* rogues with a *righte smarte squeeze*. My Dear friend, tho' clouds and darkness rest on my prospects, I have faith well grounded of being bettered by my journey in point of property, if not *health*. Believe me your thankful friend

BACON.

Dr. G. C. Shattuck, Boston.

Don't tell at Rev. Oliver's what I am doing nor where I am. I have no desire, that old ex consul should know of my *travels* or any of the *rest of them*. Please to be guarded on this point and oblige

B.

(Addressed)

George C. Shattuck M.D., Boston, Mass.
(Memorandum in writing of G. C. S.)
S. Bacon Jan 10, 1810.

The revelation of character, and also of the conditions of life in Central Pennsylvania little more than a hundred years ago, arrested my interest. The writer is clearly a Yankee, energetic, courageous, diligent in business. As we shall see later, he became a faithful servant of the Lord. Last, but not least, he had a sense of humor, and retained it under circumstances which would have daunted most of us. That part of Pennsylvania had a large German contingent. The state of the roads, the lack of culture or desire thereof, are impressive. York, with 3400 inhabitants, the third centre of population in the State!

The letter excited my curiosity and led to an effort to find out more about the writer. I found that a Samuel Bacon graduated at Harvard in 1808, and Mr. Lane, of the Widener Library, put me on the track of a *Life of Samuel Bacon* by Jehudi Ashmun, 1892, and of a condensation thereof published by the Philadelphia Bible Society. Both draw freely from Bacon's diaries. The story of his life seems worth telling.

Bacon was born in Sturbridge, the youngest of nine children of a farmer, a hard and unsympathetic man. His mother died of consumption, after a long illness, while he was still a mere boy. His schooling was very scant. The father's consent was won to an eight weeks' course of English grammar. The charge for board and tuition with the pastor of the Baptist Church in Sturbridge was \$1.25 a week. The frugal father thought this high, so he betook himself to Leicester, sixteen miles. He found that tuition at the Leicester Academy was one dollar a quarter, and board could be had for one dollar a week. Thus in eight weeks a whole dollar could be saved; and to Leicester Academy he went, with twenty-five cents for spending money. His father's gospel was hard work, and

when Samuel came of age and desired to pursue his studies the father told him to stay on the farm or shift for himself. For two years he studied to fit for college, entering Harvard in 1804 at twenty-three. By waiting on the college commons, bell ringing, and other aids, he finished his course.

He then began the study of law in Worcester, editing, meanwhile, the *National Egis*, a weekly paper. In 1809 his health, never too good, failed. Doubtless consumption was feared, and, advised to seek a milder climate than that of New England, he went to Philadelphia. Failing here to get employment as a teacher, he went to the interior. The climatic and other advantages of his Southern move are indicated in his letter. He settled in Lancaster, where he taught school with greater public usefulness than financial return. Later he took charge of the 'College' in York. In 1812 he was offered a lieutenancy in the U. S. Marine Corps. This he accepted and was stationed in Washington, where he was wounded in the thigh in a duel with a brother officer who had been a close friend. His biographer says that 'they were alike destitute of the fear of God and strangers to the restraints of His religion.' In May 1814, Bacon married, and in June was promoted to be captain. In spare time he read law again, and was admitted to the Washington bar in 1815. A son was born to him. He was sent to York, Pennsylvania, to recruit for the Marine Corps. His wife died. He opened a law office in York and in 1815 resigned from the Marines, having seen no active service during the war. He was appointed Deputy United States District Attorney for York and Adams counties, and was elected major of a military regiment.

Up to this time he had been devoid of 'religion,' save in spasms usually allied with illness and the fear of death.

For instance, 'In a moment he was seized with a strange bodily affection for which he could not account, and which seemed to threaten an immediate death. He breathed with difficulty — his body was convulsed — his strength was exhausted and he believed himself to be dying. Then fear took hold upon his soul. He had before him an angry God and a dreadful eternity, and he felt how unprepared he was to die. He raised the cry of despair to God. The terrors of Hell seemed to encompass him. He prayed for a single day — for a few hours to live that he might escape from the wrath to come.' As danger passed, so did fear, as at various times before for twenty-odd years. Once he was tempted to suicide, at times to drown his sorrows in the flowing bowl. Not long after the above episode he 'got religion,' this time the real thing and for good and all. After getting religion, his sense of humor was less in evidence. He joined the German Lutheran Church, a few months later changing to the Episcopal Church. He was a pioneer in forming Sunday Schools. Starting in York, he organized them in a considerable area. He became interested in the free blacks. Two quotations from his diary throw light on the Sunday School teaching of the period: —

I am grieved to see you so careless of the salvation of your souls. If a happy spirit could come from Heaven and tell you how much it cost to get there; or if a miserable soul could come from Hell and tell you of the unheard of and unexpected torments it found there; you would all fall upon your trembling knees and begin to pray.

L. was a child of ten years old. He seemed to combine in his disposition the cunning of the serpent with the fierceness of the young tiger, and mischievousness of the ape. The first time he attended the Sunday School he stole a testament. He was detected in having it in possession; but persisted with

the most daring effrontery in asserting that he had bought it. The label of 'Sunday School,' which was written in it by the superintendant, was pointed out to him; and that, together with confronting him with the gentleman of whom he said he bought it, and who explicitly declared he had not sold it to him, seemed to have no other effect than to induce him, in defiance of the most positive testimony, to redouble his falsehoods and prevarications. His case was pointed out to all the teachers. We feared to do anything that might drive him from school, or throw him off our hands unreformed. There was danger of exciting the hostility of his friends, as he was a favourite, and a spoiled child. We exhorted, expostulated, and explained on the holy command, — 'Thou shalt not steal'; but without any direct application to him. This course was pursued for one year; about half the Sundays of which he attended school. We had flattered ourselves that he was reformed. But judge of our surprise, when we learnt by information from another scholar, that our books had multiplied on his hands at home, to the number of half a dozen, which he had the hardihood to offer for sale. We then felt him heavy at our skirts. The plan of reformation was soon devised and adopted. L. was taken aside into a vacant room by the superintendant, and his crimes set in full array before him. Warnings, entreaties, life, death, the gallows and the final judgment, were all called up in aid of the cause of reformation; and at last his soul was commended to God in earnest prayer. The superintendant, having exhausted his stock of grace, turned him over to one of the teachers. The same course was gone through. This done, another teacher, and so on, till seven in succession, exhausted all they had to say. — You may judge of his feelings. At the close of the school, he went home. His friends were at first enraged; but on being told his crimes, and warned, themselves, to look to it, that his blood did not lie at their doors; they became quiet. Two Sabbaths intervened, and no L. appeared in school. But on the third, he made his appearance with all the books under his arm. He gave them to the superintendant, took his seat, and soon mani-

fested that he had left behind him, his former uncomfortable passions and dispositions, and had brought in their stead a temper entirely docile and lamb-like.

One might be curious to know how real and lasting was the reformation.

The fullness of his life and his religious fervor brought an unaccustomed happiness, though he still had periods of depression. His diary states, 'Shame, shame is my part! I suffered myself to slumber a few minutes, under both the sermons which I attended today; owing to my fatigue in the Sunday School. But it is a wicked — a very vile thing to sleep in church.' He offered himself as a candidate for orders to Bishop White, practising law, studying divinity, and spreading Sunday Schools. No bread of idleness was on his table. Can we wonder he napped in church during sermon?

In September 1819 he was ordained a deacon, all secular work was laid aside, and he then visited Central Pennsylvania in the interests of the Philadelphia Bible Society for two and a half months.

We now enter upon the final and dramatic act of Bacon's life. In 1817 the American Colonization Society was formed. Its aim was to plant Christianity on the African Coast with a nucleus of free blacks from this country. In 1819 Congress authorized the President to provide care in Africa for rescued slaves, returning such of them to their homes as proved feasible. Two men, Mills and Burgess, were sent out to study the ground. As a result of their report it was decided to found a colony, and Bacon was appointed chief government agent in charge of those rescued from the slavers. The sloop of war Cyane, with twenty-four guns, was detailed, and the Elizabeth, a merchantman of three hundred tons, was chartered by the Society. The Government agreed to transport on the

Elizabeth a group of free blacks selected by the Colonization Society. Thirty families, eighty-nine souls in all, were chosen from a large number of Africans, and the vessels started from New York on January 31, 1820, though the weather was such that a week passed before they could get to sea.

Bacon's colleagues were John P. Bankson for the Government and Dr. Crozer, agent for the Colonization Society. All were full of hope and joy in their high emprise. Storms without and threatened mutiny within the Elizabeth marked the voyage. On March 9 anchor was cast at Freetown, Sierra Leone. Bacon enters in his diary, 'Our sick have all recovered and passengers and crew enjoy perfect health.' Their orders were to settle first on Sherbro Island, one of the native chiefs of which, 'Mr. Kizzel,' as Bacon always calls this naked savage, made a good impression, which later proved unjustified. The site of settlement was ill chosen, the rainy season started, enthusiasm abounded over knowledge. Nemesis delayed not. By April 6 twenty-one were sick of a fever, thirty-five by the eighth. A few days later Bacon writes, 'There are only six or eight of the people in health.' Some of the blacks died, as did Crozer and Midshipman Townsend. Bankson was desperately ill, seemed to be recovering, relapsed, and died. On May 1, Bacon himself, after ten days' illness, also died. Thus the three heads of the expedition were swept away in less than two months after the joyful landing. So were some twenty of the colonists. A tragic story of idealism! The record shows that Bacon was quite prepared to sacrifice his life in the cause.

A final word about Ashmun. As editor of the *Theological Repertory* in Washington, he became interested in the American Colonization Society and

its work, and was thus led to write Bacon's Life, the sale of which was very disappointing. He then accepted the Agency of the Society, religious ardor being reënforced with the hope of becoming able to pay burdensome debts, and in 1822 he sailed for his field of duty. There he labored for nearly six years, suffering from repeated attacks of fever. In the spring of 1828 his physical condition was so bad that he returned home, and died in New Haven in August, thirty-four years old. A Life of him by Ralph Randolph Gurley was published in 1835. Gurley was associated with him, and he it was who suggested the name Liberia for the colony which was established on the mainland, the capital of which is Monrovia.

A heavy price has been paid by white men to Christianize and civilize savages. It is probable that malaria in its grave form was a cause of death. That it was so in Ashmun's case seems certain; but there is more than a possibility that yellow fever was responsible for some, if not many, of the deaths.

It appeared later that sickness befell Northern much more than Southern negro colonists, and the Colonization Society was therefore urged to send no negroes from north of the Potomac.

Studies recently made and now in progress warrant a strong suspicion that yellow fever is not primarily a disease of the Americas, as has been believed in the past. The disease is widespread on the Central West African Coast, and is extending into the interior along the lines of river communication. The disease is endemic, constant, with frequent epidemics of limited extension. In one of these, eight white men died in Monrovia two years ago. The suggestion is plain that the disease is of African origin, of long standing, with large acquired immunity of the natives as a result. Then slaves

brought in their blood to America the causative agent of yellow fever. The appropriate mosquitoes were lying in wait, bit the slave disease-carriers and then their owners, who, having no immunity, suffered grievously. 'The wages of sin is death.'

Since the above was written comes the news of the death of Dr. Adrian Stokes, of the great scientist, Noguchi, and of Dr. W. A. Young, all engaged in Rockefeller West African yellow fever study. All were really victims of yellow

fever; whether directly or indirectly seems to be still in some doubt.

We shall have to add a new count to the indictment of slavery among us. Slavery is gone. The Civil War ended sixty years ago. The mastery of yellow fever was won twenty-five years ago, but some eight or ten million colored folk are in our midst and give cause for thought. Man interferes with nature with an eye to the present, not knowing and little realizing the remote consequences of his action.

COMPULSORY CHAPEL

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

I

A MILLION of the inhabitants of these United States are college students. No one knows what this astounding fact means or is to mean to American life. Plainly, however, it becomes increasingly impossible to describe the undergraduate as a specially privileged person, to revere an arts degree as the sign of peculiar erudition, or to venerate a college campus as the scene of cloistered virtues. Colleges were once places apart, with residual traces of that mediæval monasticism from which they sprang or with which they were identified, busied with intellectual interests which were their own end, their own justification, their own reward. In coming into closer contact with that world which makes their growth possible, and which in turn they must serve more directly, colleges have lost the self-sufficing power of their traditional solitude and have become symp-

tomatic of the whole culture, or want of culture, round about them. What now happens in colleges no longer concerns them alone, but is a matter of general interest and common concern to all the people.

'In certain states of the soul,' says Baudelaire, 'the profound significance of life is revealed completely in the spectacle, however commonplace, that is before one's eyes: it becomes the symbol of that significance.' It is in something of this mood and manner that we find ourselves looking at one or another of the familiar aspects of American college life. They are miniature, manageable transcripts of larger issues and more general situations.

There has been latterly much curious and anxious interest in the religion of the college student. We have circularized him and interviewed him to discover whether he thinks he has any religion, what he thinks religion is, and

what he intends to do about it. We have an uneasy suspicion that he will not always prove a sure buttress for the faith of the fathers which here and there shows in its fabric signs of decay. We are accustomed to take his views on all matters rather seriously, not so much for what they are as for what they portend for the thought of a nation. In this matter we take his views most seriously, since so much is at stake.

We probably overrate the importance of the undergraduate's ideas on religion, and thus do both him and ourselves an injustice. For the moment he does not feel the force of certain of those situations from which a conscious need of religion arises. Religion has always been bound up with the home life of a people; the college student has left behind him the home from which he came, and has not founded the home which normally he intends to found. Religion has always sustained, or sought to sustain, the bread-labor of the world; the college student is as yet a stranger to the full load of the world's bread-labor. Religion must deal with pain, death, sorrow; in the main these more sombre facts do not enter into the life of a college, and its members are not constantly compelled to try their power at transmuting the agonizing ultimate event. In these vital matters the experience of the average college student is too restricted to enable him to understand clearly why men need a religion, what religion is, and what religion does.

On the other hand, there are certain rather obvious problems in religion, particularly as they concern the relation of the individual to the institution, which the college student is peculiarly fitted to understand and to help us solve. For this reason his agitation over the question of compulsory chapel has an off-campus, extramural interest

for us all. He is here playing over again one of the oldest dramas of history and trying to bring it to a clearer solution.

That is an unusually docile student body which has not staged a vigorous revolt against this practice, wherever it still exists. College faculties, to say nothing of college preachers, are familiar with the crude but none the less effective ammunition of rebel undergraduates — the subtle and rapid contagion of an acute bronchitis; the grating protest of heavy boots, preferably such as are used for stiff Alpine work; and the seductive secularity of the illustrated sections of the Sunday paper. These devices are rather like those twenty-nine distinct damnations of the great text in Galatians, invoked by the soliloquist of the *Spanish Cloister*—‘one sure, if another fails.’ Their concerted use makes the decorous conduct of a service of worship impossible, and the attempt to preach a sermon under such conditions is the modern genteel equivalent of fighting with the wild beasts at Ephesus. True, the humiliations of this discipline are more considerable than its actual fatalities. But many a man who has faced this situation for years, on the abstract theory that it is for the greater glory of God that he should do so, is beginning to wonder whether religion is really thereby furthered; indeed, whether religion has anything to do with the whole process.

II

There are probably some incurably ecclesiastical persons who still believe that good can be done in this way. They have ample precedent and warrant in the usage of the past, if they choose to invoke the dead hand. Three hundred years ago in Rome the Jews were forced to attend ‘compulsory chapel’

on Holy Cross Day, to hear a sermon from a Christian bishop. An entry in the diary of a bishop's chaplain has the true High Church ring: 'It was of old cared for in the merciful bowels of the Church, that, so to speak, a crumb from her conspicuous table should be cast to the famishing dogs. And a moving sight in truth, this, of so many of the restive and ready-to-perish now maternally brought — nay (for He saith "Compel them to come in") haled, as it were, by the head and hair, and against their obstinate hearts, to partake of the heavenly grace.' Persons who deplore the passing of this fine old crusty episcopal arrogance will cherish the compulsory college chapel as one of the few remaining opportunities to display that arrogance. To their minds, that is the way to treat undergraduates. All this, however, comes from a seventeenth-century source. Meanwhile there has been the eighteenth century, and the eighteenth century means the Rights of Man, Republicanism, and Revolution.

Gibbon found, as many other historians have found, that the 'genuine style, the middle tone,' is achieved only when one is dealing with facts which stand somewhere halfway between ancient and modern times. It is now possible to begin to treat the French Revolution in this middle tone. It furnishes a useful objective medium with which to study certain issues that cannot be treated dispassionately in their contemporary form. Curiously enough, the protest of the American college student against compulsory chapel is apparently one of the direct consequences of the French Revolution, by way of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Since the discussion of compulsory chapel, in its present terms, is apt to degenerate into a display of bad temper

and bad manners, it is worth while studying the issue in the 'middle tone' of a document that is nearly a hundred and twenty-five years old. At the risk of being charged with giving aid and comfort to the protestant undergraduate, it may be opportune to inject into our heated academic discussions a passage from Wordsworth's *Prelude*. Wordsworth had some glaring faults, but bad temper and bad manners were not among them. Not only so, but as an indubitably distinguished predecessor of the modern undergraduate he is a double who undoes his successor. He says so much on this matter, and what he says is on the whole so well said, that there is little or nothing more to be said.

Wordsworth finished the first draft of *The Prelude* in 1805. The third book of *The Prelude* is concerned with 'Residence at Cambridge.' Wordsworth went up to St. John's College in 1787. On the whole he seems to have had the perennial undergraduate good time. Only one thing actually irked him — compulsory chapel. His reflections on this subject are characteristic and still pertinent:—

Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
With a conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized
For its own sake . . .
. . . should learn to put aside
Her trappings here, should strip them off abashed
Before antiquity and steadfast truth
And strong book-mindedness. . . .
Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect
Whatever formal gait of discipline
Shall raise them highest in their own esteem —
Let them parade among the Schools at will,
But spare the House of God. Was ever known
The witless shepherd who persists to drive
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
A weight must surely hang on days begun
And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit
Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
At home in pious service, to your bells
Give seasonable rest, for 't is a sound
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;

And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeples of our English Church,
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,
Suffers for this.

William Ernest Henley once said that Wordsworth was 'a kind of inspired clergyman.' The phrase is hardly accurate, since the indubitably inspired periods of Wordsworth's life were anticlerical and unecclesiastical, while the later years of the poet's decorous Anglicanism were almost devoid of any help from the daemon of verse. This passage from *The Prelude* has ominous foreshadowings of the author of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*. These lines will never be lifted out of their context to be given the preferment of an anthology, and as poetry they are a typical example of that punctilious pedestrian versifying which it has been reserved for Wordsworth alone to immortalize. Nevertheless, this labored metrical meditation has 'the middle tone,' and serves as a dispassionate discussion of the highly controversial subject to which it is addressed.

III

Whatever else Wordsworth means, he means that life is something more than discipline. Not that his poetry as a whole is wanting in a recognition of the inevitable disciplinary element in human experience. During his early years, which were the formative and truly productive periods of his life, he was no stranger to hard necessity. This history is reflected in the actual processes of his versifying, which is perhaps the most striking example in English letters of the interdependence of discipline and inspiration.

There are some writers who do not spare their readers an actual share in the ways and means of writing. So, a Parisian painter said of Charles Péguy's prose, "Il nous fera toujours manger à

la cuisine," voulant signifier par là que sa prose donnait à la fois le repas et la préparation du repas.' Much the same might be said of Wordsworth's poetry; its drudgery was the price of its insights, and Wordsworth compels his readers to see the drudgery, even to take a hand in it. *The Prelude* and *The Excursion* are inexplicable on any other theory.

Now the practice of poetry was for Wordsworth the substance of his spiritual life. In telling us what he thinks poetry means, he tells us by implication what he thinks religion means; and they mean 'life and joy.' It may have been to Wordsworth in his moments of joy, as it has been to many another man, a pleasure to remember the disciplines out of which joy issued; but for such men discipline is not an end in itself.

Wordsworth's reflections on his undergraduate days at Cambridge persuaded him that the chapel services of St. John's College were joyless and lifeless because they represented necessity, and nothing more. He concedes to other academic concerns their right to impose discipline — indeed, to regard themselves as 'disciplines' pure and simple. He was, first as a student and later as the author of *The Prelude*, unwilling to concede this tacit identification of the spiritual life with discipline alone. He demanded joy and the emancipation which is the state for joy. Was he right?

This simple question plunges us into a discussion of the nature of religion which involves the whole issue between the elder orthodoxies and our rebel liberalism. Paulinism, Augustinianism, Calvinism, all imply that there is an element and energy of compulsion in the universe which we cannot escape. We may describe this compulsion metaphorically, with the patriarch, as the inquisition of the whirlwind, or, with

the theologian, as foreordination, election, irresistible grace. Submission to this coercive principle means discipline. We may not abandon this stern, ancient theory too gayly. Our cavalier capacity for indulging heresies is rebuked by Huxley's measured affirmation that on the whole he thought Calvinism nearer to the truths which science discovers than are the modern liberal substitutes.

It is a debatable, even a defensible, proposition that the whole 'elective' interpretation and conduct of our early life, from the days of the Montessori class to the publication of the Ph.D. thesis, are inaccurate and misleading transcripts of man's place in the universe. If there is anything at all to be said for compulsory chapel, whatever is to be said may be found in Calvin and Huxley. Required chapel, in the name of religion, may be a picturesque vindication of some such universal coercion of the individual. Perhaps life and religion are like that. Certainly the college student who thinks that he has settled his account with religion when he has succeeded in abolishing compulsory chapel has a very imperfect idea of what the life of man in this world is like. The thing has a disconcerting way of coming back and bothering one again in a new form. 'John have I beheaded; but who is this, of whom I hear such things?'

On the other hand, Wordsworth was right when he said that life means something more than discipline, and that more is joy; a joy which cannot be attained without discipline, but a joy which at the last knows discipline only as the pleasurable memory of transmuted pain.

The issue still lies just here, where it lay in Wordsworth's day. The apologists for compulsory chapel defend it mainly on the ground that college discipline requires occasional coercive regimentation of the entire community.

The arguments are familiar. It is a good thing to get the whole college together regularly; proctors and monitors must be given place and time to make sure that delinquents are not week-ending elsewhere; students need to be taught something about religion no matter if the means is distasteful. A compulsory chapel service, conceived and conducted on this disciplinary basis, furnishes the best occasion for the realization of these laudable ends.

Now the weakness of the argument rests upon the assumption that what the student needs and is supposed to get in this connection is discipline, not religion. If we may trust the testimony of man after man, long out of college, who endured this coercion, he got the discipline, but it left him with a rooted antipathy to religion and all its works. Those hours of compulsion were unredeemed by any joy, even prophetic, if not actual. In retrospect many a man admits that on the whole the college was right in teaching him that life means the acceptance of discipline. Meanwhile he goes on into the world laboring under the tragic delusion that religion is discipline and nothing more — a discipline to which he paid the uttermost farthing and of which he is now free.

Anyone who cares about religion must deplore this pathetically meagre and joyless account of religion, with its later and unhappy consequences for the whole religious life of the country. He would not concede that religion is pure antinomianism, void of a constant, mediatorial, disciplinary content, but he devoutly wishes that the duty and odium of discipline might be shared by the other major interests of human life. They are not void of their disciplines, and they should bear their part of the distaste of the natural unregenerate human creature for making his submission to the universe.

If the end of life is discipline, and if the core of every serious concern is its content of discipline, it is fair both to other interests and to religion to suggest that this bittersweet substance, with the antipathies which it engenders, should be divided among all the college departments. Students say that compulsory chapel makes them hate religion. Why should religion be the sole butt of their hatred? The modern Sunday is a fairly free affair; the modern Church no longer refuses to discuss books and politics. Why not divide the responsibility for the conduct of compulsory chapel, in the academic vindication of the universal validity of discipline, among the departments? Thus, on one Sunday morning the students might be required to sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' and to listen to considerable selections from the Constitution of the United States, with appropriate comments, that they might be helped to hate the United States. Another Sunday could be very fitly devoted to some play of Shakespeare's, that the 'young barbarians all at play' — which is the traditional description of all undergraduates — might perfect themselves in their salutary hatred of English literature. Religion is quite willing to pull its weight in the boat; it objects to doing all the rowing for an eight.

The truth of the matter sometimes looks rather like this: the stoutest de-

fenders of compulsory chapel are not, as one might at first suppose, persons who care very much for religion, but persons who care very little for it. No man who cares for religion can be happy at the travesty of worship which goes on in many if not most compulsory chapel services. A required service is a useful way of getting a necessary and distasteful academic duty done, and many of its defenders incline one to conclude that they are in favor of the system precisely because they do not think that religion matters very much, or that any real harm is done to the world by making religion take the whole odium of this proctorial transaction.

There is some bleak comfort to be had, in this situation, from the grim affirmation of a historic creed that those who thus confound the substance of religion and confuse its persons 'without doubt shall perish everlasting.' But meanwhile, whatever they may be doing to maintain discipline in a college, they are costing the wider and later religion of America very dear. It is apparently just as true in modern America as in the England of a hundred and twenty-five years ago that the plain steeple of many a village church suffers for this. For that reason compulsory chapel concerns others than college authorities, since it seems to people the land with graduates who are constitutionally unable to believe that a church spire in any way points to joy.

OUTBOUND

THE black sea parts to let us pass,
The harbor lights are gone;
A thousand nameless stars wheel up
Between the dusk and dawn.
We're outbound for England,
Our furrow flinging wide;
A thrusting wind is at our side,
And the long wave lifts us on.

My feet upon the forward deck
Have worn the very seams.
(And shall I know the Devon coast
When some red morning streams?)
All night my watches follow
The bells that break the dark —
(And will the Cornish cliffs stand stark
As they have stood in dreams?)

One star burns on above the mast
While twenty million roam.
A moorland wind will make at last
Across the bitter foam,
An old rack of headland
Come shouldering at the prow. . . .
I know they hear in Surrey now
My heart's blood beating home!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

HUMANIZING THE MISSIONARY

BY LOUISE STRONG HAMMOND

My sister asks me whether I have read an article in the August *Atlantic* entitled 'Christianity in China,' by Moore Bennett. When I say that I have, she proceeds to ask me what I, being a good missionary, intend to do about it. I reply that I feel disinclined to do anything about it because I quite agree with Mr. Bennett's conclusion.

'But,' she breaks out, 'you can't mean that all those horrid things he says about missionaries are true?'

I explain that Mr. Bennett ends with the suggestion that, if people have any serious doubts about the lives of those they have sent out as their messengers to China, they might well appoint a fair-minded commission to go to China and investigate. Those are not just his words, but that is his idea, I think. And I am sure that I and most of the missionaries whom I have met in China during the last fifteen years would welcome such a commission. He specifies that this commission should consist of 'lay minds unconnected with any mission body.' And that too I accept. He does not, I observe, suggest that the representatives of the different branches of the Christian Church should be judged by those who deny that they themselves are Christians. I therefore stipulate that the majority of our commissioners be composed of avowedly Christian men and women who have no personal advantage to be gained from the missions in China.

Here my sister interposes, 'Are you so sure that Mr. Bennett's commission

will materialize that you are seriously waiting for that to uphold you?' And of course I am not sure at all, so I shall try to match Mr. Bennett's inconclusive opinion with my own comments.

I

In the first place, then, I am glad to note that Mr. Bennett has nothing to say against the theory of sending Christian missionaries to China, nor against the zeal and devotion of one type of Christian missionary — the Roman Catholic. He says truly, 'They leave their homes so fired with the courage and conviction of their beliefs that they willingly renounce all thoughts of returning to their people or of ever seeing their countries again.' He beautifully describes their lives of service and renunciation, although I think no one can make clear to those who have not seen it the astounding degree of privation which those Catholic missionaries embrace gladly in the service of the Lord. He says, 'The writer has met many priests who for periods of thirty years and more have never left the province to which they were first allocated.' To me such entire, such majestic, self-giving is a revelation of the power of the Spirit of God working in human life. I think of it with joy and inspiration. It bears with it a message which even such a critical observer as Mr. Bennett cannot fail to recognize.

Sometimes, in moments such as we all have of criticizing our own methods

and achievements, I think perhaps it would be better if the mission to which I belong would expect the same standards of personal living demanded by the Roman Catholic orders. (There are, however, certain matters of public policy practised by the Roman Church in China which could never seem to me justifiable.) Then again I come to feel that Protestant missions have also a contribution to make, although their ideal is less easily demonstrable than that of the Roman Catholic societies. Perhaps it is more easily missed by the missionaries themselves. I cannot judge. I can only try to state why it is that even the most sincere of Protestant missionaries seldom tries to copy the admirable self-abnegation of the Roman Catholic monastic orders in China, choosing rather to open himself to the charge, made also against Jesus of Nazareth, of being 'a gluttonous man, and a winebibber.'

We hold that Christianity can best be understood in the terms of life; that it is a solution, the great solution, of the universal problems of living. We believe that a man or woman who judges the matters of every day by eternal values, who is willing to acknowledge his own faults and to forgive others for theirs, who feels that he is never alone in any true thing he undertakes, has broken the back of the troubles which can come to him and has found a source of strength which never fails. We hold that, in spite of the glaring inconsistencies of our European civilization, Christianity has been an effective and beneficent force in building up our national life. Although we are far from being able to claim that we have yet seen a truly Christian democracy or even a truly Christian family, we are gratefully conscious that there is a transforming force working in the midst of our society which has already accomplished much that is

good. We are not afraid that the Chinese will fail to detect this if we dare to open our hearts to them, if we pay them the respect of living our lives among them frankly and naturally. We want them to believe that the blessings of our religion are for normal people under normal circumstances. We present them with a cross section of what Christianity has come to mean to us, men, women, and children, with all our joys and our faults, our affections and disaffections. We trust them to be able to distinguish between what is essential and what is not essential in our way of life, granted only that we are sincerely trying to live up to the precepts of our Christian faith.

I remember years ago hearing of an experiment in missionary method made by an American Protestant missionary in India whose name, I think, was Stokes. This young man, with courageous ardor, started out to live as an Indian holy man, walking from place to place in the dust, under the hot sun, with no provision made for the necessities of life except a wooden begging bowl. He met at first with incredulity and derision at the idea of a Western holy man, a Christian beggar. He suffered with patience a good deal of petty persecution, but won out and came to be held in reverence by many Hindus who might not have been attracted by the ordinary missionary. After a time, however, Mr. Stokes began to feel that he was not inspiring his admirers with the desire to apply his religion to their own lives. They said, 'It is all right for you. You are a holy man. We are ordinary mortals and cannot be expected to live as you live.' Mr. Stokes then gave up his eminent position as holy man, married him a wife, and — well, I don't know the rest. Whether he was able to convey his message better by his second method than his first depends upon the man

and the circumstances. But the principle he followed in re-entering the common paths of human life is the principle on which the policy of most Protestant missions throughout the world is based.

Our aim being, then, a radiant moderation, we are immediately plunged into the difficulty of placing the limits required by that moderation. Aristotle, so many centuries ago, recognized the difficulty and the absence of any rule-of-thumb solution, saying that what he called the 'mean' must be 'determined by wisdom, or as a wise man would determine it.' Unfortunately missionaries have not always been wise.

II

Now it is self-evident that a group of people seriously — perhaps too seriously and unhumorously — endeavoring to establish what are the normal conditions of life among modern Christian people have exposed themselves to a kind of unpopularity entirely avoided by the frankly monastic missionaries of the Roman Catholic Church. Père Robert, in his 'single room not twelve feet on a side, bare-floored, with furniture of the scantiest,' cannot be suspected of implying any criticism of the standards of living adopted by Mr. Moore Bennett and his friends of the commercial or diplomatic circles of Peking. Protestant missionaries, on the contrary, have not only implied but have also shouted their criticisms, with and without reason.

We must not forget that in the early part of the nineteenth century, when the antagonism between Western missionaries and traders began, the merchants took for granted a kind of liberty in the conduct of their own lives and their dealings with the Chinese which would be entirely abhorrent to perhaps the majority of their own successors of a century later. I cannot believe that

Mr. Bennett would sanction or take part in the kind of opium smuggling very generally practised by British business men only a few scores of years ago, quite undisturbed by any consideration of the fact that they were fastening the strangle hold of a new and terrible passion on the necks of many millions of their fellow human beings. These older traders were not without their good points, but they had failed to realize that there was any brotherhood between the peoples of different races and still held the primitive assumption that all codes of ethics were binding only among members of their own group. They cheerfully believed that on the other side of the world 'there ain't no Ten Commandments.' No wonder they felt an unreasoning resentment against those whose greatest distinction was probably their pre-*vision* of world fellowship and whose favorite pastime was surely the instructing of the merchants' customers in the intricacies of the Ten Commandments.

It is one of the real sorrows of my life that the traditional antipathy between missionaries and 'community people' has outlasted the days of its inevitability, the days when Shanghai, for instance, was really the 'den of vice' still pictured in the movies. There are even yet, of course, in the port cities of China foreigners whose dissolute society and predatory habits are a disgrace not only to the name of Christ, but also to the reputation of the countries from which they come. Adventurers of this type are, however, coming to be more and more in the minority, as sound business principles take the place of exploitation, and the growing smallness of the world brings commercial people with legitimate social standards to take up their residence in the Far East. I am sure I believe, as my missionary predecessors could not have done, in the ultimate benefit to China

of the coming of foreign trade and foreign traders. But the vicious circle of distrust and dislike between missionaries and business people has by now whirled itself into a vortex that will take many years to subside.

A few missionaries of the less tolerant variety still gratuitously condemn the business people they meet for smoking cigarettes or dancing on Sunday. These business people then remember all the ancient stories they have heard regarding the obnoxiousness of such professional Christians, and are not slow to perceive and proclaim any failure on their part to practise what they preach. And of course the failures are many—is not that our common human heritage? Missionaries are in consequence made to feel, on ships and in other public places, that their presence is deplored and their society offensive. They find themselves outcasts from the company of those who are in almost every respect just like the family and friends whom they have tearfully left behind. They are dismayed and bewildered, and too often take refuge in the thought that these votaries of trade are also the votaries of ‘the world, the flesh, and the devil.’ They look expectantly for evidence of this, and evidence is not lacking. They publish what they have seen, and so it goes. Is n’t it pitiful—and unnecessary? The separation is often so complete that neither side really knows the other except by sight and hearsay.

I think most of the ‘community people’ in China would be surprised if they knew how many fair-minded, companionable, and entertaining people are made invisible to them because of the one odious word ‘missionary.’ The case is like that of American travelers in Europe. When they don’t chew gum or shout through the picture galleries, as tradition says they should, they merely escape observation.

Fortunately there are many instances where members of the missionary and business groups in China do mix with mutual pleasure and respect. And in the future such cases must surely increase until they become the rule—at just about the time when, as we hope, the presence of foreign missionaries in China shall have become unnecessary because of the growing strength of the Chinese Church, and foreign trade shall have been re-established on a firmer foundation.

III

I am offering these somewhat lengthy explanations because Mr. Bennett makes almost the chief object of his commissioners to determine why there is so much opposition to Protestant missionaries among ‘residents in China, of whatever nationality.’ Recently an economic reason has been added to the personal one. Business people, I believe unjustly, attribute the recent revolution, with its destructive effect upon foreign trade in China, to the teachings of the missionaries. Mr. Bennett specifically charges the missionaries with ‘aiding and abetting’ their young students ‘in their fight against what they conceived to be, in their foolish ignorance, the reactionaries of the North.’ An undercurrent of this idea is to be felt throughout the whole article. And yet I think it would be very difficult to find in America or Europe many serious and well-informed students of contemporary history who would not readily grant the word ‘reactionary’ to the late rulers of the North whom Mr. Bennett seems to uphold, the ex-bandit Chang Tso-lin and his disgraceful lieutenant Chang Chung-chang, who while governor of Shantung collected four years’ taxes in advance from the starving peasants, forcing untold numbers of them to abandon their

homes. Whether the Nationalist Government in Nanking will be able to do much better by the country is a matter of opinion. The only thing that is sure is that during the last half century foreign traders in China, by relying on what was called the 'wholesome fear' inspired in the Chinese by foreign guns, enjoyed a kind of prestige and special privilege which there seems very little chance of their recovering in the future. It is not surprising that their sympathies should be entirely conservative.

Now I hold that the Nationalist movement, which has had a strongly antichristian feature and has been only in the rarest instances consciously 'aided and abetted' by Christian missionaries, is an inevitable and irresistible development of history. We may or may not like it, but we must recognize that it had to come, just as it has come in so many other countries since the war. It is not possible in this day and generation to shut any part of the world away from the rest, as Mr. Bennett would so obviously like to do, saying, 'Certainly there are no points of similarity between Chinese conditions and those obtaining in either the United States or Great Britain.' No points of similarity, that is, except the ability of the Chinese people to consume foreign goods and furnish a market for the results of overproduction in England and America, according to Mr. Bennett's philosophy. In other respects let the Chinese remain as they always have been.

Of course Mr. Bennett praises the Roman Catholics for their political lethargy. He does not mention that these have had as much interest as the merchants in preserving the late conservative régime. One of their strongest policies has been their reliance on the peculiar influence of foreigners in the local law courts to obtain official support for their native

Christians, so making membership in the Roman Church very attractive to anyone with a lawsuit on his hands. The extent of this practice is well known. I myself have seen its workings at close range and consider them very regrettable—as is all lack of spirituality in the Church, including the instances when it appears in the lives of Protestant missionaries. Since certain of these suffer from undue strictness in fitting the conditions of modern life to their ideals, so it is inevitable that others should suffer from undue laxity. The point I wish to make, however, is that Christian missionaries outside the Roman communion recognize that political and economic and social upheavals are sure to come in the Orient during this century, and make it one of their greatest aims to contribute what they can so that the reconstruction, when it is finally accomplished, shall be according to the principles of Christ. We strive not only for personal salvation but for national and international salvation as well.

Mr. Bennett criticizes mission schools for their emphasis on the teaching of English and Western science. He does not realize that mission schools are forced to concentrate on English by the demand of their Chinese students. I knew a mission in a large city in the interior which on principle refrained from teaching any English in its schools. The result was that the schools had no pupils, and English was eventually introduced. And the demand for English on the part of the pupils comes from the fact that without it they cannot receive a good salary in the business world established by Mr. Bennett and his friends. In the same way, since the great majority of the most intelligent and energetic of the educated young men of China are entering into mass production and

distribution of goods, it is only right that mission schools should give them a grounding in the principles of economics, that they may have the theory as well as the practice of the thing. Their ancient doctrines have failed to meet the present situation. They cannot remain without any philosophy.

Yet the missionaries recognize the value of ancient Chinese culture often more keenly than the Chinese of this generation. Southeastern University in Nanking, a Chinese government institution, erects large and rather ugly buildings on the Western plan, while Ginling College, a missionary institution for girls a couple of miles away, puts up buildings of exquisite Chinese design and workmanship, like beautiful temples, yet practically and conveniently arranged to suit the needs of the college. It is true that graduates of mission schools are often unfortunately weak in Chinese literature and the command of their own language. It is a fault which we are always trying to remedy. Yet the blame cannot be placed entirely upon the foreign educators, for the Chinese students do not avail themselves of the opportunities for the study of the Chinese language provided by the missionary institutions. St. John's University in Shanghai, for instance, which has been for years perhaps the foremost foreign university in China, has an excellent Chinese department conducted by eminent Chinese scholars of the old school. A few of the graduates of the university are found to have gained an admirable mastery of their own culture through this department. Most of the students, however, do not care to indulge in what they consider the pastime of a gentleman. Perhaps they have been too much commercialized.

Mr. Bennett objects to the entire educational system of Protestant missions. He says we are 'forever seeking

to make of the farmer or his son a foreign-educated doctor, lawyer, or engineer.' It is true that all but a very small per cent of 'China's millions' are farmers and in all probability will very properly always remain so. We wish it were possible for the Church to establish a simple, helpful primary school in every smallest hamlet of the eighteen provinces. Many such schools do exist, but they are only a drop in the bucket — or more like a drop in the Yangtze River. We see that foreigners must leave the establishment of a nation-wide system of education to the Chinese themselves. The foreign missionaries, having only a limited amount of time and strength, have deliberately concentrated on teaching the teachers — and especially along those lines where the experience of the West is eagerly sought, including agriculture. The Christian University of Nanking has already achieved notable work in its department of agriculture.

It is curious to me that in the same article we should be blamed for being ourselves 'Jacks-of-all-trades' with 'no pretense to the higher education' and for paying too much attention to schools of what is generally called higher education. Anyone who is interested can easily obtain catalogues of the various missionary institutions and satisfy himself as to the number of members of the faculty possessing various degrees from the universities of their homelands. The lists, I think, are more impressive than any words of mine can be. If one still insists that missionaries are uneducated, one must carry the quarrel back to those who are responsible for the modern theories of education throughout the world. We can give only what we have received — and are constantly receiving by the taking of advanced courses in various universities when we return

home on those furloughs Mr. Bennett deplores so much. Laudable as may be an unbroken residence of thirty years in China from the point of view of devotion, it does not further familiarity with the continuous improvements in the 'arts and crafts' of our 'particular civilizations.' There are also, it is true, many Protestant missionaries in China who have received a very limited amount of schooling — as there are 'lay brothers' and 'sisters' in the Roman Catholic orders. I myself should be unwilling, out of respect for the Chinese people, to support any mission which would put uneducated persons in positions of authority. I do not hold a brief for every missionary institution and individual. One is free to choose. God, however, has a disconcerting habit of choosing sometimes what has been rejected of men.

IV

With regard to the difficulty I mentioned just now of reaching the four hundred million people of China, I am not much impressed with the figures brought forward by either Mr. Bennett or the author of the paper called 'A Missionary Audit,' in an earlier number of the *Atlantic*, which Mr. Bennett undertook to supplement. In that paper it was shown conclusively that if eight hundred thousand Chinese have become Christians during the last twenty years, at the same rate it will take foreign missions twenty-five hundred years to make Christians of one fourth of the Chinese population. It is a matter of arithmetic. But arithmetic can sometimes fail. Suppose we illustrate, reverently, by considering the number of 'converts' made by the Founder of our religion. On the day of Pentecost there were assembled in an upper room in Jerusalem all the 'brethren' who had frankly identified

themselves with the cause of Christ — namely, one hundred and twenty people, the entire result, one might say, of the two or three years' ministry of Jesus of Nazareth. To be safe, let us say it was two years. Even then we must see ('I speak as a fool') that it took Him more than six days to make one convert. But on the day of Pentecost three thousand people were baptized in one day through the testimony of the one hundred and twenty—an average, clearly, of twenty-five converts per speaker in one day. Can we therefore conclude that the preaching of each of these brethren was one hundred and fifty times as effective as the preaching of Christ Himself? The absurdity is apparent, and we are forced to consider that Pentecost also was a result of Christ's ministry of preparation. The rate of outward success was only speeded up with varying conditions.

Now if we could believe that all of our eight hundred thousand Christians would be as faithful as the first one hundred and twenty, China's four hundred millions could be reached in short order. Of course that is not probable. But there are many indications that the Chinese Christians themselves will soon be able to build, upon the foundation laid by the foreign missionaries, such a structure as would have been impossible to outsiders. To say that, since the foreign societies have been paying so many dollars per year for the support of missions for such and such a length of time, they can therefore tell how much money will be needed in the future is like a father who should say, 'My son is now in medical school. Since I have been paying one thousand dollars a year for his education for the last ten years, I shall still have to pay fifty thousand dollars if he lives fifty years more.'

The question of money is, of course, one of the most difficult, and it is on this that Mr. Bennett bases most of his charges against Protestant missionaries, saying that they live in reckless splendor in the midst of the bitter poverty of the average Chinese family. I think the impartial commission he has advocated would not find his charges substantiated. I do not say that we make no mistakes in determining what is moderation 'as a wise man would determine it,' but the standard usually sought for is the minimum which will preserve the missionary family in physical, mental, and spiritual health, not forgetting such things as phonographs and gardens, according to temperament. The majority of missionaries whom I know well live about as luxuriously as the majority of college professors in the United States. It is, naturally, magnificence to the coolie, but simplicity to the wealthy merchant, foreign or Chinese. The fact that foreign teachers usually require a much higher salary than do their Chinese colleagues of the teacher class is of course one of the real barriers to perfect fellowship. I wish it did not exist. But where true Christian understanding is found this fact is accepted almost like the difference in the cut of their clothes. Monasticism seems to me a very beautiful way of begging the question. Our method states it without arrogance or condescension, trusting to the good sense of the Chinese people. Probably both ways are needed.

The accusations with regard to the missionaries' profiteering by their jobs seem so entirely unfounded as to be hardly worth answering. It is true that some missionaries have handsome houses which could not be bought out of their salaries. These houses are paid for from their private incomes. As missionaries come from all walks of life, the wealthiest as well as the poorest, it is

no wonder that you occasionally find one who brings a small fortune with him. I believe that at least half of the missionaries whom I know have inherited some little money from their families, yet, for the sake of the other half, one cannot reduce the salary. It is even conceivable that there may be as many as one hundred missionaries in North China, as Mr. Bennett says, who own, in various summer resorts, houses which rent for six hundred taels apiece for the season. The gentleman's figures, however, do not inspire confidence when one reads his statement that 'the average Chinese family's total earnings do not exceed five gold dollars per annum.' Now the price of rice in China is such nowadays that the cost of the mere rice required to keep one person alive for a month is approximately one gold dollar, exclusive of the cost of the fuel, oil, salt, cabbage, and beans demanded even by the poor, to say nothing of their clothes. Perhaps some estimates might be lower, but I think any Chinese you ask will probably agree that this is about normal. It seems, then, that a family could live hardly more than a month on the sum of money allotted them by Mr. Bennett for a year. If he thus overstates ten-fold the poverty of the Chinese, does it not seem probable that he is overstating also the luxury of the missionaries?

As for the commercial enterprises sometimes undertaken by the missionaries, whether selling milk, Christmas cards, or embroidery, these, like the Roman Catholic industrial work, are not private money-making schemes, but are carried on almost invariably for the benefit of the Chinese employees, the profits (if any) seldom being used even for the support of the mission, but generally being turned back into some sort of social-service work. Often such undertakings, run on a small scale by a busy person in his free moments, are

not self-supporting, but are a drain on the missionary's private income, like a woodpile kept to avoid pauperizing American tramps by too many free breakfasts. Perhaps this is not economically sound. I think it is probably pardonable. Our own mission has a strict rule that any money made by a missionary by occasional secular employment must be turned in to the bishop — so that if, by any chance, the *Atlantic* considers my words worth buying I shall have to ask permission of the Bishop of Shanghai to turn the *Atlantic's* check over to famine relief. I don't know anything about the Peking Language School's taking boarders. It may be justified or it may not. I entirely agree with Mr. Bennett that Mr. Rockefeller spent too much money on the outer trimmings of an excellent work in the Peking Union Medical School, but that is scarcely a typical missionary institution.

V

Mr. Bennett has much to say about the troubles of last year and how the 'Protestant missionaries marched with most undignified haste to the coast ports . . . regardless of the welfare of any but themselves.' He fails to realize that, since the revolution was more antiforeign than antichristian, it could only harm the native Christians and increase confusion to have their foreign friends disobey the orders of their various consuls by remaining at their posts. I don't know what the Roman Catholics are doing in China just now, because I myself was a refugee from

Nanking and came to America immediately. I have just received permission to return to China next month. But I do know that it is quite in accordance with the general policy of the Roman Church to withdraw its people temporarily from a given place in time of persecution. In 1925 I saw many Roman Catholic missionaries from near Canton refugeeing in the Philippines. The present forced absence of so many Protestant missionaries from the interior has, I will say, given an opportunity to the Chinese Christians to demonstrate their strength, which they have done with such courage, faithfulness, and ability as to be very encouraging.

The point on which I feel the deepest agreement with Mr. Bennett is that no one — neither the missionaries themselves nor their misguided friends — should ask the rest of the world to give 'reverence' to the very normal, active, and happy members of our missions in China. If we are looking for glory, we certainly don't deserve it. Most of us, I think, are merely trying to do our duty like other folks. And we are fortunate in being able to be busy about those things which interest us the most. Why, then, antagonize all sane-minded laymen by claiming that we are more than a company of natural men and women attempting a big work, often making mistakes, but using what wits we have to carry out the plan of the home Church and relying on God to supply our deficiencies? If fewer claims to superiority are made for us, perhaps ordinary fair play will be more readily given.

DEATH OF RED PERIL

A Tragic Melodrama

BY WALTER D. EDMONDS

I

JOHN brought his off eye to bear on me:—

What do them old coots down to the store do? Why, one of 'em will think up a horse that's been dead forty year and then they'll set around remembering this and that about that horse until they've made a resurrection of him. You'd think he was a regular Grattan Bars, the way they talk, telling one thing and another, when a man knows if that horse had n't 've had a breeching to keep his tail end off the ground he could hardly have walked from here to Bonville.

A horse race is a handsome thing to watch if a man has his money on a sure proposition. My pa was always a great hand at a horse race. But when he took to a boat and my mother he did n't have no more time for it. So he got interested in another sport.

Did you ever hear of racing caterpillars? No? Well, it used to be a great thing on the canawl. My pa used to have a lot of them insects on hand every fall, and the way he could get them to run would make a man have his eyes examined.

The way we raced caterpillars was to set them in a napkin ring on a table, one facing one way and one the other. Outside the napkin ring was drawed a circle in chalk three feet across. Then a man lifted the ring and

the handlers was allowed one jab with a darning needle to get their caterpillars started. The one that got outside the chalk circle the first was the one that won the race.

I remember my pa tried out a lot of breeds, and he got hold of some pretty fast steppers. But there was n't one of them could equal Red Peril. To see him you would n't believe he could run. He was all red and kind of stubby, and he had a sort of a wart behind that you'd think would get in his way. There was n't anything fancy in his looks. He'd just set still studying the ground and make you think he was dreaming about last year's oats; but when you set him in the starting ring he'd hitch himself up behind like a man lifting on his galluses, and then he'd light out for glory.

Pa come across Red Peril down in Westernville. Ma's relatives resided there, and it being Sunday we'd all gone in to church. We was riding back in a hired rig with a dandy trotter, and Pa was pushing her right along and Ma was talking sermon and clothes, and me and my sister was setting on the back seat playing poke your nose, when all of a sudden Pa hollers, 'Whoa!' and set the horse right down on the breeching. Ma let out a holler and come to rest on the dashboard with her head under the horse. 'My gracious land!' she says. 'What's happened?' Pa was out on the other side of the road right down in the

mud in his Sunday pants, a-wrapping up something in his yellor handkerchief. Ma begun to get riled. 'What you doing, Pa?' she says. 'What you got there?' Pa was putting his handkerchief back into his inside pocket. Then he come back over the wheel and got him a chew. 'Leeza,' he says, 'I got the fastest caterpillar in seven counties. It's an act of Providence I seen him, the way he jumped the ruts.' 'It's an act of God I ain't laying dead under the back end of that horse,' says Ma. 'I've gone and spoilt my Sunday hat.' 'Never mind,' says Pa; 'Red Peril will earn you a new one.' Just like that he named him. He was the fastest caterpillar in seven counties.

When we got back onto the boat, while Ma was turning up the supper, Pa set him down to the table under the lamp and pulled out the handkerchief. 'You two devils stand there and there,' he says to me and my sister, 'and if you let him get by I'll leather the soap out of you.'

So we stood there and he undid the handkerchief, and out walked one of them red, long-haired caterpillars. He walked right to the middle of the table, and then he took a short turn and put his nose in his tail and went to sleep.

'Who'd think that insect could make such a break for freedom as I seen him make?' says Pa, and he got out a empty Brandreth box and filled it up with some towel and put the caterpillar inside. 'He needs a rest,' says Pa. 'He needs to get used to his stall. When he limbers up I'll commence training him. Now then,' he says, putting the box on the shelf back of the stove, 'don't none of you say a word about him.'

He got out a pipe and set there smoking and figuring, and we could see he was studying out just how he'd make a world-beater out of that bug. 'What

you going to feed him?' asks Ma. 'If I was n't afraid of constipating him,' Pa says, 'I'd try him out with milkweed.'

Next day we hauled up the Lansing Kill Gorge. Ned Kilbourne, Pa's driver, come aboard in the morning, and he took a look at that caterpillar. He took him out of the box and felt his legs and laid him down on the table and went clean over him. 'Well,' he says, 'he don't look like a great lot, but I've knowed some of that red variety could chug along pretty smart.' Then he touched him with a pin. It was a sudden sight.

It looked like the rear end of that caterpillar was racing the front end, but it could n't never quite get by. Afore either Ned or Pa could get a move Red Peril had made a turn around the sugar bowl and run solid aground in the butter dish.

Pa let out a loud swear. 'Look out he don't pull a tendon,' he says. 'Butter's a bad thing. A man has to be careful. Jeepers,' he says, picking him up and taking him over to the stove to dry, 'I'll handle him myself. I don't want no rum-soaked bezabors dishing my beans.'

'I did n't mean harm, Will,' says Ned. 'I was just curious.'

There was something extraordinary about that caterpillar. He was intelligent. It seemed he just could n't abide the feel of sharp iron. It got so that if Pa reached for the lapel of his coat Red Peril would light out. It must have been he was tender. I said he had a sort of a wart behind, and I guess he liked to find it a place of safety.

We was all terrible proud of that bird. Pa took to timing him on the track. He beat all known time holler. He got to know that as soon as he crossed the chalk he would get back safe in his quarters. Only when we

tried sprinting him across the supper table, if he saw a piece of butter he'd pull up short and bolt back where he come from. He had a mortal fear of butter.

Well, Pa trained him three nights. It was a sight to see him there at the table, a big man with a needle in his hand, moving the lamp around and studying out the identical spot that caterpillar wanted most to get out of the needle's way. Pretty soon he found it, and then he says to Ned, 'I'll race him agin all comers at all odds.' 'Well, Will,' says Ned, 'I guess it's a safe proposition.'

II

We hauled up the feeder to Forestport and got us a load of potatoes. We raced him there against Charley Mack, the bank-walker's, Leopard Pillar, one of them tufted breeds with a row of black buttons down the back. The Leopard was well liked and had won several races that season, and there was quite a few boaters around that fancied him. Pa argued for favorable odds, saying he was racing a maiden caterpillar; and there was a lot of money laid out, and Pa and Ned managed to cover the most of it. As for the race, there was n't anything to it. While we was putting him in the ring — one of them birchbark and sweet grass ones Indians make — Red Peril did n't act very good. I guess the smell and the crowd kind of upset him. He was nervous and kept fidgeting with his front feet; but they had n't more'n lifted the ring than he lit out under the edge as tight as he could make it, and Pa touched him with the needle just as he lepped the line. Me and my sister was supposed to be in bed, but Ma had gone visiting in Forestport and we'd snuck in and was under the table, which had a red cloth onto it, and I can tell

you there was some shouting. There was some could n't believe that insect had been inside the ring at all; and there was some said he must be a cross with a dragon fly or a side-hill gouger; but old Charley Mack, that'd worked in the camps, said he guessed Red Peril must be descended from the caterpillars Paul Bunyan used to race. He said you could tell by the bump on his tail, which Paul used to put on all his caterpillars, seeing as how the smallest pointed object he could hold in his hand was a peavy.

Well, Pa raced him a couple of more times and he won just as easy, and Pa cleared up close to a hundred dollars in three races. That caterpillar was a mammoth wonder, and word of him got going and people commenced talking him up everywhere, so it was hard to race him around these parts.

But about that time the lock keeper of Number One on the feeder come across a pretty swift article that the people round Rome thought high of. And as our boat was headed down the gorge, word got ahead about Red Peril, and people began to look out for the race.

We come into Number One about four o'clock, and Pa tied up right there and went on shore with his box in his pocket and Red Peril inside the box. There must have been ten men crowded into the shanty, and as many more again outside looking in the windows and door. The lock tender was a skinny bezabor from Stittville, who thought he knew a lot about racing caterpillars; and, come to think of it, maybe he did. His name was Henry Buscerck, and he had a bad tooth in front he used to suck at a lot.

Well, him and Pa set their caterpillars on the table for the crowd to see, and I must say Buscerck's caterpillar was as handsome a brute as you could

wish to look at, bright bay with black points and a short fine coat. He had a way of looking right and left, too, that made him handsome. But Pa did n't bother to look at him. Red Peril was a natural marvel, and he knew it.

Buscerck was a sly, twirpish man, and he must 've heard about Red Peril — right from the beginning, as it turned out; for he laid out the course in yeller chalk. They used Pa's ring, a big silver one he'd bought secondhand just for Red Peril. They laid out a lot of money, and Dennison Smith lifted the ring. The way Red Peril histed himself out from under would raise a man's blood pressure twenty notches. I swear you could see the hair lay down on his back. Why, that black-pointed bay was left nowhere! It did n't seem like he moved. But Red Peril was just gathering himself for a fast finish over the line when he seen it was yeller. He reared right up; he must 've thought it was butter, by Jeepers, the way he whirled on his hind legs and went the way he'd come. Pa begun to get scared, and he shook his needle behind Red Peril, but that caterpillar was more scared of butter than he ever was of cold steel. He passed the other insect afore he'd got halfway to the line. By Cripus, you'd ought to've heard the cheering from the Forestport crews. The Rome men was green. But when he got to the line, danged if that caterpillar did n't shy agin and run around the circle twicet, and then it seemed like his heart had gone in on him, and he crept right back to the middle of the circle and lay there hiding his head. It was the pitifullest sight a man ever looked at. You could almost hear him moaning, and he shook all over.

I've never seen a man so riled as Pa was. The water was running right out of his eyes. He picked up Red Peril

and he says, 'This here's no race.' He picked up his money and he says, 'The course was illegal, with that yeller chalk.' Then he squashed the other caterpillar, which was just getting ready to cross the line, and he looks at Buscerck and says, 'What're you going to do about that?'

Buscerck says, 'I'm going to collect my money. My caterpillar would have beat.'

'If you want to call that a finish you can,' says Pa, pointing to the squashed bay one, 'but a baby could see he's still got to reach the line. Red Peril got to wire and come back and got to it again afore your hayseed worm got half his feet on the ground. If it was any other man owned him,' Pa says, 'I'd feel sorry I squashed him.'

He stepped out of the house, but Buscerck laid a-hold of his pants and says, 'You got to pay, Hemstreet. A man can't get away with no such excuses in the city of Rome.'

Pa did n't say nothing. He just hauled off and sunk his fist, and Buscerck come to inside the lock, which was at low level right then. He waded out the lower end and he says, 'I'll have you arrested for this.' Pa says, 'All right; but if I ever catch you around this lock again I'll let you have a feel with your other eye.'

Nobody else wanted to collect money from Pa, on account of his build, mostly, so we went back to the boat. Pa put Red Peril to bed for two days. It took him all of that to get over his fright at the yeller circle. Pa even made us go without butter for a spell, thinking Red Peril might know the smell of it. He was such an intelligent, thinking animal, a man could n't tell nothing about him.

III

But next morning the sheriff comes aboard and arrests Pa with a warrant

and takes him afore a justice of the peace. That was old Oscar Snipe. He'd heard all about the race, and I think he was feeling pleasant with Pa, because right off they commenced talking breeds. It would have gone off good only Pa'd been having a round with the sheriff. They come in arm in arm, singing a Hallelujah meeting song; but Pa was polite, and when Oscar says, 'What's this?' he only says, 'Well, well.'

'I hear you've got a good caterpillar,' says the judge.

'Well, well,' says Pa. It was all he could think of to say.

'What breed is he?' says Oscar, taking a chew.

'Well,' says Pa, 'well, well.'

Ned Kilbourne says he was a red one.

'That's a good breed,' says Oscar, folding his hands on his stummick and spitting over his thumbs and between his knees and into the sandbox all in one spit. 'I kind of fancy the yellor ones myself. You're a connesewer,' he says to Pa, 'and so'm I, and between connesewers I'd like to show you one. He's as neat a stepper as there is in this county.'

'Well, well,' says Pa, kind of cold around the eyes and looking at the lithograph of Mrs. Snipe done in a hair frame over the sink.

Oscar slews around and fetches a box out of his back pocket and shows us a sweet little yellor one.

'There she is,' he says, and waits for praise.

'She was a good woman,' Pa said after a while, looking at the picture, 'if any woman that's four times a widow can be called such.'

'Not her,' says Oscar. 'It's this yellor caterpillar.'

Pa slung his eyes on the insect which Oscar was holding, and it seemed like he'd just got an idee.

'Fast?' he says, deep down. 'That thing run! Why, a snail with the string-halt could spit in his eye.'

Old Oscar come to a boil quick.

'Evidence. Bring me the evidence.'

He spit, and he was that mad he let his whole chew get away from him without noticing. Buscerck says, 'Here,' and takes his hand off'n his right eye.

Pa never took no notice of nothing after that but the eye. It was the shiniest black onion I ever see on a man. Oscar says, 'Forty dollars!' And Pa pays and says, 'It's worth it.'

But it don't never pay to make an enemy in horse racing or caterpillars, as you will see, after I've got around to telling you.

Well, we raced Red Peril nine times after that, all along the Big Ditch, and you can hear to this day — yes, sir — that there never was a caterpillar alive could run like Red Peril. Pa got rich onto him. He allowed to buy a new team in the spring. If he could only've started a breed from that bug, his fortune would've been made and Henry Ford would've looked like a bent nickel alongside of me to-day. But caterpillars are n't built like Ford cars. We beat all the great caterpillars of the year, and it being a time for a late winter, there was some fast running. We raced the Buffalo Big Blue and Fenwick's Night Mail and Wilson's Joe of Barneveld. There was n't one could touch Red Peril. It was close into October when a crowd got together and brought up the Black Arrer of Ava to race us, but Red Peril beat him by an inch. And after that there was n't a caterpillar in the state would race Pa's.

He was mighty chesty them days and had come to be quite a figger down the canawl. People come aboard to talk with him and admire Red Peril; and Pa got the idea of charging five cents

a sight, and that made for more money even if there was n't no more running for the animile. He commenced to get fat.

And then come the time that comes to all caterpillars. And it goes to show that a man ought to be as careful of his enemies as he is lending money to friends.

IV

We was hauling down the Lansing Kill again and we'd just crossed the aqueduct over Stringer Brook when the lock keeper, that minded it and the lock just below, come out and says there was quite a lot of money being put up on a caterpillar they'd collected down in Rome.

Well, Pa went in and he got out Red Peril and tried him out. He was fat and his stiftles acted kind of stiff, but you could see with half an eye he was still fast. His start was a mite slower, but he made great speed once he got going.

'He's not in the best shape in the world,' Pa says, 'and if it was any other bug I would n't want to run him. But I'll trust the old brute,' and he commenced brushing him up with a toothbrush he'd bought a-purpose.

'Yeanh,' says Ned. 'It may not be right, but we've got to consider the public.'

By what happened after, we might have known that we'd meet up with that caterpillar at Number One Lock; but there was n't no sign of Buscerck, and Pa was so excited at racing Red Peril again that I doubt if he noticed where he was at all. He was all rigged out for the occasion. He had on a black hat and a new red boating waist-coat, and when he busted loose with his horn for the lock you'd have thought he wanted to wake up all the deaf-and-dumbers in seven counties. We tied by the upper gates and left the

team to graze; and there was quite a crowd on hand. About nine morning boats was tied along the towpath, and all the afternoon boats waited. People was hanging around, and when they heard Pa whanging his horn they let out a great cheer. He took off his hat to some of the ladies, and then he took Red Peril out of his pocket and everybody cheered some more.

'Who owns this here caterpillar I've been hearing about?' Pa asks. 'Where is he? Why don't he bring out his pore contraption?'

A feller says he's in the shanty.

'What's his name?' says Pa.

'Martin Henry's running him. He's called the Horned Demon of Rome.'

'Dinged if I ever thought to see him at my time of life,' says Pa. And he goes in. Inside there was a lot of men talking and smoking and drinking and laying money faster than leghorns can lay eggs, and when Pa comes in they let out a great howdy, and when Pa put down the Brandreth box on the table they crowded round; and you'd ought to've heard the mammoth shout they give when Red Peril climbed out of his box. And well they might. Yes, sir!

You can tell that caterpillar's a thoroughbred. He's shining right down to the root of each hair. He's round, but he ain't too fat. He don't look as supple as he used to, but the folks can't tell that. He's got the winner's look, and he prances into the centre of the ring with a kind of delicate canter that was as near single footing as I ever see a caterpillar get to. By Jeepers Cripus! I felt proud to be in the same family as him, and I was n't only a little lad.

Pa waits for the admiration to die down, and he lays out his money, and he says to Martin Henry, 'Let's see your ring-boned swivel-hocked imitation of a bug.'

Martin answers, 'Well, he ain't much to look at, maybe, but you'll be surprised to see how he can push along.'

And he lays down the dangedest lump of worm you ever set your eyes on. It's the kind of insect a man might expect to see in France or one of them furrin lands. It's about two and a half inches long and stands only half a thumbnail at the shoulder. It's green and as hairless as a newborn egg, and it crouches down squinting around at Red Peril like a man with sweat in his eye. It ain't natural nor refined to look at such a bug, let alone race it.

When Pa seen it, he let out a shout and laughed. He could n't talk from laughing.

But the crowd did n't say a lot, having more money on the race than ever was before or since on a similar occasion. It was so much that even Pa commenced to be serious. Well, they put 'em in the ring together and Red Peril kept over on his side with a sort of intelligent dislike. He was the brainiest article in the caterpillar line I ever knowed. The other one just hunkered down with a mean look in his eye.

Millard Thompson held the ring. He counted, 'One — two — three — and off.' Some folks said it was the highest he knew how to count, but he always got that far anyhow, even if it took quite a while for him to remember what figger to commence with.

The ring come off and Pa and Martin Henry sunk their needles—at least they almost sunk them, for just then them standing close to the course seen that Horned Demon sink his horns into the back end of Red Peril. He was always a sensitive animal, Red Peril was, and if a needle made him start you can think for yourself what them two horns did for him. He cleared twelve inches

in one jump—but then he sat right down on his belly, trembling.

'Foul!' bellers Pa. 'My 'pillar's fouled.'

'It ain't in the rule book,' Millard says.

'It's a foul!' yells Pa; and all the Forestport men yell, 'Foul! Foul!'

But it was n't allowed. The Horned Demon commenced walking to the circle—he could n't move much faster than a barrel can roll uphill, but he was getting there. We all seen two things, then. Red Peril was dying, and we was losing the race. Pa stood there kind of foamy in his beard, and the water running right out of both eyes. It's an awful thing to see a big man cry in public. But Ned saved us. He seen Red Peril was dying, the way he wiggled, and he figgered, with the money he had on him, he'd make him win if he could.

He leans over and puts his nose into Red Peril's ear, and he shouts, 'My Cripus, you've gone and dropped the butter!'

Something got into that caterpillar's brain, dying as he was, and he let out the smallest squeak of a hollering fright I ever listened to a caterpillar make. There was a convulsion got into him. He looked like a three-dollar mule with the wind colic, and then he gave a bound. My holy! How that caterpillar did rise up. When he come down again, he was stone dead, but he lay with his chin across the line. He'd won the race. The Horned Demon was blowing bad and only halfway to the line. . . .

Well, we won. But I think Pa's heart was busted by the squeal he heard Red Peril make when he died. He could n't abide Ned's face after that, though he knowed Ned had saved the day for him. But he put Red Peril's carcase in his pocket with the money and walks out.

And there he seen Buscerck standing

at the sluices. Pa stood looking at him. The sheriff was alongside Buscerck and Oscar Snipe on the other side, and Buscerck guessed he had the law behind him.

'Who owns that Horned Demon?' says Pa.

'Me,' says Buscerck with a sneer. 'He may have lost, but he done a good job doing it.'

Pa walks right up to him.

'I've got another forty dollars in my pocket,' he says, and he connected sizably.

Buscerck's boots showed a minute. Pretty soon they let down the water

and pulled him out. They had to roll a couple of gallons out of him afore they got a grunt. It served him right. He'd played foul. But the sheriff was worried, and he says to Oscar, 'Had I ought to arrest Will?' (Meaning Pa.)

Oscar was a sporting man. He could n't abide low dealing. He looks at Buscerck there, shaping his belly over the barrel, and he says, 'Water never hurt a man. It keeps his hide from cracking.' So they let Pa alone. I guess they did n't think it was safe to have a man in jail that would cry about a caterpillar. But then they had n't lived alongside of Red Peril like us.

SHIRAHAMA

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

I

FOR an instant he studies his face in the pool, then lets himself slip quickly between the great lumps of lava that make the back wall of the garden, darts in and out among the pines, and at last, with a spring that leaves his sandals behind him, mounts to where we kneel on the polished teak that runs round three sides of this quiet room. His dark eyes move from one to the other of us, move slowly and questioningly, as did they know something they would not reveal. Then he laughs loud, pushes his head between our two heads, speaks banteringly in Japanese, words I do not understand, words that send some swift doubt into his beautiful sister's face. Like a sprite then, once more among the pines and once more above the pool.

His beautiful sister turns again to the old print. His beautiful sister might have stepped from an old print. Lightly she passes her fingers over the paper, as the blind would do. There is something she is trying to recall. She narrows her narrow eyes, and presses her thumb to her lips. 'Ah — wis — wis — wisteria? Yes? Wisteria?' These English words are very, very hard to find. She shapes certain Japanese ideographs in large strokes upon the air. 'Purple flower? Summer time?' Three years' English in the middle school do not reach far if one is to speak the language with the foreigner. Nevertheless she is anxious to speak the language with the foreigner. And the foreigner would be anxious for ever and ever. Nothing living has come so straight out of the regions of poetry and fairy tale.

It grows dark. Only the dim end of twilight still lingers over the earth, and behind us in the room are the first stirs of night. The servant is placing the lacquered tables. The children are thinking of bowls of rice. Too late to look at the old prints now, and we turn, she and I, toward the garden.

A little garden, but one that all this sunny afternoon has given me the feeling of spaces immense, and that with the dwindling light gives me the feeling more and more. My eyes by one uninterrupted sweep move from where I kneel out to where they rest at last on the distant mountains, whose rim is even sharper now that day is blotted from the sky. What nonsense to speak of these gardens as gardens in miniature. The illusion is the very reverse, and illusion, in the art of gardens as in all art, is truth. Whatever the learned tomes in the Imperial Library say to the contrary, these trees were dwarfed exactly that they might seem miles and miles away. And these stone pagodas that are but toys, when set there where their spires rise above the pines, do of themselves push the imagination into the remote. 'Lovely? Old picture? Evening time?' I should need not one word of her inimitable English to grasp every inimitable meaning. I tell her this garden is much, much more than lovely. It is majestic. It is poetical. It is — she smiles, and I think how the learned tomes will say I am only in the midst of a vast symbolism, a symbolism touching earth and Buddha and man, a symbolism so inextricably Oriental that no Occidental can ever hope to understand.

And now a yellow moon rises over the mountain and the wall. It rises precisely over the middle of the wall. Here indeed the learned tomes speak true. The August moon must rise over the middle of the wall. So did he see it, he who planned it — the August moon

at its full precisely over the middle. He saw too this lava in the pale light. He saw too every slender shadow, every grotesque shadow, every strange shadow. 'Tsuki,' whispers the soft voice near me. Tsuki. The moon's name is gentle in all languages, but never gentler than in the mouths of these little children as, one after another, they come to where we are sitting, and discover, each with a tiny burst of happiness, that *she* is there.

Eight children, and not but one a boy. Girls break the house, says the proverb, and it is therefore, the master assures me, that this house shall have more and more and more children, till the strain runs pure boys. The master chuckles at his words. The master grows shy. Then he repeats that there must be more and more and more children, up to twelve, even if all twelve come girls. Someone must have children nowadays! Someone must make up for the families where there are but six and seven! Hard by there lives a man who, when he had three, and all three boys, complained that three were too many. Then came a fourth, a girl, but soon after she came she died. 'Many a bad half hour has that poor man had from then to this,' says the master, as he slips into his kimono of the night, a fresh one, a plain one, of common *kyarako*.

II

The children begin their game. It is the same they played last night and the night before. Children of the West play it too, except that for the fan they drop a handkerchief as they run round the ring. Only Kuni does not play. Kuni never begins a game when the others begin. Some queer shyness intervenes. Kuni is like her father in that. Kuni is like her father in features too, — the mouth, the eyes, — I see it now as she leans against his knee.

Lazily she climbs over that knee, drops with a bump between the legs.

And, as she drops, that is the moment the dusky stately lady enters from the dark — one of those entrances that transform a place. I have seen the dusky stately lady before, marked her especially a little while ago as dreamily she watched the moon. Her long silver pipe she empties into the tobacco *bon*. Then she refills the pipe. Then she lights it on the charcoal. Then she draws a languid breath. The smoke idles from her nostrils. She draws another languid breath. Everyone in the room, I think, must be sensible of every move she makes, and at least everyone is sensible of what happens next. An insect, made dizzy by the smoke, circles slowly from the ceiling on to the dusky lady's sleeve. The dusky lady watches the squirmings, watches them dreamily as she watched the moon, presently takes the bit of life between her two thin fingers and, quietly and leisurely, feeds it into the glowing charcoal. I shall remember till I die. The act rouses the stately lady. Tranquilly she looks about her, deftly finds the giddy creatures where they float in the air, and presses them, creature after creature, into the heat. Abruptly the master turns from her, and I join the master, and together we study the contours of the moon. He knows of what I am thinking. He speaks of his own accord. 'We do not kill, do we, you and I?' But immediately he has spoken he is visited by one of his fits of shyness and tersely concludes: 'Perhaps only we are afraid we may not go to Buddha when we die.'

Kuni has deserted father's leg. Kuni has let herself be drawn step by step toward the whirl of the ring, and now she breaks through the ring, drives out Massa, sober Massa who kneels in the middle. All eyes have

left the stately lady. Kuni has gone with such a feminine directness at what she wanted that all laugh. Kuni does not know why they laugh. But they laugh. And it is enough that they laugh. She laughs too. She squats like an image of the mild and smiling Jizo. Soon, however, she is weary of the middle; flings herself in the path of her who flees with the fan. Again it is Massa. Massa yields the fan as had she known she would from the day she was born, and Kuni skips off helter-skelter as a butterfly, opens the fan, closes it, opens it, closes it, tosses it with abandon into the air. Her own movements make her wild. She dashes through the ring. She dashes round the ring. She snatches the fan a second time, hides it in her kimono, runs with it, a quick short run, like the advance of a prima donna toward the centre of a stage, and, like the prima donna, terminates that run in a deep, deep bow. Art could not invent so exquisite a thing.

But to her sisters this charm has not the freshness that it has to me. Kuni has spoiled their game. Kuni spoils it every night, and one of them pushes her, gently, off to one side. It would take an older philosophy to suffer it, — thus in the middle of her pride, — and a small penetrating wail goes into the air. Quickly from the other room, mother. Kuni throws her arms round mother's leg, as were that leg a post. *Hara-hara-hara*. Mother makes a noise like the rasping of some gigantic beetle. Kuni only wails the louder and falls despairingly on her back. Mother lightly taps the baby thigh. Taps and taps. Kuni wails and wails. *Kora-kora-kora*. Kuni's wail thins to a shriek, but in the very quality of the shriek it is plain Kuni is fighting something invisible stealing on her from inside. *Hara-hara-hara, kora-kora-kora*. Mother taps and taps. Kuni wails

and wails. The taps grow lighter and lighter. The taps cease. Mother throws a netting over the sleeping Kuni's head.

Now the game might go on, but does not. Every evening it is the same. Every evening the children turn instead to dance and song. The little voices are tight at first, but they loosen, and the little bodies loosen too, begin to move, back and forth and in and out, and while the arms go one way the legs go another. My body does not work like these bodies. My body feels queer even to look at these bodies. I think of what I thought as a boy, of Chinamen — and all Japanese were Chinamen then — walking on the bottom of the earth with their heads into a sky that is underneath. A topsy-turvy feeling. The tininess of the kimonos adds to the feeling, as the sky color adds to the tininess. Only Yone's kimono is no sky color. Yone's kimono is orange with a pattern of blood-red parasols.

And now Yone joins Massa and Iku, and together the three break into a fresh song: —

*'Kyoto no Godyo no hashi no uye
Dai no otoko no Benkei wa
Nagai naginata furiagete
Ushiwaka megakete kirikakaru'*

*'Ushiwaka maru wa tobinoite
Motta ogi wo nagetsukete
Koi-koi-koi to rankan no
Uyeye agatte tewo tataku'*

*'Mayeya ushiroya migi hidari
Kokoto omoyeba mata achira
Tsubame no yona hayawazani
Oni no Benkei ayamatta'*

(In Kyoto on the bridge of Godyo,
Benkei, the huge,
Brandishing his sword,
Thrusting and slashing at little Ushiwaka.

Backward Ushiwaka Maru,
Backward cautiously to the end of the bridge,
Then claps his hands,
'Come, come, come!'

Quick as the swallow,
Seems here, is there —
Before, behind, to right, to left —
Benkei, the demon, yields.)

On a hard high note the song breaks off and the stillness is over us again. The singers settle to their knees. A pause, then Massa rises and sings alone. She sings all for the song's sake. The other children love the song too, and their lips follow the words. Only Iku continues stroking her doll, a doll like the women of the streets, deathly pale with the pallor of powder, a white so white that to our Western sense it wants all nuance.

*'Dokokara kitano tondekitonoh
Kuru-kuru mavatte kumonosue kakari
Kazenifukarete hira-hira sureba
Kumova mushikato yottekuru'*

*'Dokokara kitano tondenkitonoh
Kira-kira mavatte kite ikenouyen ochite
Naminiyururete yura-yura sureba
Koiva ye ka to uitekuru'*

(From where comes the leaf
That totters, that reels, settles on the web,
Shimmers in the wind,
Till the spider creeps as on the living insect?

From where comes the leaf
That flutters, that dances, settles on the pond,
Is rocked by the ripples,
Till the carp approaches as on the living bait?)

A tender, moaning melody. Massa repeats the words a second time, and from all over the room float wisps of voice. Through the frail purity of the children I hear the falsetto of the mother.

Silently and adoringly Iku and Yone move up to Massa, take her hands, and begin another song: —

*'Soromo minatomo yogaharete
Tsukini kasumazu funenokage
Hashikenko kayo nigiyakani
Yosekuru namino koganenaru
Hayashi nashitaru kobashiran
Anato-funato no funezirushi
Tsumini utamo nigiyakani
Minato wa itsumo harunareya'*

(Sky and port and blue clear night,
 Moon without mist and shadows of ships,
 Edges of waves like edges of coin,
 Sailors,
 Life!
 The brisk singing of the stevedore —
 Oh, in the port it is always spring.)

The servant has been listening. Now, however, she catches herself, takes up her work where she left it, hoists the huge tent of netting,— *kaya* they call it,—suspends it from the four corners of the ceiling, at last slips noiselessly under to make preparations for the night. Iku is watching the servant. Iku is watching from a point as far as possible from me, and, when she thinks the servant ready, still keeping as far as possible from me, lifts a fold of netting over the doll's head, then over her own head, then, there where she enters the *kaya*, sleeps.

I am fond of little Iku, but I am not sure she is fond of me. This morning there came a wind, scattered my papers, and she, before she had had time to consider, hastened to fetch them. I thanked her in a few words of easiest Japanese. But she had not heard me speak Japanese before. She stood stock-still in the middle of her gracious act — that her very own tongue should issue from such lips as mine! Explosively she emitted a gush of words, then, as explosively, was mum again. Very seriously she handed me the papers. Very seriously she moved away. Vaguely she realized I had not understood, and was vaguely perplexed. Dear little Iku, her sleeping face is as placid as the Buddha's.

Then a new song, a vigorous song that goes to the accompaniment of a pitter-patter, and not an ordinary pitter-patter, but a really marvelous crisscross weaving of the four flying hands. Massa and Iku sing alone. I think first I recognize the melody, but soon know it is only the rhythm. And

strange too when in the song of the child one feels the rhythm of the geisha — a provoking rhythm that runs through the whole of these child bodies. Presently the two lay themselves end to end, continue the pitter-patter with their feet, the performance so mad it lures a smile even from their quiet mother's face. The children all are inside the *kaya*. The elders are round the edge. The mosquitoes are gathered too. Japanese science tells us that the mosquito is a being infinitely sensitive to song.

The servant may be thinking of that, for she brings fresh sheaves of incense and moves the censers nearer in. This done, she quietly approaches the master, takes the fan from his hands, fans him. It is with a big free motion of both her arms, and, though a little act, it strikes me as one of the least Occidental that I know. The servant looks as if she had been servant in a thousand incarnations. The master looks as if he had been master in a thousand incarnations. There is something old, deep, unalterable — oh, would that it were unalterable!

III

The bodies lie pell-mell in the green dark. All are asleep. Mother slips from one to the other, tucks the kimonos round the legs, gives the *kaya* an occasional shake to shoo away any lingering mosquito, then herself disappears for the night. The master watches her, decides he will disappear too. Without a word, without a nod, he draws off from the servant, draws off as impersonally as a leviathan from a dock. For a time the fan continues its big free movements. Only gradually, like some mechanic thing, it comes to rest. Already the master's heavier breathings are mingled with the children's.

The hot night is indeed full of noises. Far away, the guttural rumble of masculine talk. Nearer by, a snatch of song, and on the road beyond the fields the scrape of *geta*. Once the masseur with his horn. The masseur is later than usual to-night. Once the fish boy with his whistle. Very like the trade, that whistle. I think almost I must see the bamboo tubs bobbing at the ends of the bending bamboo pole. Once the roll of the drum, like thunder in summer dying slowly away. Then a last call at the barracks, and, after the call, the hum of the crickets in the rice, a hum that swells and thins, has patches of silence in which I hear the wind in the pines on the other side of the river.

The servant is eyeing me. All this day the servant has been eyeing me. When I look up, instantly she slides off into the dark of the verandah, settles on her haunches, bends her dim body, bends it slowly, slowly, till her forehead touches her knees, then, in that extraordinary posture, rests.

I am alone at last. The moon is high. The shadows in the garden are short and black and of forms unearthly. Unearthly, but human too. Heads. Many, many heads. Numberless heads. Two ghouls sedately bow. A Buddha

frowns. A Buddha smiles. How wondrous strange this lava is. Yet it needs moonlight and moon shadow to make it fully live. Fit it should but lately have come from the belly of the earth. What a place that belly must be. What forms undreamed of await us yet in heaven and hell.

But I am not alone. I have forgotten the stately lady. And never have I seen anyone in that paper-windowed space before. The stately lady too might have stepped from an old print. The old prints are strictest realism. Foolish of us always to be talking of the conventions of Japanese art. As if that art were further from life than our own. The stately lady's fingers are swift over something in her lap, but nothing ever struck me more for its stillness.

I wish I might speak with the stately lady. I wish I might slide up close beside her. No Japanese gentleman would. I wish I might take the stately lady's hand in mine. I wish I might, quietly and leisurely, press the thin fingers, press them till she screamed. And why, I hardly know. And I shall not, of course. I shall go simply and solemnly out of the room, and the stately lady will not so much as lift her head.

ETHICS AND POLITICS

The Public and Their Utilities

BY PHILIP CABOT

AN investigation of the electric power companies of the United States was begun in April before the Federal Trade Commission at the initiative of several eminent popular leaders who had for some time been firing broadsides at the 'Power Trust' without any very noticeable effect, and who were apparently running short of ammunition. The investigation opened with an inquiry into the activities of the National Electric Light Association in its campaign to improve the public relations of the operating companies belonging to the Association, and from the very outset the word 'propaganda' was applied to all of them. It was a skillful move. All men who have had experience with casuistry know that if you allow your opponent to use his own terms, and to define them, he will run you up a tree and out on a limb. The term 'propaganda' has come to have an ominous sound to us because of the methods used by the Government in selling its political programme to the voters and to investors during the late war, so that now the use of it always implies some concealed and improper motive. When you disagree with a man, or disapprove of his activities, to call them propaganda is a knock-down argument. Thus we have lost a useful term, for, if properly used, it should mean merely a campaign to make public the ideas in which you believe. Every religious revival has made use of

propaganda as its best weapon, and if propaganda were prohibited all human communication would have to stop because of our inability to draw a dead line. But now, when used in a political campaign such as that at present in progress before the Federal Trade Commission against the electric power companies, it raises in the public mind a vision of the methods used by an organized minority to put the Prohibition Amendment on the statute books, and goes far to decide the issue against the companies in advance.

No official report on this phase of the proceeding has yet been made public, but the scarcity of ammunition already referred to was so acute that its promoters demanded from the Commission weekly reports of the evidence with which to serve their guns, and these reports have provided them with many useful arguments to discredit the management of the privately owned power companies and to facilitate a movement toward government ownership. This is an issue in which the nation is deeply interested, and it will be prudent to await the publication of the full report before passing judgment. But this can now be safely said. The American people are overwhelmingly opposed to government interference in business. We are whole-hearted individualists, and we have had experience with government operation in the case of railroads and ships. The

promoters of the investigation appear to assume, however, that the report will be so unfavorable to the companies that the public will clamor for more rigid control of them or even for a great extension of government ownership. In this they may be disappointed. Many politicians, and a few private managers who have mismanaged their companies, would profit by government ownership, but the nation would not; and if the Government enters the electric power business, as advocated by Governor Smith in his Acceptance Speech, this extension of its functions will have to be forced upon a reluctant majority by tactics similar to those which saddled us with the Eighteenth Amendment. Surely the genial Governor is getting into strange company.

Though the first stage of the Federal Trade Commission investigation is not yet complete, it has started upon the second—a study of the mechanism and methods of the holding companies by which many of the electric power companies are controlled. This is probably the part of the proceeding from which the politicians hope to gain the most, and perhaps they may; but before they build their hopes too high they will do well to consider whether it is the electric power companies and the men who manage them or the Federal Trade Commission and those who have set this piece of machinery in motion who are really on trial. When this Commission was first created, we had high hopes of what it might accomplish in establishing new and better standards of business ethics; but we have been sorely disillusioned, for as yet we have little or nothing of this sort to show for it. We may even find that we have less than nothing; harm may prove to have been done, for the most obvious result of its labors to date has been to create suspicion in the public mind. Few poisons are more deadly to

a highly integrated industrial civilization like ours. Confidence is the foundation upon which it rests, and a court of inquisition, which is what the Federal Trade Commission has proved to be, is a menacing instrument of government, to which the temper of this people is strongly opposed. Sooner or later, and perhaps as a result of the present investigation, the public will see this, and it may be that the engineers who have loaded it will be hoist with their own petard. This aspect of the problem of the electric power companies, however, is mainly political and temporary, and is important only as an example of the confusion which seems inevitable in a democracy when economic problems get into politics.

I

There are really two separate problems connected with these holding companies which are in urgent need of intelligent consideration, but which have become so deeply entangled in politics that there is small hope of their getting it. They are, first, the danger that monopoly in electric power supply will enable the producers to earn an excessive profit; and second, the danger that profits legitimately earned may be diverted into the wrong hands by manipulation within the holding companies themselves. In current political discussion it is fashionable to mix the two so that neither can be clearly seen.

The first problem—namely, the danger of monopoly of the electric power supply—has been for years a target for political marksmen, and although there is really no cause for alarm the public has been told so often that the danger is serious that many are beginning to believe it. The war cry of the politicians is the 'Power Trust,' adopted apparently for the purpose of foreclosing the issue by

deciding it in advance. Perhaps it is from the lack of any other that this issue has claimed so much attention. Certainly it is a very poor one, for, to anyone familiar with the principles of public utility regulation in the United States, it is obviously a jack-o'-lantern useful to frighten the children on Halloween but not to be taken seriously by grown-ups. However, as the man in the street seems to have been misled, it is time that the hoax was exposed.

The operating companies which produce electric power are required by law to be local monopolies under the control of a state regulating commission. Their status as monopolies has been fixed by law, because we have found after years of experience that through the method of regulated monopoly the customers get a better service at a lower price than direct competition can provide. The standard method is to place each local monopoly under the regulation of a state commission charged with the duty of seeing that the service is adequate and that the prices are just and reasonable, so that, unless the state commissions fail in their duty, it is utterly impossible for these operating units to demand, or receive, an excessive price or to earn a monopoly profit. The function of the holding companies is to group these local operating companies and direct their management through stock control, and if they were managed by Machiavelli himself it would be impossible for the holding companies to oppress the customers of the local companies, because they have no contact with them. They are powerless to do them harm, but they can do them much good by creating administrative units of sufficient size to command the services of men able to operate them, and to raise in an efficient manner the capital which must flow into them in a continuous stream. These are not ideals, but conditions

actually achieved; the splendid development of electric power production and use, in which we lead the world, being due in no small degree to this grouping of operating companies under holding-company control. It would be impossible to charge the purchasers of electric light and power more than the prices fixed by the state regulating commissions as just and reasonable, even if all the operating units in the country were controlled by one holding company; and therefore from the customer's point of view a Power Trust, instead of being a menace, would be a benefit, provided the size of it did not exceed the capacity of our ablest administrators. It is devoutly to be wished that the present movement toward enlarging the size of the holding companies and reducing their number will go considerably further. The customers have everything to gain and nothing to lose, provided that the state regulating commissions are honest and competent. This is the point on which attention should be concentrated.

It may seem that I have put the case too strongly in claiming that a Power Trust, if one existed, would not be an injury to the customer, but a blessing. The Power Trust has been held up to the public for years as a menace. Where there is so much smoke, there should be some fire. There is fire; if you search, you will find it. But those who are berating the holding companies are leading the public away from it. The fire is not in the corporation offices in Wall Street, but in the offices of the state regulating commissions. The problem which really needs searching investigation is whether the regulation of rates by the state commissions is being intelligently and skillfully done. This is a dark corner into which I shall try to throw some light.

Just at the moment the public seems more interested in the second problem

— namely, whether these holding companies are engaged in extracting improper, because unearned, profits for their stockholders from the operating companies; profits which either should be cut off at the source by lowering rates to customers or should go to stockholders of the operating companies or into a reserve account for their protection. This is the tangle which the Federal Trade Commission has been set to unravel, and there appears to be a very general belief that when the job is done it will appear that there is 'something rotten in the State of Denmark.' As evidence of the suspicions which are burrowing in the public mind, there is an interesting paper by Maurice R. Scharff in the September *Atlantic Monthly*. He is described as 'a consulting engineer with a long experience in the very business he discusses' — namely, 'the finance, engineering, and management of public utility corporations,' and the picture which he draws is dismal enough. After opening with an imaginary example showing that it is clearly within the power of these holding-company managers to pay their stockholders enormous profits on a trivial capital investment, and that, as things now stand, the regulating commissions are helpless to prevent it because the financial structures are of so labyrinthine a character that only the insiders can find their way through them, he proceeds to show that because strong temptation exists it is to be presumed that many, if not most, of those tempted will fall. This point of view shows a surprising family likeness to Calvinism, with its doctrine of original sin and the fall of man.

Now I should be the last to deny that Calvinism has been a powerful, perhaps a controlling, economic force among Western nations during the last two or three centuries. The doctrine of

original sin and the doctrine of election by the Almighty have done yeoman service in the economic as well as in the theological field; but, like all human inventions, they have outgrown their usefulness, and although they are still used as a pious gesture by many worthy people no one now thinks of applying them to himself, and the time has come when they should be given a decent Christian burial. But with Mr. Scharff and many other earnest men they seem to have undergone a sort of transmigration and now inhabit those useful, but artificial, bodies which we call corporations. Their life in this body, however, if they ever have any, will be short, for corporations are nothing but the groups of men who work through them, and what has been found untrue for men is untrue, and therefore misleading, when applied to corporations also.

At the moment these dogmas display a somewhat artificial vitality under the stimulation of frequent investigations by the Federal Trade Commission, by committees of Congress and committees of state legislatures. These are sowing suspicion broadcast with both hands, and a man — even a trained engineer like Mr. Scharff — may well be pardoned if he despairs of finding an honest corporation manager. But, if he will look behind the scenes, he may find that the politicians who get up and use these investigations are not quite so disinterested as they appear. The doctrine of salvation for the elect, — that is, for the elected, for those chosen by votes which can sometimes be hired, in a pinch, like a taxicab, — if used to sweep the country into an experiment with government ownership of public utilities, or, failing that, into the creation of new administrative commissions for their rigid control, will provide a great number of well-paid sinecures for the faithful.

The danger is serious, but we need

not despair. The doctrine of the fall of man is false; most men are honest, and small harm would result if all men were presumed to be so. Experience has shown us that all men are as honest as they can afford to be; they sin because they are tempted beyond their strength and many men who have done dishonest things become trustworthy when they are trusted. Before condemning men, we do well to consider whether we have not ourselves led them into temptation and whether the sin is not more ours than theirs. Before concluding that public utility managers are dishonest men, ask yourself how they have been tempted and whether they have been fairly treated. In my judgment, to say that these men are more often dishonest than men in other industries is a lie, and to follow the track of this lie is well worth the effort.

Mr. Scharff, and others of his ilk, assume that there is widespread dishonesty among the managers of public utility holding companies; that the Federal Trade Commission will show them up, and that they had better make haste to put their places of business in order before they are raided by the police. He is trying, as it were, to give the owners of the 'speak-easies' a friendly tip in advance.

As a method of putting things in order and keeping them so he recommends a dictator for the whole public utility industry, who would have full inquisitorial powers and, by means of the weapon of publicity, could compel wrongdoers to mend their ways or suffer public execution. But the wisdom of such a course may well be doubted. Its purpose is to re-establish public confidence in an industry already accused of seeking illegal monopoly, and it is highly improbable that confidence would be restored by making it a monopoly in fact under the rule of a beneficent tyrant. This is

what the proposition means, for a dictator who had the power and the means to investigate and divulge the inner workings of every operating unit and every holding company in the electric industry would hold them all in the hollow of his hand.

This seems to me an important practical objection to the remedy which Mr. Scharff puts forward. But what is more important is that in basing it upon an outworn religious dogma he has committed himself to a principle which is false. He assumes that all men who act dishonestly are dishonest, but as a matter of fact many honest men will act dishonestly under compulsion, and especially when they feel that they have been unfairly treated. In the last twenty years I have known many of the men who manage these holding companies. As a class they are far above the average of intelligence and integrity, and yet I do not doubt that some have been driven into devious courses by the methods of regulation used by state regulating commissions.

Practically all the states have statutes establishing commissions for the purpose of regulating rates and the quality of the service of all public utilities doing business within their jurisdiction. Their most important task is to determine whether the rates charged are just and reasonable. So far as rates are concerned, this is their whole duty. No commission in the land is directed to regulate profit; rates and rates alone are to be regulated. The statutes creating the commissions did not aim to declare any new principle of law, but merely to set up new machinery for administering principles which are older than the common law. The principle that prices shall be just and reasonable is very ancient, and it was for the purpose of establishing such rates that the price-fixing powers of the state commissions were given them.

But the commissions have gradually slipped away from this position, and instead of regulating prices so that they shall be just and reasonable they now more commonly regulate profits. Although this deviation from their true course has already done great damage and will do more, it has passed almost unnoticed because it is assumed that the only way to regulate prices is by regulating profits, although in all competitive markets profits are regulated in the most satisfactory manner through the regulation of price. Because monopoly has been established in the field of local electric supply, it is assumed that competitive prices cannot be found and that there is therefore no way to establish just and reasonable prices except by regulating the profits of the operating companies. This assumption is false, and to it can be traced the major ills of this industry.

Those who are interested in the origin of this principle of rate regulation should consult the famous case of *Smyth v. Ames*, decided in 1898, in which a rule was laid down by which a court could determine whether a rate, or price, fixed by a state commission was so unjust and unreasonable as to constitute a taking of property without due process of law. This rule followed the ancient economic doctrine that price is determined by the cost of production, and indicated a method for valuing the property of the railroads involved in the case and for estimating a fair rate of return on the value thus found; by adding this sum to the operating expenses, a figure for the gross income which the railroads should be allowed to earn was built up. Just and reasonable rates were defined to be such rates as would produce this gross income.

Although this rule was never intended as a formula for rate-making by a regulating commission, it has been

remodeled into a dogma which is almost universally used for this purpose. The underlying assumptions are, first, that public utilities are monopolies, and that therefore price cannot be fixed by competition; second, that, price being determined by cost, the cost (usually called the value) of the property of the public utility used in producing the service is the predominating element of cost which requires determination. This is the dogma on which modern rate regulation rests. Now I approve of dogmatism, provided I am allowed to select the dog; but as I regard this as a dog of uncertain parentage, long since dead, and urgently in need of burial, I decline to choose him.

The dogma on which I pin my faith would read somewhat as follows:—

First, public utilities are not monopolies so far as the price of their service is concerned. When the case of *Smyth v. Ames* was decided the railroads affected were monopolies, but to-day the utilities with which we are concerned have little more monopoly control of price than the manufacturers of shoes. Each power company has a monopoly of the sale of its product in its local field, but, with the exception of the trivial part of it used for lighting, the product must be sold in competition not only with other power produced by the potential customers for their own use, but also with an almost infinite variety of substitutes. In former times we were accustomed to think of competition as the rivalry of like with like, but nowadays every merchant has learned that his real rivals are substitutes which satisfy other wants of his customers and thus deprive them of the wherewithal to buy his goods. This is often called the new competition, although it is by no means new. I repeat that electric power companies have very little monopoly power over price, and that price can and should

be determined by the competitive method of price comparison. This can be done without direct competition.

Second, cost does not determine price except under static conditions such as do not now exist in the electric power industry in America. On the contrary, price determines cost, and therefore no amount of information as to the cost of production will enable a regulating commission to determine the just and reasonable price for any specific kind of service.

Third, profit is the spur to private initiative; without it ambition and progress are destroyed, and therefore profit regulation as a method of price regulation is vicious. The present tendency of regulating commissions to determine net income, or profit, and to regulate *that* is wholly opposed to the best interests of the customers. They are interested only in the prices they have to pay, the aggregate of which is the gross income; and the method of profit regulation is defective because it deals directly with only about a quarter of the gross income, the other three quarters consisting mainly of operating expenses over which the control of regulating commissions is now very feeble. As a result the investor is pampered, while the consumer, whose interest should be paramount, is neglected. It is entirely possible to regulate gross income — that is, prices — directly, and if this is skillfully done profit will be effectively and justly regulated. To-day this is not done. Profits are not regulated — they are confiscated. This is unjust and shortsighted. For profits are the source of all our wealth. When they are confiscated, property is confiscated, because in the last analysis the value of industrial property is mainly the capitalized expectation of profit, and to protect property you must protect profit. To tamper with a profit justly earned — that is, a com-

petitive profit — is to apply the axe to the tree of wealth. If the competitive method of price regulation were substituted for the present method of profit regulation, this grave danger would be avoided. In my opinion it can be done.

I am aware that to assert these propositions without proof is rank dogmatism, but the reasoning by which they can be sustained is technical and would lead me far away from my present subject, which is to indicate some of the grave evils resulting from the methods of regulation now in use. At another time and place I shall be glad to break a lance with any man in their defense, but I hope he will not choose the select and cultured readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* as the jury. They might simply regard the combat as an unseemly brawl and call in the police.

II

Returning now to the managers of the holding companies whose methods are under investigation, it is quite generally believed, and often said, that their standards of business ethics are low. But let us call a spade a spade. What the promoters of the investigation really believe is that these men are guilty of theft, and they expect to prove it. Perhaps they may; but if by theft we mean taking property which belongs to someone else, I make bold to assert that the Government has forced them into it by the methods of profit regulation now in use. If stealing is going on, the Government began it. Even honest men will rebel against unjust treatment. When profits are regulated instead of prices, the temptation to carelessness, or even crookedness, in the handling of operating expenses and capital charges is very great. A man who has worked hard to earn a profit in a competitive field like the

electric power business may be pardoned if he uses every weapon within his reach when he sees that profit threatened. This is the position into which the regulating commissions have driven the public utility managers by applying old economic theories to new conditions. The old dogma that the value of the use — that is, the price — can be determined from the cost of the tool has resulted in practice in the regulation of net income and the neglect of the other elements which really determine price. In consequence we have developed a highly complicated game of hide and seek in which the managers try to conceal or divert the real profits so that they shall not appear in the net income, which is the figure most closely scrutinized. Some attention is given by regulating commissions to operating expenses, but it cannot be searching, because under private ownership it is the right of the managers to control these items. These are the major items of cost, and when the price schedules have been approved by the regulating commissions it is the business of the managers to select and bring into existence those costs which they think will benefit them most. This is the true function of all management. But when, as now, the profits resulting from this selection are subject to regulation, the managers are tempted to devise some way of manipulating these operating costs so as to get a profit out of *them*. This is the charge now brought against the holding companies, and there is no denying that there are many ways of doing it which are quite impossible for regulation to detect.

Here, for example, is a situation which often occurs. After years of work and anxiety the managers of a holding company may have worked out for one of their operating units a schedule of prices which suit the customers so well

that they will buy the service in such quantity as to show a handsome profit, and to this schedule of prices the managers have obtained the approval of the regulating commission. But, as things are now, their profit may be taken away from them if it happens to exceed what the commission regards as fair. Confronted with this dilemma, can you blame a manager if he seeks some way to camouflage the position by introducing some intercompany profit into the operating expenses which, while increasing *them* and reducing the apparent profit, will in fact keep the profit of the holding company intact? No one can justify such a proceeding by any ethical standard, but before we condemn those who resort to it we should consider who led them into temptation. 'Call a dog a bad name and he will bite you.' Tamper with a man's hard-won profits and you may drive him into sin. If it is shown that some of the managers of these holding companies have been driven into devious courses, it is the Government which should hang its head. It has led them into temptation. Whatever the outcome of the present investigation, this thing should be stopped, because, if it goes on, we shall have a fine crop of sinners. Honest and able men will be driven from the field, and only those who are willing to resort to the use of devious methods will remain.

If prices have been properly determined by the competitive method, the profits, *whatever they may be*, belong to the owners — that is, to the stockholders. Under extraordinarily able management profits will be above the average; under a stupid or incompetent one they may approach the vanishing point. But the customers need not worry in either case, because they may be sure that a business which has shown such stability will always be carried on. An incompetent management may not

be able to earn a profit at competitive — that is, reasonable — prices and the company may temporarily require the protecting hand of a receiver. This is bad for the stockholders, but that is their lookout. The customers need not worry; a more capable management can easily be found, and the business will surely go on without interruption.

There are many cases on record where the customers have allowed themselves to be stampeded, by threats of the impairment or interruption of the service, into rescuing the stockholders from the fate which they have brought upon themselves, and in so doing the customers have imposed upon themselves a needless burden. The Boston Elevated Railway Company Control Act is an example. Such weak-mindedness is damaging to all concerned in the long run. If stockholders are allowed to reap what they have sown, they will learn wisdom by experience, and the industry will be kept in healthy condition.

There seem to be many persons who believe that it is the duty of the State in its regulation of public utilities to protect not only the customers but the stockholders against their own managements. Under the present methods of profit regulation, where minute supervision of security issues by regulating commissions is the common practice, this may be true. It is another of the unfortunate results of the erroneous theory that cost determines price. When the type of securities to be sold to the public and the price of issue are fixed by commissions, they can hardly shirk some responsibility for the consequences, although investors in the securities of the New England railroads have reason to know that they do. But if price instead of profit were regulated the State need not concern itself with what becomes of the profits

of public utility companies any more than of other corporations. The stockholders are the owners; they elect the directors who supervise the management, and, so far as most stockholders are concerned, it is a sheer impertinence to put them under the guardianship of public officials who commonly know less about how the business should be carried on than they do.

We have a right to expect our Government to protect us against fraud in the purchase of a bond or a share of stock as well as in the purchase of a horse, and in exactly the same manner. But beyond this protection should not go. We demand the right to make our own mistakes; they are commonly better teachers than success. The right to lose is as sacred as the right to win; in fact, it is the bottom of it, and you cannot slice off the right to win so thin as to leave it bottomless. Cut off the right to lose, and the right to win is gone. This is a fact of nature which our lawmakers will do well to heed.

Those who exhibit so much apprehension at the possible misdeeds of the managers, engineers, and financiers of the public utility holding companies may find their fears somewhat allayed and may see their course more clearly if they will ponder upon these three propositions: —

1. 'Don't try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' The material of which rate regulation is now fashioned is old and so full of holes that it does not protect the customer from the east wind. Try a new piece, and most of the evils which now plague us will disappear. Those that remain can then be clearly seen and can be dealt with.

2. Don't expect more of public utility managers than you expect of yourself. They also are men.

3. Don't overprotect the stockholder. You may injure him, and he will not thank you.

FROM CHICAGO TO THE SEA

(*By Canadian Consent*)

BY BERNARD K. SANDWELL

THE current discussions of the proposed St. Lawrence route from the Great Lakes to the sea make it imperative for Americans to take account of the Canadian attitude toward this problem. Of that attitude this paper aims to give an unbiased expression.

I

The construction of a twenty-seven-foot waterway from the harbor of Montreal, the present head of ocean navigation in the St. Lawrence, to the great inland water system of Lakes Superior, Michigan, and Huron is an undertaking which seems to offer a prospect of reduced shipping costs between the Atlantic Ocean and a very large area of inland North America, and which therefore is of the greatest interest both to the United States and to Canada. For certain sufficiently obvious reasons, its immediate interest is much greater to the United States than to Canada. The population, wealth, and commerce of the territory which would be affected are much greater in the United States; the existing railways which might, for a time at least, be detrimentally affected by water competition are much less able to stand that competition (being much more dependent on a large volume of through traffic) in Canada, and one of them is actually owned by the Canadian people, who have to make up its

deficits out of taxation; and among the people of Western Canada at least there is a belief that the Dominion possesses an alternative outlet to the Atlantic in the shape of the Hudson Bay route which would perform for the West the same service as the St. Lawrence waterway, almost as efficiently, and at a vastly lower capital cost.

The West is determined to have the Hudson Bay route tried out, and progress in that direction is going on, slowly but steadily. Until it has proved a failure (if such it is destined to be), it will be difficult to get the West profoundly interested in the St. Lawrence proposals. The East does not believe in the Hudson Bay route, on climatic grounds, and is therefore more open to consider the St. Lawrence proposals with a friendly eye; but the question in both Ontario and Quebec is complicated by hydroelectric power developments which, on a vast scale, are an inevitable part of the navigation improvement scheme.

The cheapest part of the available power is in that portion of the river which lies between Ontario and the State of New York, each of which would be entitled to one half of the power produced. New York could easily absorb this power as soon as the turbines are installed; Ontario could probably absorb her share with a little manipulation. But the more expensive

part of the available power belongs wholly to the Province of Quebec, and there is no desire for its early development, there being no serious shortage of power in the province at present and several other and cheaper sources being still unutilized, while power is actually being exported on a considerable scale to Ontario. Add to this that a large number of lake harbors in Ontario cherish the dream of becoming ocean ports like those of Quebec as soon as the waterway improvements are completed, and it is not surprising that there is much more favorable opinion about the proposals in the inland province than in the one which is already situated on a great ocean highway. In both provinces there is some apprehension lest, as a result of the constitutional situation later to be described, the control of these immense quantities of power should be exercised by the Dominion Government, instead of the provincial governments to which they would unquestionably belong if they were not mixed up with a navigation enterprise.

There is thus in Canada very little that could be described as an actual demand for the early construction of the proposed deep waterway from Montreal to the Upper Lakes. There is, on the other hand, no desire to place unreasonable obstructions in the way of the United States if it desires to effect this improvement, which one of its political parties holds out as an important means of remedying the position of the American agriculturist, and on which the candidate of the other political party professes an open mind. The improvement cannot be effected without Canada's consent, for part of the channel to be improved is international between the countries and part is wholly Canadian. The prevalent Canadian attitude may be quite accurately described as a willingness to coöperate in the

work, provided that the terms agreed upon are satisfactory. There is, however, among thinking Canadians a distinct apprehension lest, when the actual terms come to be discussed, Canada may find herself regarded in the United States as being simply obstructionist, when in her own opinion she is doing no more than insisting upon points which she considers essential to her national interests. Up to the present time there has been no discussion of terms, except that the International Joint Commission has adumbrated certain principles as to the distribution of costs; but the distribution of costs is not the subject upon which difficulty is likely to arise.

II

The first of the possible subjects of difficulty is as to the nature and tenure of the rights which the United States is to enjoy in those portions of the waterway which are purely Canadian. For while politically the waterway consists of two entirely separate portions, one international and one Canadian, it is impossible to regard it economically as anything but a single unit. From Montreal to the vicinity of Cornwall (Canadian side) and St. Regis (American side), the river is in Canadian territory; from St. Regis to Lake Ontario it runs between Canada and the United States. A deep waterway from Lake Ontario to St. Regis is a physical and political possibility, but economically it is meaningless. To have any economic value it must continue from St. Regis to Montreal; and the ships of both the nations which use it from Lake Ontario to St. Regis must have the right to use it from St. Regis to Montreal, or it will have no economic value to the nation whose ships are stopped at St. Regis. Now the St. Lawrence River is by treaty open for

commerce to the shipping and citizens of the United States in perpetuity; and many people appear to believe that this ancient treaty (of Washington, 1871) is all that is needed for the situation that will arise in connection with a joint canalization of the river.

But this is not quite so clear. The St. Lawrence cannot be navigated in an upward direction without the aid of canals, in both the Canadian and the international portions. The perpetual rights of the United States do not extend to these canals in Canadian territory, which are dealt with by a separate clause of the Washington Treaty, and are subject merely to an agreement by the British Government to 'urge' upon the Canadian Government the admission of American shipping and citizens on equal terms with those of Canada. This admission on equal terms has been, in fact, granted ever since the Washington Treaty was signed, and one regulation imposed by the Canadian Government was withdrawn (under some pressure) because the United States Government represented that it was contrary to this equality, although the Canadian Government maintained that it was not. But at no time has it ever been suggested that this admission of American shipping to Canadian canals was obligatory upon Canada; and in the controversy over the regulation just mentioned it was explicitly claimed by Canada and admitted by the United States that it was not. The United States therefore enjoys no perpetual right of access except to the St. Lawrence itself, excluding its canals, without which it is not navigable except in a downward direction and at some risk. The present admission of American shipping to the Canadian canals is dependent on the good pleasure of Canada, and could be suspended with-

out any other consequence than the suspension by the United States of Canadian access to the canals owned by the various states adjacent to the river and the Great Lakes.

Any treaty, therefore, which, in consideration of American participation in the task of improving the waterway, should grant to American shipping and citizens any right to navigate the newly canalized main channel and the new and deeper side canals of the St. Lawrence under Canadian sovereignty would be establishing a new and most important servitude over a portion of Canada's territory. The feeling of the Canadian people upon this subject is forcibly expressed in both the majority and the minority reports of the Canadian National Advisory Committee, issued in January of this year. The former declares in set terms that 'in the event of a new treaty being negotiated, the United States should not be given any greater rights than obtain in existing treaties'; while the latter, assuming that a treaty will be necessary, says that 'this treaty, as regards the international navigation features of this project, should extend no further or greater rights than those now assured to the United States under existing treaties.'

Yet it is somewhat difficult to see how the United States can be expected to spend a large sum on the improvement of the waterway, and to build up a system of deep harbors and the equipment for a huge commerce in its Lake ports, with no guaranty that the essential link between this inland system and the ocean will be left open to it in perpetuity.

The Canadian people are undoubtedly reluctant to accept the establishment of this new servitude over their own national waterway between St. Regis and Montreal. But, despite the protests of their National Advisory

Committee, they would probably be willing to accept it if they could obtain in return certain equally perpetual or durable guarantees from the United States on certain other heads. Unfortunately the subject upon which they most need guarantees is one which it is beyond the constitutional power of the United States to deal with. Unlike the central government of the Dominion of Canada, which is vested with special power to legislate for the implementing of any treaty, whether the subject matter of the legislation be otherwise within the competence of the Dominion or not, the Government of the United States cannot override the sovereign powers of the individual states even for the purposes of implementing a treaty. The United States can make a treaty, but unless the subject matter of that treaty be within the scope of the federal power, it cannot legislate to carry it out. Canada can make a treaty, and the legislation necessary to carry it out becomes within the scope of the federal power because it is a treaty.

The country which negotiates a treaty with the United States is somewhat in the position of a man who, as the stock market puts it, buys into a lawsuit. It does not know what its rights are going to be until the Supreme Court of the United States has told it. There is, for instance, a strong body of legal opinion which holds that some of the powers conferred on the International Joint Commission by the United States Government under the Treaty of 1909 are in violation of the rights of the sovereign states, and therefore invalid; in other words, that in making that treaty the United States bit off more than it was constitutionally empowered to chew. The question has not yet been officially raised; but it is an open question, which may be raised at any time in the shape of a refusal by some

state to obey the orders of the Commission; and until it is raised and settled, the value to the other contracting party (Canada) of the obligations undertaken by the United States necessarily remains somewhat uncertain.

III

The points upon which Canada most urgently needs guarantees from the United States are those which relate to the more extreme forms of exercise of the sovereign power by states adjoining the international boundary. The diversion of water from the Great Lakes watershed, while it may or may not have been a serious detriment to Canadian navigation, is obviously capable of becoming so. But it is practised by the sovereign State of Illinois, with which Canada can have no diplomatic relations; and the power of the United States Government to control it (if any) rests entirely upon the accidental circumstance that it affects American navigation.

There is grave fear in Canada that this principle of state sovereignty will be found to prevent the effective fulfillment by the United States of some of the obligations which it may undertake under the proposed new St. Lawrence Treaty. The power plants in connection with the waterway, for instance, will be some of them in Canada and some in the State of New York. If they are in Canada, there is no question of the authority of the Dominion Government to do with them whatever it has undertaken to do by its treaty with the United States. If they are in the State of New York, it is highly doubtful whether the United States Government can do anything about them whatever; for they have nothing to do with navigation, and water power is a state subject. It is perhaps not even certain whether the

United States can guarantee to Canada the enjoyment of her half of the electric power developed in the International Section; for if the turbines producing the power are mainly in the State of New York, and more than one half of the power is thus produced in that state's territory, it is readily conceivable that the state might forbid its export and the United States be unable to override the prohibition.

The situation of the Canadian provinces toward their central government and any power with which it may make a treaty is the precise opposite of this. The American states run no risks in any treaty negotiations by their central government; if that government goes beyond its rights and promises what it cannot deliver, it is not they, but the foreign power, which loses. The Canadian provinces, on the other hand, may in the making of a treaty find themselves deprived of large areas of authority which under any other circumstances would be definitely theirs under the constitution. The Province of Ontario is strongly committed to public ownership in the development of water powers; the Province of Quebec is equally strongly committed to private ownership. Both provinces are determined to maintain their control of water-power development in their own territories and to exercise that control after their own fashion; and both would bitterly resent any assumption by the Dominion Government of authority to determine when and how the St. Lawrence power shall be developed. Yet because of its close association with navigation problems, and because of the essentially international character of those problems, it will be necessary for the Dominion Government to exercise some authority in this sphere. It will have no difficulty in obtaining that authority,

but it will obtain it at the expense of the provinces, and a certain amount of friction is practically inevitable. The two provinces, it must be remembered, contain between them nearly two thirds of the population of the Dominion.

If the United States finds it necessary to ask that Canada shall concede any new rights concerning navigation in the canals of the Canadian portion of the St. Lawrence, it would help materially in winning over Canadian opinion if this concession could be represented in any other light than as being purchased for cash — that is, as a consideration for American expenditure on the improvement of the route. There is something particularly undignified about the sale of portions of the national sovereignty for a mess of pottage.

There is talk of the United States constructing a navigable channel from the Gulf of Mexico to the Upper Lakes by way of the Mississippi and the Chicago Drainage Canal. In its international political character, this canal would not differ from the improved St. Lawrence.

The St. Lawrence is an essentially artificial waterway from the ocean to an inland international water system, through a stretch of purely national water — the St. Lawrence and its canals between Montreal and St. Regis. The Mississippi-Great Lakes route would be an artificial waterway from the ocean to the same inland international water system through a stretch of purely national water — the Mississippi and the Chicago Canal. The only difference between the two is that in the St. Lawrence the national stretch is shorter (which is obviously of no importance) and the task of artificial improvement is not confined to the national stretch, but extends to part of the international water. In

international law the two situations are identical. If a formula could be devised by which the admission of American commerce to the national Canadian canals would appear as being due, not to the cash expended by the United States on certain stretches of navigation which are also open to Canadians, but rather to a general principle which would admit Canadian commerce to the Mississippi-Great Lakes route if and when it is opened (on terms of a reasonable and proportional contribution for the use of it), the cash-and-carry aspect of the transaction would be much modified. This would be no more than the mutual acceptance

by the United States and Canada of the principle of freedom of navigation of international waterways laid down by the Congress of Vienna, as expounded by an American authority.¹ Canada would certainly be willing to accept this principle if the United States would do the same.

¹ P. M. Ogilvie, *International Waterways*, New York, 1920, page 156: 'Improvements which extend the navigable course of a river, wholly within the jurisdiction of one state, into the domain of an adjacent state will warrant the establishment of international rights, notwithstanding the indisputable national character of the river before the improvements were completed. The claim of international rights on an inland waterway may arise or lapse at any time.'

PLANKS WITHOUT PLATFORMS

BY WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER AND WADDILL CATCHINGS

I

THE products of the Kansas City and the Houston conventions, apart from their accessories, look as much alike as the output of two Ford assembling plants. Mass production.

The Kansas City resolutions solemnly declare that the Republican Party is unalterably opposed to monopolies, excessive taxes, extravagance, abuse of injunctions, and the buying of votes. On the positive side, the resolutions are equally startling. They have a good word to say for honesty. They even go so far as to favor prosperity. They warmly endorse world peace, high wages, reduced taxes, foreign trade, efficient transportation, an American Merchant Marine, the Federal Reserve System, the protec-

tive tariff, flood control, States' rights, and restricted immigration. Even that is not all. The resolutions go on to pledge the Republican Party to the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, the care of disabled veterans, the protection of American citizens abroad, the creation of a Federal Farm Board, and the conservation of national resources.

Consider, next, the Houston resolutions. They solemnly declare that the Democratic Party is unalterably opposed to monopolies, excessive taxes, extravagance — but there is no need of going the whole length of this platitudinous list again. For the word 'Republican' in the preceding paragraph substitute the word 'Democratic,' and there you are!

Yet beneath this apparent agree-

ment upon everything under the sun there is a real conflict. Each party insists that under its administration the country is most likely to enjoy the steady maintenance of well-distributed prosperity. Which party is right? That is the main issue of this campaign. It touches the lives of more human beings, more hours of every day, than all other issues combined. The 'Full Dinner Pail' is just as alluring a symbol as it ever was. That is why both platforms are made up largely of economic planks.

The voters are well aware that neither party has possession of Aladdin's lamp: there is no political magic whereby the country can enjoy more wealth than it produces. Most of the voters know, moreover, that the country now falls far short of using its powers to create wealth. At the same time—and here is the most patent truth of all—there are millions of people, now in want and anxiety, who are eager to have a share in this unborn wealth, this wealth which is potentially within their grasp.

Most of the voters, therefore, would like to know precisely what each political party proposes to do to prevent the recurrent tragedy of closed factories, surplus materials, unused inventions, wasted energy, and idle funds. Especially they would like to know why, in the midst of prosperity so rampant and unprecedented as to astound the whole world, there are times—last winter, for example—when several million willing workers can find no work to do. Why, in short, do our productive powers grow so much faster than our ability to use them? Is this the only kind of prosperity that any political party knows how to achieve?

Rephrased in the light of these questions, the main issue becomes a practical, political problem: What measures

can be taken to enable us to use, and use continuously, for the benefit of all our people, the nation's great resources of men, money, machines, and materials? That is *the economic problem*. If either party offered a definite, comprehensive solution, it would deserve to carry the country. And probably would. But both parties offer little more than suggestions of a solution and vague promises.

When a solution is found, it will be based on definite answers to these two questions: First, what are the causes of our prosperity? Second, which of these causes can be, and should be, subjected to political control?

For it is plain, first of all, that there are many causes of prosperity. It is equally plain that some of these causes—monetary systems, for example—are, and ought to be, under political control; that is, under management by all the people in the interest of all the people. There are other causes, such as the climate, which are not subject to such control.

Still other causes of prosperity, such as investments in new enterprises, can be politically controlled, but cannot be so controlled with any benefit to the people. In this group belong those forces which function, when they function at all, almost exclusively through individual initiative, prompted by self-interest. As a rule, the best we can do with such influences is to leave them alone. Indeed, if nothing more were needed to sustain prosperity and distribute its blessings,—if, in other words, the *laissez faire* economists had told us the whole truth,—it would be well for all political parties to make rhetoric the be-all and the end-all of their efforts. In that case, politicians could do their full duty by passing resolutions in favor of prosperity, as solemnly and emphatically as usual.

But the suffering of the unemployed

last winter—to go no farther back—is enough to prove that private enterprise, unless supplemented by the right public policy, will neither use our productive powers at any approach to capacity, nor give sufficiently wide distribution to the wealth which it succeeds in producing. Evidently we must make more effective use of those forces which are subject to political control.

This is the point of view from which we shall now consider, necessarily in a cursory way, the major causes of our prosperity.

II

We may as well begin with the most widely touted of these causes—namely, mass production, lower unit costs, and high wages, the policy which is known all over Europe as the 'Fordizing of Industry.' No wonder it is widely known, for it has been broadcast dramatically by one of the most skillful advertisers of this advertising age; by a man who—most potent of all arguments—has made more money through adherence to that policy than any other man has ever made out of any one industry. That policy, we are told again and again, is *the secret of American prosperity*. Indeed, two investigators from England who joined the procession from abroad in search of our secret reported their findings in a book on mass production and high wages which 'has created more excitement in England than any other economic treatise.'

On one point, at least, all these investigators are right: Mass production, with resultant lower unit costs, has done much to increase the real wages of American workers; and real wages (that is to say, the goods which wages will buy) speak so loud that wage earners cannot hear what

politicians say. It is doubtless true that real wages are higher in the United States than in any other country, partly because the United States has made the widest use of the principles of mass production. Which is merely a dull way of saying what various writers—notably Edward A. Filene in *The Way Out*—have said in a fascinating way.

There are, however, two things about mass production, both essential from the political point of view, which are often overlooked. The first is that, without any aid from the Government, private enterprise, under the powerful spur of the profit motive, to say nothing of the somewhat potent spur of self-preservation, will push mass production as far as it can be pushed. Just how far it can be pushed depends largely upon the growth of the consumer market, and that in turn depends largely upon the growth of incomes of the people who are not wealthy.

The second essential point is this: There is nothing in mass production, *per se*, which increases the income of these people as rapidly as it increases the output of goods. For, contrary to traditional economic theory, production does *not* automatically finance consumption. On that point the most influential of the classical economists were wrong. Now we know that the financial process—payment of wages, interest, rent, and the rest—whereby, in any given year, a given volume of goods is made ready for consumers to buy does not yield consumers enough money to buy those goods. Consequently, contrary to the enthusiastic reports of some of the secret-searchers from abroad, mass methods of turning out goods cannot sustain prosperity, cannot prevent overproduction and unemployment. Witness the experience of last winter.

III

The forbearance of some of our readers, no doubt, is about at an end. 'Of course,' they are impatient to point out, 'we all know that mass production in itself is not enough. It is mass production combined with low prices and high wages that does the trick. The proof is rolling along on every highway: mile after mile of Ford cars which have been sold — yes, and paid for. And millions more could be sold if the Ford factories were more thoroughly Fordized. Evidently, all we need to do in order to sell the ever-increasing output of mass methods is to keep wages high enough and prices low enough.' And do not all political parties wax eloquent in praise of high wages and low prices?

Here we digress long enough to commend all those who have insisted on keeping wages as high as possible, thus helping to prevent general under-consumption and consequent unemployment. Mr. Ford himself has helped at times both by startling example and by sound precept. In fact, no remedy for business depression is so worthy of a quack doctor as the general deflation of wages. On this point the American Federation of Labor has always been right, and various associations of employers have sometimes been wrong. In the year 1921, for example.

But high wages and low prices cannot solve the economic problem; for no producer can make his wages high enough to cover the prices of his product, unless he operates at a loss. And he cannot long operate at a loss. In other words, no producer can long provide a full dinner pail for his workers, or even a half-full pail, unless there is a margin between the wages he pays, directly and indirectly, in the process of creating a given volume of goods, and the prices he receives for

those goods. Wages and prices are like the floor and the ceiling of an elevator — when one goes up, the other goes up, too.

Even the best-known champion of high wages has not paid enough wages, directly or indirectly, to enable consumers to buy his cars. Somebody had to keep on making up the deficit in consumer purchasing power caused by the growth of Mr. Ford's uninvested and undistributed profits, or he could not have kept on selling his cars. That is why the Ford policy is not *the secret of American prosperity*.

On the contrary, if everyone had tried to follow that policy, there would have been no prosperity. Fortunately, many other men, aided by the private bankers whom Mr. Ford has denounced, have followed radically different policies.

No, the combination of mass production, low prices, and high wages is not enough to keep a country prosperous; not enough, therefore, to form the foundation of a party platform.

In any event, it is useless to look to public policy for help in this direction, for wages and prices cannot be subjected to political control, except through government control of industry. By means of such control, it is true, dollar wages could be increased indefinitely. But no matter how large the wages became on paper, they would buy less in the markets, because government control would remove what are now the chief incentives to individual initiative and productive effort. Thus the process of raising the wages would defeat the purpose of raising them. If, therefore, the mass-production, low-price, high-wage policy were the only secret of prosperity, nothing could be gained by political control. Party platforms would properly say nothing on the subject, because there would be nothing to say. *Laissez faire* would be the right

policy. But in that case, evidently, there would be no escape from the curse of unemployment.

IV

There are, however, other secrets of prosperity. If Mr. Ford's policies, or any other policies, bring forth goods faster than home markets can get rid of them, the obvious thing to do, we are told, is to ship the surplus to foreign markets.

But at once we strike a snag. Virtually every other country is also producing more than its own people are able to buy; is looking around the world, therefore, in search of unsuspecting countries upon which to dump its surplus. Every country wants a favorable balance of trade: every country — true to Christian precept, if not to Christian spirit — is eager to give more than it receives. The game might be called 'puss in the corner.' It is no game at all unless somebody is left out.

That is not the only snag. And here we come to a difficulty which all the tariff planks of all parties, the world over, blithely ignore.

This is the dilemma: Any country which seeks to make up a shortage of buyers at home by finding buyers abroad must either import the full equivalent of what it exports, in which case the net surplus in home markets is just as large as ever, or else it must refuse to accept an equivalent return for its goods, in which case the people abroad may have a very nice time consuming the goods, but the people at home get nothing in return for their work but the joy of working.

There are, to be sure, the so-called 'invisible items' in the foreign-trade balance, — though it is not clear to anyone who travels why American

tourists should be called 'invisible,' — and all these items must be taken into account. In the main, however, the only way we can get much material benefit from sending goods abroad is by accepting goods in return.

Well, why not accept them? Wealth is wealth: gloves from France, watches from Switzerland, cutlery from England. Could we not enjoy all the goods that debtor nations are willing to send?

Enjoy them we certainly could, if we were able to buy them. But on the part of home producers there is the ever-present fear that the people will not have enough money to buy even the home products, to say nothing of foreign products. Overproduction — underconsumption — business without a buyer! That is the fear which drives every nation to try to get rid of its own real wealth while erecting tariff barriers against the real wealth of other countries.

How, then, can we make full use of foreign trade in sustaining prosperity? Only by seeing to it that the people at home receive enough money, week in and week out, to buy all they produce. Then they are able to buy all that is retained for home consumption, as well as the full equivalent in imported goods of the goods which are shipped abroad.

So here again we come to consumer purchasing power as the limiting factor in economic progress. Consequently, no political party can lay down a sound foreign-trade plank, or a sound tariff plank, except on a structure which provides for adequate consumer income. But neither the Democratic nor the Republican Party has any such foundation. Indeed, with an exception to be mentioned presently, the pronouncements of neither party reveal even a hint of the fact that any such foundation is needed.

V

Both parties, on the contrary, appear to regard the Federal Reserve System as the complete solution of our monetary problems. Yet that system, avowedly, is a system for financing producers; it is not directly concerned with the problem of financing consumers. Like most monetary systems, it assumes that there is no such problem; for it is based on the traditional economic theory that production automatically finances consumption, from which it follows that the people are sure to obtain enough money to buy goods as long as business obtains enough money to make goods.

For proof of the falsity of that theory we need look no farther back than the last four years. During that period the Federal Reserve System has well served the purpose for which it was founded. It has provided ample funds at low rates for all legitimate business. There is no need for the Democratic Party to urge that the Reserve System 'be administered for the benefit of farmers, wage earners, merchants, manufacturers, and others engaged in constructive business.' That is precisely how the System *has* been administered. In fact, there has been available so much more money than constructive business could be induced to use at home that billions have been lent abroad; more every year; most of all during the past year, when unemployment at home reached a new crisis. What we have done, in effect, is to import a part of Europe's unemployment in exchange for exports of capital. The chief reason why more of this capital has not been used to create wealth at home, thus raising standards of living and keeping more workers employed, is that at times the buying power of consumers has not grown as rapidly as the productive power of industry. It is not true

that business has suffered for need of capital. What it has needed is a means of financing consumers as efficiently as the Federal Reserve System has financed producers.

Partly because we have had no such system, we have resorted to the device of turning over to consumers on installments more than three billion dollars' worth of goods for which they have not yet paid. In consequence there have been fewer idle plants and fewer idle men than otherwise there would have been. But it is the *growth* of installment selling which has helped, and the growth cannot long continue at the rate of the past decade. If we are to make that progress which all parties really desire, we must see to it that people who want to buy goods have the means of paying for the full equivalent of what the country produces, rather than conveniences for getting deeper into debt.

In any event, installment selling is not one of those causes of prosperity which need to be subjected to political control. Private enterprise has demonstrated its ability to use that device for all it is worth.

VI

Restricted immigration, still another cause of prosperity which both parties favor, undoubtedly does help to keep up the wage rates of common labor; but it does not help to sustain employment. On the contrary, restricted immigration forces employers to adopt various means of increasing the output per man, so that they can get along with fewer men. Statistics tell the story. Moreover, merely reducing the flow of foreign workers into the labor market does not increase the total flow of money into consumers' markets. In any event, since the present law permits an annual increase in the population through immigration of less than

one quarter of one per cent, the United States has gone about as far as it can go in this direction. Evidently, we cannot create adequate demand in home markets merely by keeping out foreign goods and foreign laborers.

So it is with various other causes of prosperity — industrial research, invention, discovery of new resources, utilization of water power, improved labor relations, scientific management, reduction of wastes. All these factors help to increase our potential productive powers, but they do not in themselves proportionately increase our buying powers. Here again we run counter to the stubborn fact that we can use our knowledge of the means of producing goods only to the extent that we can sell the goods. Consumption regulates production.

In order to visualize what happens, we need only imagine that producers have no way of distributing their products except through a monster penny-in-the-slot machine. Under such conditions, producers cannot long continue to employ workers and turn out goods at any faster rate than consumers receive pennies. And if producers do not return to consumers all the pennies which are collected from the machine, consumers must receive and spend pennies from other sources, or else producers must discharge workers and reduce output. There is no point in cramming the machine with goods for which there is no outlet. That is essentially the case in the actual world of business. And that is why consumption regulates production.

VII

But have the activities of the Federal Government anything to do with the right flow of consumer income? One would think not, to read the party plat-

forms. Yet it is a fact that every economic section of both platforms has a bearing on this problem. Both platforms favor reduction of taxes, reduction of public debts, protective tariffs, reclamation of arid lands, flood control, aids to shipbuilding, and construction of naval armaments, inland waterways, and national highways. Every one of these policies, to go no further, affects the income of consumers; every one helps or hinders the maintenance of stable prices, stable markets, and employment. No one of these policies is necessarily good or bad in itself; everything depends, as a rule, on the state of business. When inflation begins, and business starts riding to a fall, the Government, as far as feasible, should cease competing with private business for men and materials. When, on the other hand, business is headed toward a depression, and more men are being thrown out of employment, the Government should promptly increase its expenditures for public works, in order to prevent waste of man power and at the same time provide private business with the needed stimulus of increased consumer buying. Yet, with a single exception, there is no evidence that either party is aware of this fact; no indication that either party has any idea that the very act which under certain conditions helps to sustain prosperity, under other conditions has the opposite effect.

Consider, as one example among many, the proposed measures for flood prevention. Now nobody objects to flood prevention. The question is when such projects should be pushed forward, and when they should be held back; how much now, how much at some later time; for they directly affect income and employment.

Even the reduction of the national debt is not a good policy, regardless of time and circumstances. Last winter,

for example, when jobs were getting scarcer and scarcer, it would have been sounder public policy to increase expenditures on public works than to use the same funds to decrease public debts. Thus it is clear that all federal fiscal policies may help or hinder economic progress at any given time. Everything depends on the volume of consumer buying and the waste of man power at the time.

This being the indisputable fact, it is almost incredible that neither party, in laying down its numerous economic planks, gives the slightest consideration to business conditions. Both parties favor this, that, and the other thing, as though government activities had nothing to do with the ebb and flow of prosperity; as though the Government could go ahead prescribing tariffs, collecting taxes, paying debts, borrowing money, and spending money, without any effect on the buying power of consumers; as though the questions of *how much* and *under what business conditions* were mere details.

That explains why it was possible for the resolutions committees at Kansas City and at Houston to busy themselves, day after day and night after night, laying innumerable planks end on end, without discovering any issues. There are no issues involved in most of the matters with which these committees so solemnly deal, except in connection with the questions of how much and under what conditions. Nobody cares a hoot about most of the party resolutions unless they propose that the Government spend money. Then everybody asks: When? And how much? Those questions were carefully avoided in both platforms.

But evidently 'platform' is hardly the word. For, though there are plenty of planks lying around loose, neither party has any framework — any principle — upon which to lay the planks.

Nor has it any means of knowing how the various planks fit into the whole design, for there is no design. In other words, neither party has an economic programme. And without such a programme, built around a unifying principle, there is no way whatever of answering the question, How much? That there is, in this respect, any choice between the resolutions of the two parties, only the blindest partisan would maintain.

Such consistent ignoring of the problem of adequate consumer income is, as we have said, fully supported by the traditional automatic-production-consumption theory. Why should the Government take any account of the financing of consumers, when production automatically does the trick? Why worry about anything which takes care of itself?

Nevertheless, the Democratic Party, after ignoring that problem through nine tenths of its pronouncements, suddenly takes a squint at the matter in the following resolution on unemployment: —

We favor the adoption by the Government, after a study of this subject, of a scientific plan whereby, during periods of unemployment, appropriations shall be made available for the construction of necessary public works, and the lessening, as far as consistent with public interests, of government construction work when labor is generally and satisfactorily employed in private enterprise.

This resolution is the exception to which we referred at the outset. It is the only indication in the resolutions of either party that the right flow of money to consumers, without which sustained prosperity is absolutely impossible, is any concern of the Government.

At this point, the framers of the resolutions were in sight of a principle upon which they might have built a platform.

But in their view, evidently, it was nothing but another loose plank, for they threw it down without regard to any of the other planks.

Further evidence that the framers of this resolution had no conception of its far-reaching possibilities is their refusal to call, at the same time, for a national system of employment exchanges, equipped to furnish complete, analyzed, up-to-date information concerning the unemployed. Yet, without such information, a scientific plan of government appropriations is impossible. As a matter of fact, no scientific plan was contemplated, since the resolution calls only for appropriations 'during periods of unemployment,' whereas the primary object of any scientific plan would be to *prevent* the recurrence of such periods.

This lame and halting resolution is the nearest that either party comes to facing the fact that prosperity depends on the right rate of consumption; the further fact that there is a problem of getting goods consumed, separate and distinct from the problem of getting goods produced; and, finally, the fact that this problem is one with which the Federal Government, in all its fiscal affairs, is properly concerned.

The Republican resolutions do not reveal even an inkling of these ideas; not the slightest suggestion that sustained and well-distributed prosperity requires a new federal policy. They declare, on the contrary, that no better guaranty of prosperity can be given than the pledge to continue the policies of the past five years. They insist that the tariff 'provides continuity of employment for our workmen'! Nowhere in the resolutions does it appear that anything more is needed. Nowhere does it appear that the fiscal operations of the Government have anything to do with employment. But, for that matter, nowhere does it appear that there

is any such thing, or under the wisdom of Republican rule ever can be any such thing, as a problem of unemployment.

The Democratic resolutions declare that 'no government programme is anticipated to prevent the awful suffering and economic losses of unemployment.' That is literally true. But it is just as true of the Democratic as it is of the Republican pronouncements. And no collection of planks of which that is true can properly be called a platform.

Neither party has ever presented to Congress any plan for the *prevention* of unemployment through the proper regulation of government expenditures and other fiscal measures. The nearest approach to such a plan is the Jones Bill, which will come before the next session. This bill authorizes the expenditure of about one hundred and fifty million dollars on certain public works, *after* there has been a decline of 20 per cent in contracts awarded for three consecutive months. This bill, far from providing for the *prevention* of unemployment, does not even provide for initiating remedial measures until there has been at least three months of suffering. How much could such a plan have accomplished in the year 1921, when wages declined over seven billion dollars? It might have relieved 1 per cent of the suffering.

Another objection to the bill is that it does not provide adequate means of telling when there is need of action. A single index — the volume of building contracts awarded — is not a sufficient guide. Indexes of retail prices, money rates, projected capital development, and unemployment, to mention only a few, must all be taken into account.

Still another defect in the bill is that it has to do with only one comparatively small appropriation; whereas, if the principle is sound, it should be

applied, as far as feasible, to all appropriations. Why should the principle be utterly ignored in the rest of the four billions of government expenditures? Finally, the bill is concerned solely with periods of depression; but if it is sound public policy to alleviate depressions by regulation of government expenditures, it is equally sound policy to seek to prevent depressions by preventing inflation.

This shows how far the Jones Bill comes from laying down an economic programme based on the right flow of money to consumers as the essential condition of sustained production and employment. Yet this bill is the nearest thing to such a programme that Congress has even considered. And it is fully as much as appears to-day in the resolutions of either party.

Nevertheless, the flow of money to consumers is one of the causes of prosperity which is absolutely subject to political control. Indeed, the Government plays a part in this control whether or not it wishes to do so. Inevitably. The only question is whether it plays that part intelligently.

The Government cannot play its part intelligently without uprooting and casting aside the fallacious automatic-production-consumption theory; the theory under which it has always confused the forces which are, and the forces which are not, subject to political control; under which, naturally enough, the Government has done those things which it ought not to have done, and

left undone those things which it ought to have done; first helping along the vicious spiral of inflation, and then doing little or nothing to prevent the even more vicious spiral of deflation.

Once the Government had rejected that paralyzing theory, it could proceed to gather information, more promptly, more accurately, more comprehensively, than ever before, — especially indexes of unemployment and retail prices and projected capital expenditures, — upon which to determine whether, at any given time, the influence of the Government should be brought to bear toward increasing or decreasing the flow of money to consumers. For all its economic activities the Government would then have a unifying principle. It is now the largest consumer — the greatest spender — in the world, and doubtless will continue to be, whether or not it spends with a view to keeping the country prosperous. Its expenditures are always in addition to the total of private expenditures. Now there are times when private expenditures are too great, other times when they are too small. The Government might regulate its own spending accordingly, thus making the balance right, without exercising any control over private spending.

Meantime, any political party, using such a principle and all that it involves as the underlying structure of its policy, could make a miscellaneous collection of planks into a platform.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

INSOUCIANCE

My balcony is on the east side of the hotel, and my neighbors on the right are a Frenchman, white-haired, and his white-haired wife; my neighbors on the left are two little white-haired English ladies. And we are all mortally shy of one another. When I peep out of my room in the morning and see the matronly French lady in a purple silk wrapper standing like the captain on the bridge surveying the morning, I pop in again before she can see me. And whenever I emerge during the day I am aware of the two little white-haired ladies popping back like two white rabbits, so that literally I see only the whisk of their skirt hem.

This afternoon being hot and thundery, I woke up suddenly and went out on the balcony barefoot. There I sat serenely contemplating the world, and ignoring the two bundles of feet of the two little ladies which protruded from their open doorways, upon the end of the two chaises longues. A hot, still afternoon—the lake shining rather glassy away below, the mountains rather sulky, the greenness very green, all a little silent and lurid, and two mowers mowing with scythes downhill just near. *Slush! slush!* sound the scythe strokes.

The two little ladies become aware of my presence. I become aware of a certain agitation in the two bundles of feet wrapped in two discreet steamer rugs and protruding on the end of two chaises longues from the pair of doorways upon the balcony next me. One bundle of feet suddenly disappears; so does the other. Silence!

Then lo! with odd, sliding suddenness a little white-haired lady in gray silk, with round blue eyes, emerges and looks straight at me, and remarks that it is pleasant now. A little cooler, say I, with false amiability. She quite agrees, and we speak of the men mowing: how plainly one hears the long breaths of the scythes! By now, we are *tête-à-tête*. We speak of cherries, strawberries, and the promise of the vine crop. This somehow leads to Italy, and the Signor Mussolini. Before I know where I am, the little white-haired lady has swept me off my balcony, away from the glassy lake, the veiled mountains, the men mowing, and the cherry trees, away into the troubled ether of international politics.

I am not allowed to sit like a dandelion on my own stem. The little lady in a breath blows me abroad. And I was so pleasantly musing over the two men mowing: the young one, with long legs in bright blue cotton trousers and with bare black head, swinging so lightly downhill, and the other, in black trousers, rather stout in front, and wearing a new straw hat of the boater variety, coming rather stiffly after, crunching the end of his stroke with a certain violent effort. I was watching the curiously different motions of the two men, the young thin one in bright blue trousers, the elderly fat one in shabby black trousers that stick out in front, the different amount of effort in their mowing, the lack of grace in the elderly one, his jerky advance, the unpleasant effect of the new boater on his head—and I tried to interest the little lady.

But it meant nothing to her. The

mowers, the mountains, the cherry trees, the lake, all the things that were *actually* there, she did n't care about. They even seemed to scare her off the balcony. But she held her ground, and, instead of herself being scared away, she snatched me up like some ogress, and swept me off into the empty desert spaces of right and wrong, politics, Fascism, and the rest.

The worst ogress could n't have treated me more villainously. I don't care about right and wrong, politics, Fascism, abstract liberty, or anything else of the sort. I want to look at the mowers, and wonder why fatness, elderliness, and black trousers should inevitably wear a new straw hat of the boater variety, move in stiff jerks, shove the end of the scythe stroke with a certain violence, and win my hearty disapproval, as contrasted with young long thinness, bright blue cotton trousers, a bare black head, and a pretty, lifting movement at the end of the scythe stroke.

Why do modern people almost invariably ignore the things that are actually present to them? Why, having come out from England to find mountains, lakes, scythe mowers, and cherry trees, does the little blue-eyed lady resolutely close her blue eyes to them all, now she's got them, and gaze away to Signor Mussolini, whom she has n't got, and to Fascism, which is invisible anyhow? Why is n't she content to be where she is? Why can't she be happy with what she's got? Why must she *care*?

I see now why her round blue eyes are so round, so noticeably round. It is because she cares. She is haunted by that mysterious bugbear of caring. For everything on earth that does n't concern her she cares. She cares terribly because far-off, invisible hypothetical Italians wear black shirts, but she does n't care a rap that one

elderly mower whose stroke she can hear wears black trousers, instead of bright blue cotton ones. Now if she would descend from the balcony and climb the grassy slope and say to the fat mower, *Cher monsieur, pourquoi portez-vous les pantalons noirs?* Why, oh why, do you wear black trousers? then I should say, What an on-the-spot little lady! But since she only torments me with international politics, I can only remark, What a tiresome, off-the-spot old woman!

They care! They simply are eaten up with caring. They are so busy caring about Fascism, or Leagues of Nations, or whether France is right, or whether marriage is threatened, that they never know where they are. They certainly never live on the spot where they are. They inhabit abstract space, the desert void of politics, principles, right and wrong, and so forth. They are doomed to be abstract. Talking to them is like trying to have a human relationship with the letter *x* in algebra.

There simply is a deadly breach between actual living and this abstract caring. What is actual living? It is a question mostly of direct contact. There was a direct sensuous contact between me, the lake, mountains, cherry trees, mowers, and a certain invisible but noisy chaffinch in a clipped lime tree. All this was cut off by the fatal shears of that abstract word, 'Fascism,' and the little old lady next door was the Atropos who cut the thread of my actual life this afternoon.

She beheaded me, and flung my head into abstract space. Then we are supposed to love our neighbors!

When it comes to living, we live through our instincts and our intuitions. Instinct makes me run from little overearnest ladies, instinct makes me sniff the lime blossom and reach for the darkest cherry. But it is

intuition which makes me feel the uncanny glassiness of the lake this afternoon, the sulkiness of the mountains, the vividness of near green in thunder sun, the young man in bright blue trousers lightly tossing the grass from the scythe, the elderly man in a boater stiffly shoving his scythe strokes, both of them sweating in the silence of the intense light.

HOSTS

HAVING retired from active business with something considerably less than a competence, and having purchased a small place in the country in which to pass the sunset years of my life, I turned my jaded mind from the contemplation of the eccentricities of the stock market to the equally mysterious processes of nature.

One of my silent aspirations when I took up my abode on my Sabine Farm was that it might become the Mecca of city friends, who would be tempted by its peace and quiet to visit me, and if possible to break bread with me and pass a night under the protection of my many-gabled roof.

So, when some minor repairs had been completed, I issued a somewhat general invitation to my more intimate friends to drop in when motoring by. It was my practice to engage in the less exacting agricultural duties in the morning; then lunch and a brief siesta, and I was ready for company. While waiting for their enthusiastic arrival I contrived to add picturesque bucolic touches to my environment. I made my toilet with nice attention to the requirements of my new character, and arranged to have the quarters of the pigs, the poultry, and my other humble possessions worthy of minute inspection.

I followed this line of procedure for several weeks, but it was totally lacking

in results. I spent long afternoons with ears attentive to the sound of an approaching motor, but they whirled by my gateway with arrogant disdain. I decided that there was something wrong with my invitations. A general invitation is, after all, no invitation. After careful thought I selected friends who, I decided, were most in need of the recuperative effect of country quiet, and issued to them definite invitations for specific days and hours. The result of this was a long series of telephone calls, at inconvenient hours, expressing regret that exacting social duties elsewhere prevented their coming, much as they desired to do so. It seemed indequate to press the matter, so I selected another group of less intimate friends and tried again. For some reason this group was less responsive than the first. From some of them I never heard at all. Then I saw my mistake. This sort of thing must grow naturally. My rural retreat must acquire a reputation for charming and unostentatious hospitality. Little by little its fame would spread, and then the tide would turn toward me. When this comforting reflection came to me I could hear the enraptured comments of friends. 'Have you, by any chance,' they would say, 'been out to Jackson's little place in the country? No? Oh, you must go. Just drop in at any time. He will be delighted to see you. Don't wait for a formal invitation. He does not do things that way. That's the charm of it.'

With these comforting words ringing in my ears, I settled myself to await developments. Meanwhile I was not bereft of all visitors. I was called upon by a taciturn gentleman who wished to sell me brushes, a pensive youth who offered me a correspondence course in the raising of poultry, and a young woman whose educational future seemed to depend upon my subscribing

to a number of multicolored magazines.

The visitor, however, who really stirred me was a young man who descended upon me and threatened to change the whole face of nature. He came with awe-inspiring credentials from the State Bureau of Agriculture. His mission seemed to be to discover just how far I was disregarding the agricultural ethics of the community. He desired to make a minute inspection of all growing things on the place. In half an hour he had reduced me to a state of groveling humiliation.

His discoveries were appalling. I had every sort of growing thing which no right-minded man would have. His face blanched when he beheld my gooseberry bed, and, pointing a trembling finger at the fruit-laden bushes, he uttered one word in a sepulchral whisper: 'Hosts!'

My currant bushes filled him with anguish, and even my beloved lilacs were pronounced to be 'hosts,' and he urged their immediate destruction. He then inspected my ancient fruit trees, and his mood became more and more tragic. He would lay his hand upon trunk after trunk as we made our rounds and, looking mournfully at me, would whisper, 'Doomed.' In vain I tried to explain to him that I was not a fruit farmer, that these ancient trees were kept for their beauty and the shade they afforded. He shook his head sadly. Such things could not be. I took him to the garden and tried the effect of a cool drink and a cigar. Nothing could assuage his grief, and his conviction that I was either a knave or a fool was strengthened as I talked.

He then explained with great care — quite simply, as he would to an ering child — that all the things that I loved most must be cut down. They were themselves in perfect health, but harbored the possibilities of disease

and destruction to others. I pointed out that none of the things affected by these parasites grew on my place, and, what was more, I did not care if they did. Very kindly but firmly he would reply, 'But they are hosts.' We had a long and melancholy interview. He evidently had no intention of leaving until he had wrung from me a promise to denude my entire estate. I finally said I would follow his advice as far as possible, for I did not know with what authority the young man was invested, and I had visions of an army of axemen appearing and, under the proud aegis of the Commonwealth, stripping my few acres, while I languished behind prison bars.

After he left me my mood changed to one of exaltation. My trees and shrubs took on a new and beautiful significance. They were not merely dumb growing things. They were 'hosts,' for 'he himself had said it.' Amid their leaves and branches myriad living things find asylum, and there enjoy the charming and unostentatious hospitality for which my country retreat is justly famous.

As I spend long, languorous afternoons listening to the hum of passing motors, I am no longer vexed that none pause at my gate. The callous inattention of erstwhile friends does not pain me. The world may pass me by, for I know that my currants, my gooseberries, my lilacs, in fact everything growing on my place is dispensing prodigal hospitality to millions of tiny and appreciative guests, who, though they may be so minute as to be well-nigh invisible, are after all brothers of mine in the great scheme of things.

But if ever again a blue convertible coupé with the arms of the Commonwealth on the door stops at my gate, I shall retire to my root cellar and remain there until it has departed to visit other hosts elsewhere.

FOR THE BOOK PAGE

The Life and Times of Somebody or Other. By Nicholson Pennys.

THERE is no particular reason why I should review this book. I know absolutely nothing about the fellow or his life and times, if he had any. I never even heard of him. Mr. Pennys and I have a bowing acquaintance. That is, I bow to Mr. Pennys and he pretends he does n't see me. But some of Mr. Pennys's friends told some of my friends that they thought it would be a good thing for me if I could review Mr. Pennys's new book in one of the papers, and I was taken to lunch with that in mind. I had something in mind also; that was that I should not review this book of Mr. Pennys. But it was a very good lunch, with strawberry ice cream, and here I am writing the review.

I should say in the beginning that I consider Pennys an ass, and that he writes very badly. I should never read anything of his for pleasure, much less for profit, so that it is doubtful if I shall find myself praising *The Life and Times* of this man, I forget his name. Perhaps Mr. Pennys's friends failed to think of that. Perhaps they thought I had an admiration for Mr. Pennys. If they did, they were wrong. They would have done better to have taken me to lunch with this *Life and Times* man, what's his name? But of course that was impossible, for he was dead.

I had intended to read some of the book before I reviewed it, but it looked so dull that I could n't begin. The friends of Mr. Pennys, particularly the one who is his publisher, seemed rather anxious that I should realize that this was the definitive biography of Mr. —er — of the subject. He left the impression that the man had led only one life and that it was all in this book. If that is so, I am surprised that he endured so long. He might have died reasonably

at chapter two. Mr. Pennys's publisher said also that he hoped that I should notice Mr. Pennys's style. Unfortunately he did n't tell me in which chapter this appeared, and in my hasty survey I was unable to find it.

Mr. Pennys, I know, is considered erudite. He has drawn attention to this fact in several hundred footnotes, but I have never gone in for footnotes, especially those in small type. I think people who write such things should be abolished. When Mr. Pennys dies, he can have a footnote on his gravestone.

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF NICHOLSON PENNYS¹

¹This is a conventional phrase stating that on these premises Mr. Nicholson Pennys is buried. As a matter of fact, he was buried at sea, so that the words 'here lies' must be construed to mean 'here is commemorated.' Mr. Pennys was an author, and a bad one.

But we were talking about this new book. In addition to being dull, it is very thin. A better title would have been 'The Life and Spare Time of Somebody or Other.' Mr. Pennys wrote it to oblige his publisher. I am writing this to oblige his publisher. I hope the publisher is satisfied. I am only sorry that this man who is the subject of the book had to be dragged into it. He was probably very upright and kind to his children. I am sure he did n't want his life written any more than I want to review it. I wish he were alive, so that I could tell him so.

Perhaps the book will sell. This review contains a quotable passage: 'the definitive biography,' which, I dare say, will be worked up into bold type. Several critics will find it a great book by a charming writer. And if they don't, the publisher can quote those words from here. I understand Mr. Pennys is abroad. Nothing can stop him. He is writing the 'Life and Times' of somebody else.

Order your copy now.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

WHEN Robert Keable died on the island of Tahiti less than a year ago, he had just finished a book about Jesus which all his life long he had wished to write. We are printing this month the opening chapters of this volume, which will appear as an Atlantic Monthly Press Publication early in 1929. Ralph Linton, of the Field Museum in Chicago, describes a recent expedition through wildest Madagascar. Δ The world of Joseph Wood Krutch has become a sadder place now that the sprightly tradition of tragedy has followed its cheerful counterpart, romantic love, into the limbo of dead values. Δ Certain Alabamaan defenders of the States' Rights principle have been calling Eleanor Risley a modern 'Arkansas Traveler' on the strength of her 'Alabama, Here We Rest' story that we printed last July. If our indignant Southern friends had only followed Vermont precedent and kept cool until 'Mountaineers and Mill Folks' appeared, they would have discovered that the lady was playing no State favorites. Dorothy Margaret Stuart is an Englishwoman and an associate of A. P. Herbert on the staff of *Punch*. Her flair for poetry is easily accounted for, since a sense of humor and a sense of proportion are generally acknowledged to be one and the same thing. Δ Although Herbert Parrish prefers not to have the title 'Reverend' tacked on in front of his name, he confesses that he is now entitled to write D.D. after it. Major A. W. Smith, who is connected with a trading company in Rangoon, has this to say about his hunting experiences on two continents: —

I have been interested in the subject of game and game preservation for a good many years, and my own observation has always received confirmation from the writings of those who know very much more about it than I. There is no mystery about the preservation of wild life of any kind, and given reasonable treatment it will thrive in most extraordinary conditions. The Downs of the Somme behind the British lines

during the height of the battle in 1916 probably carried a bigger head of the common partridge than they have done for many years. In peace time they are harried unmercifully, but during the war they were only disturbed by the passage of men and transports, by an occasional long-distance shelling, or by the bombing of aircraft. They appeared to have realized that these inconveniences were not directed at them, and to have ordered their lives accordingly.

In France, too, anyone in a quiet part of the line must have been struck with the richness of all kinds of wild life, in marked contrast to the deserted fields and woods farther from the war.

My six years' service as an officer in the British Army sent me traveling widely. I served in France and Belgium, and later as a Major on the British General Staff with Denikin's army in South Russia. Then India and Burma for the past nine years, during which time I have had the chance to hunt and study game birds and animals from Kashmir to the Nilgiris, and from Bombay to Burma and the Chinese border. During that time all I have seen has shown me that in these days of cheap high-powered rifles areas can far more easily be denuded of wild life than they can be repopulated, but give it a chance and it will thrive.

Although he has also distinguished himself as a poet, novelist, and translator, Edwin Muir is too good a Scotsman not to share with Hume and Kant the national propensity for philosophizing. His piece on the novel states a thesis and proves it. Frederick Cheever Shattuck, physician to two generations of Bostonians, is a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Δ As Dean of the Theological School at Harvard, Willard L. Sperry may appear to be identified with an institution renowned for religious tolerance — not to say indifference. But, to lapse into Scripture, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' The fact that compulsory chapel has gone the way of freshman hazing in Cambridge does not mean that the subject is closed there. Δ Both Indian and English blood flow in the veins of Nancy Byrd Turner —

a descendant of Pocahontas and of the Virginia Randolphs. Her homesickness for England, however, indicates the dominance of the Anglo-Saxon strain. Among the many replies that Moore Bennett's article on 'Christianity in China' called forth none seemed to us more sweetly reasonable than that of **Louise Strong Hammond**. She confesses that 'we missionaries are a determined and verbose lot,' and describes herself as a Vassar graduate who has written extensively for the newspapers and translated Chinese poems into the vulgate. **Walter D. Edmonds**'s powerful melodrama of the race track belongs to that grand tradition in American humor that Mark Twain followed in 'The Jumping Frog.' Originating in Ohio, **Dr. Gustav Eckstein** has found a spiritual home for himself in Japan.

As professor of Public Utilities in the Harvard Business School, **Philip Cabot** is in a position to deal impartially with a number of the points raised in Maurice Scharff's recent criticism of the industry. **Bernard K. Sandwell** is a British-born Canadian with an American wife. He has divided his energies between journalism and the teaching of economics at McGill, and is now contributing editor to the *Montreal Financial Times*. **William Trufant Foster** and **Waddill Catchings** are connected with the Pollak Foundation for Economic Research.

Friend Hoover is conscientious.

August 28, 1928

FRIEND ATLANTIC, —

Apropos of Friend John W. Gummere's fears of Quaker pacifism of Herbert Hoover.

It is quite true that many Friends have suffered rather than give any countenance to the views of the world's people about war. It is also true that others have obeyed a higher voice than that of Friends' discipline. Notably in the Civil War, young Quakers shouldered their guns and marched to battle at Lincoln's call. They merely left word, 'We are sorry that the call of the Spirit goes against the discipline of our Meeting.'

The essential element of the Friendly faith is the belief that the individual conscience is the supreme guide of man. The Friends hold it

superior to church or creed or book. While Herbert Hoover's Quakerism may indicate what he is likely to do, the real menace will lie in the conscience that determines what he actually will do.

If one happens to disagree with him, Mr. Hoover will appear to be a very dangerous man. If one chances to be on the same side, Friend Herbert will appear a very safe one.

EUNICE STEBBINS

But on the other hand —

September 15, 1928

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

That my letter should have been viewed as an attack on Quakerism is a cause of chagrin, for nothing was further from my intent.

Roman Catholicism and Quakerism have both produced lives of the sweetest sanctity. Both have given the world a definite ethical teaching, and from its origin the latter has protested against bearing arms, judicial oaths, and formalism. If it has not done this, it has done nothing.

If quoting from an authoritative Quaker source a positive teaching on bearing arms constitutes an attack on Quakerism, then I am guilty.

Aside from its plea for fair play, my letter should rather be interpreted as an attack on Mr. Hoover's mode of thought, which makes Quakerism to appear as that zenith of formalism which teaches definitely and acts differently, and which is thus portrayed not as the abode of the mystics but of the misty.

JOHN W. GUMMERE

The following stanzas sent us by Reverend W. A. Williams, 'Publisher of Prohibition Songs,' can be sung to the tune of 'Beulah Land' with intoxicating effect:—

'I NEVER YET HAVE VOTED WET'

'I never yet have voted wet.' — Placard on stores in the South

'I do not choose to vote for booze.' — Convention slogan

'I never yet have voted wet';

'I do not choose to vote for booze,'

'I'll never vote so bum or bloat'

May 'blow off foam,' and wreck his home.

Chorus:

I never yet have voted wet;

I do not choose to vote for booze.

'Keep Hoover out!' the rummies shout;

But what a sin to let Smith in!

A hundred years of prayers and tears

Would all be lost. Oh! what a cost!

The Tiger's claws would scrap dry laws;
Then — same decoys for girls and boys,
Their hearts to break, their lives to wreck;
Their souls they'll lose — and all for booze!

I never can vote for a man
Whose whole career has favored beer,
Whose greatest claim to deathless fame
Is — no regret for voting wet!

Mrs. Risley and the folks of Posey Holler would be pretty sure to disagree with this gentleman from Oklahoma, who offers a very matter-of-fact explanation of snakes and snake nights.

PONCA CITY, OKLAHOMA

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

As to 'Snake Night up Posey Holler,' there are very few persons who will believe the story true, but a few who are well acquainted with the habits of rattlesnakes will believe it.

I was raised in the Appalachian Mountains in Virginia where rattlers and copperheads were very numerous. The copperhead, though not so deadly, was far more apt to strike. But how could the preacher handle the rattle with impunity?

It was not because the preacher had been endowed with supernatural power, but because the snake had been deprived of his natural power. If you pull the fangs of a rattlesnake there is no more tractable snake; he seems to like to be handled by man until another set of fangs become hard, when he immediately becomes as dangerous as ever.

All rattlesnakes and copperheads have three pairs of fangs. Some have more. But only one pair are hard; the other two are soft. But when one pair is pulled the next two begin to harden and in a short time are as dangerous as the first two. But in the meantime the serpent may be handled as was the one in Posey Holler.

My brother once caught a very large rattle early in the summer and kept him until fall. His appearance showed he had just had a heavy meal, maybe two or three squirrels or rabbits. He never ate anything more. A month or so later a toad was put in the cage with him. The toad was greatly excited and tried to get away, but in a few days he learned that there was no danger, and in the fall, when the nights were cool, the snake would be coiled up and the toad sitting on top of him.

My brother in the fall gave the snake to his cousin and told him to pull the snake fangs and tell people in the town where he lived that he was a snake charmer.

This he did. But my brother had not thought to tell him to look out for the other two pairs of fangs.

His cousin played with the snake for a while and astonished his neighbors by his power to charm the great rattle and handle him. But one day he put his hand into the cage. The second pair of fangs had hardened. The snake struck the boy on the hand and almost killed him.

Rattlesnakes and copperheads hibernate together in the same den. I hope this may save someone from great suffering and maybe death.

Respectfully,

M. A. DUNLAP

And now for the love letters, many of which were written in a much more serious vein than these below. Here, for instance, is disturbing evidence that the value whose death Joseph Wood Krutch has been celebrating still thrives dangerously in our great cities, not even sparing *Atlantic* readers.

'The public,' writes one of our fair New York correspondents, 'is being deluged of late with articles on love, marriage, divorce, and sex. Most of these are simply the voicing of fears that all is not as it should be in the love life of the present generation.' After praising Dr. Krutch for his courage and skill, she goes on, however, to point out that the words 'affection' and 'friendship' are conspicuously absent from his essay, and that deep affections between men and women have existed and can exist — 'irrespective of whether or not a sexual relationship exists.' But it was her closing paragraph that really held us spellbound: —

I drove last night with an intelligent young playwright. It was the third time I had met him. After a short ride he matter-of-factly stopped the car and proceeded to become amorous. I protested that I did not relish being petted by someone for whom I had no affection. Whereupon he remarked, 'Oh, petting has no significance; it's simply pleasant.' This is doubtless typical of our new attitude toward sex — of the gradual freeing of ourselves from romantic values. Perhaps romanticism is dying, but surely it is a little early to announce the obsequies of Love!

FLORA M. RHIND

447 EAST 65TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Professor Warren S. Gordis, Head of the English Department, Stetson University, De Land, Florida, sends this reply to Dr. Krutch: —

Last Monday evening an audience that packed the opera house was profoundly moved. Kreisler, as few can, interpreted on a rare old violin some of Chopin's most exquisite music, and when at the close of the performance two prominent and beautiful young women presented the artist with baskets of lilies and roses respectively, such an ovation followed as has seldom been seen in our city.

The following evening, however, at a session of the Modern Truth Association, now meeting in this city, the celebrated Dr. Bunk presented considerations which among thinking people have created a decided stir.

The learned man called attention to the fact that the sounds which had so moved the audience arose simply from the vibrations of catgut, that the cat is a relatively inconsequential animal, that a dead cat is even less significant than a living one, and finally that the gut of the cat is the most unromantic portion of the feline anatomy; even the nocturnal vibrations of the vocal cords of the living cat have not usually awakened rapturous emotions on the part of the listeners. In view of these undoubted truths, the emotional reaction of the audience Monday evening was shown to be highly irrational.

Nor was this all. Investigations showed that the lilies and roses, the offering of which occasioned the climax of enthusiasm, had come from a florist who had produced them from the unmentionable by-product of his neighbor's cow stable; they were, therefore, merely sublimated — supply whatever disgusting word you find appropriate. Here we have the pitiable and humiliating spectacle of a presumably intelligent and cultivated audience going into raptures over sublimated catgut and sublimated — fertilizer. What the lecturer said about the charm of the young ladies who presented the flowers we have not space to report.

True, there were some who modestly took issue with Dr. Bunk. They did not deny that the catgut was an element, and perhaps a necessary element, in Kreisler's performance, but they urged the presence of other and more significant elements — elements of an entirely different nature. They spoke of the artistic inspiration of Chopin, of the succession of skillful artisans that had made the violin possible, and finally of the musical genius of Kreisler, which they thought was something more than sublimated beefsteak. They considered the lilies and roses in a somewhat similar light, saying something about their essen-

tial beauty as a mysterious gift of nature, not yet exhaustively explained, and about the human patience and skill devoted to the improvement of varieties and the production of the given specimens. Some even ventured to suggest that Dr. Bunk's analysis was sublimated nonsense.

Discerning ones, however, had a definite suspicion that these protestants were Victorians, perhaps even Mid-Victorians in spirit — a suspicion that became almost a certainty when on several occasions the words 'spiritual' and 'divine' inadvertently were allowed to escape. They evidently were suffering from those strange 'taboos' and 'inhibitions' which are known to infect Mid-Victorians, and to which they sometimes give the absurd and high-sounding names of aesthetic, moral, and religious principles. Of course there were anticipations of Victorianism before the reign of the 'smug' and 'stuffy' queen from whose name and age the movement is labeled; Socrates, Plato, Kant, and even Jesus belonged essentially to the tribe — a tribe that, as everyone now realizes, is rapidly on the way to extinction, thanks to the victorious principle of Modern Disillusionment.

As Dr. Bunk's analysis of the situation has been telegraphed throughout the country, and even throughout the civilized world, musicians and florists, and the lovers of music and flowers, have been filled with consternation and distress. Disillusionment has shown them that they were really devotees to catgut and stable manure. Many suicides have already been announced; but it is to be hoped that the survivors will, in general, try to reconcile themselves to the gloomy days stretching out before them, realizing that nothing is quite so precious as truth and stark reality.

Some there are, to be sure, who may admit the intellectual effectiveness of Dr. Krutch's attack on the emotion that made the movies what they are to-day, but who feel that love still fills a by no means negligible function in the Great Scheme of Things. Witness, for example, the effect of love's fulfillment on one of our readers.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Partly, perhaps, because my wife has just presented me with a son, I must refuse to be upset by Mr. Krutch's recent article. May I, nevertheless, present this.

With Compliments to Joseph Wood Krutch

Hence, my dear! 'T was all delusion;

Lift yourself from off my knee;

What we thought was love was only

'Sublimated sex,' you see.

Love's an artificial 'value'
Savage hearts have ever scorned;
Now it's dead, so don't go howling:
Trivial things are best unmourned.

All the sad young men are waiting
For the flower they helped to smutch;
Never mind the fibs I told you:
Love is left without a Krutch.

'Come and see the moon a moment'?
Nonsense, woman; I'll not stir!
As for you — go get my supper:
I'm a savage now, by G-r-r!

Yours most humbly,
GEORGE BRANDON SAUL

Robert Lynd explained in our September number why literature declines. His reflections have led at least one sympathetic reader to offer us these grounds for hope.

MADISON, WISCONSIN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Mr. Lynd's article, 'Why Literature Declines,' in your September number, touched a vibrant chord. It is sad but true that in this world of stark realism and materialism — the world which has discarded Heaven, Hell, Purity, Sanctity, Ideals, even clothes — there remain, despite its efforts at the extinction of such, some few old fogies who still cling lovingly, in memory at least, to the literature of bygone days; and who still cherish a secret hope that some day men will again *write* of the things which stir their souls instead of searching for methods of suppressing them or explaining them away in terms of complexes and phobias.

But this age is the avowed enemy alike of him who would read or him who would write any but the literature of its kind. We used to find keen joy in taking flights out of the material world with Dante and Goethe and Shakespeare; but who can crowd one of those flights in, now, between the directors' meeting and the foursome? We used to delight in standing "mid the eternal ways" with Burroughs; but now those ways are overrun by the jostling mobs who know that Heaven is right here on earth and that each must hurry if he wishes to seize a piece for himself. We used to pluck a flower from the 'crannied wall' and thrill, with Tennyson, to hold it in hand, 'root, stem and all'; but now the signs read, 'Do not touch flowers or shrubs.'

And who cares to write what will not be read?

There is but one hope! Cæsar did not write his will the day Mark Antony read it to the populace. Our hope must rest in the closets!

Perhaps somewhere, even now, there are some few fine spirits — rarely has an age produced them in numbers — who understand that some day this era of sophistication and arrogant rationalism will have passed, that there will come a time when the flight of a spirit into the world of imagery will no longer be cause for an anxious visit to the family psychoanalyst, and who even now are writing truly great literature against that hour.

Would it not be a happy moment in Heaven (though, of course, that is merely a puerile concept) if one might look down (how absolutely absurd!) and hear a critic say, upon bringing to light a beautiful work for the sake of which some genius 'suffered the slings and arrows' of this generation, 'I found it in his closet'? But, of course, apartments and family hotels do not have closets. He will probably merely announce, 'It was in his safe-deposit box.'

Very truly,
E. MARGARET PARKER

Turning back to the eighteenth century, here is the kind of letter a long-lost husband of that period used to send to his wife. The author, a native of Charlestown, Massachusetts, never reached home, as his ship was wrecked. Molly lived to be ninety.

LONDON, June 23, 1766

DEAR MOLLY, —

This will inform you that I am still in the world. I have been so long counted among the Dead that I suppose all the remembrance of me is this — viz., that I was a bad husband because I left no Money. I suppose my Character has been canvassed as customary. Some have imputed my Poverty to Extravagance, others to Unskillfulness, and others to Carelessness in business — very few to the True Cause, the Will of God. You (who knew me best) I hope have done me justice in your Thoughts, in the midst of all your difficulties. I think I was not an Unkind Husband or Father, nor disagreeable Friend and Acquaintance. I do assure you when I expected momentarily to perish I had that consolation that I had endeavored to make you and my children happy. I remembered that I had some oddities in my Behaviour which might not have been always agreeable to you but which I hoped your Goodnature would forgive. I believe I may say the greatest Trouble I had at that Time (for I trusted God would forgive my sins) was the circumstances I should leave you and my children in — but notwithstanding those things and that I have been so long imagined dead that your Grief for the loss of my Person may possibly be

at an End, yet I hope that my Resurrection to you and Life again if it Please God may not be disagreeable to you. I think you loved me and cannot have forgot me so soon.

As you may want to know what has befallen me (for you formerly had curiosity to know things) I will acquaint you. On the 10th of January last in a hard gale of wind a very bad sea struck my vessel and occasioned her to leak very much. We kept continually pumping Night and Day till the 13th, and then the Water had increased so much that the Vessel was just upon sinking when we hoisted our boat out and got into it hardly in expectation of saving our lives but in the Hopes of living a little longer to repent of our Sins and ask Forgiveness, but it pleased God, after we had been 8 days in the boat in very stormy weather, and suffering a great deal for want of Victuals and Drink, to carry us to the Island of Flores inhabited by Portugese and who were exceedingly kind, especially to me. I having by being constantly wet, got the Gout in both Legs and Feet and left Hand so that I was unable to help myself, was taken from the Boat by two of them and carried about a mile, where I had an House and Bed provided for me and where I lay 17 days in great misery. After continuing in that Island (where I was obliged to sell my Hat, Buckles, and Buttons to subsist me) four months, I was carried to Dover in England and thence I came by land to this city, where I cant find that kindness that I have exercised upon many — I mean to let me have a passage without paying for it. I hope under these Frowns of providence that we shall behave suitably with a Religious Resignation, and not one murmuring thought arise. If it be best for us we shall yet meet with prosperity, but let us endeavor to act our part well upon this stage of the World, having this to comfort us — that when the Curtain is drawn, he that acts well the part of a beggar will have as much applause as he that acts the part of a King — or as Christians let us run with Patience the Race set before us — not despising the Chastisement of the Lord, but by patient continuance in well doing, let us seek Glory, Honor, and Immortality and in the end we shall undoubtedly obtain Everlasting Life. Then we shall look back upon what we called Troubles and Adversities in this world and wonder we gave them so hard a name. We shall then know that they were only the kind Chastisements of a Beneficent Father, for our Good, to wean us from a Fondness for this World and its Vanities. We shall then glory in the Tribulations we met with seeing they were necessary for us in the Road to Happiness.

I hope you and my children have health. I long most heartily to see you. If God continues my health I shall come home in Captain Howard who sails in about a week.

I do not know what to say more. Pray give my duty to your Mother; tell her I am sorry I am the cause of so much uneasiness to her as I must necessarily have been. My love to your brother Nathaniel. I wish him happiness. To my Father and Mother give my dutiful regards; my love to all you think will be glad to hear I am alive. Give my blessing to my Children and accept the Love and Esteem of one whose greatest satisfaction is that he was beloved by you, and who is in Life or Death

My Dearest,

Your Constant Affectionate Husband,

E — K —

Here's a pedagogue who up and revolted and even thinks it's great. We only hope the example will not spread too widely, for the time may come when others of us will find ourselves as bored with our labors as our preceptors seem to be with theirs. And when that happens who will run our trains, mine our coal, wash our dishes, and write our Contributors' Columns for us?

August 29, 1928

DEAR PEDAGOGUE IN REVOLT, —

Yes, resign! Better yet, retire. Retire along with me, the best is yet to be. This is not an invitation — simply a misquotation.

I have just read your article in the September *Atlantic* and my thoughts flew back to more than thirty years ago when, with all the glories of undiscovered Paris beckoning to me, I forced myself to toil in ill-ventilated libraries. When instead of joyously following adventure into unknown paths I doggedly pursued the fate of Latin *o* in the poems of Gonzalo de Berceo. I could not enjoy the quaint charm of his verse lest I miss one of those pesky little letters. No one could tell what disguise they might have assumed since first they wandered from the Roman moorings, and it was up to me to track them to their Spanish lairs. Six long months I was a Romance sleuth, and when I finally rounded up all my captives my only reward was an enigmatical combination of letters to be suffixed to my name. And in my soul was born a distrust of the value of a certain kind of scholarship. I had sinned against that sweet old poet beyond forgiveness, and my punishment was that I never could read him again.

So your article struck an answering chord in my own experience. I stuck to my job of interpreting (?) literature for over thirty years, but finally gave it up a year ago. I am free! Free to say what I think and do what I want. It's great.

Sympathetically yours,

E. W.

"IF TIME is precious," said Carlyle, "no book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all." Time nowadays is more precious than ever before. Nobody questions the fact that good reading is an essential part of every human life.

But how can the busy man or woman take the time to cull the best out of the hopelessly large amount of literature that has been written, when a modern public library contains hundreds of thousands of books?

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EMERSON once said: "Would that some charitable soul, after losing a great deal of time among the false books, and alighting upon the few true ones which made him happy and wise, would name those which have been bridges or ships to carry him over the dark morasses and barren oceans, into sacred cities, into palaces and temples."

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The Atlantic Bookshelf

A BLESSED COMPANION IS A BOOK

Appreciating the national popularity of reading clubs and circulating libraries, the Editor of the Bookshelf has compiled a list of the most prominent books, fiction and non-fiction, that have appeared in the last twelvemonth. This list has been selected from the suggestions of the nine librarian advisers of the Atlantic; it will be sent with our compliments to committees and members of reading clubs and other interested persons. Requests should be addressed to the Editor of the Bookshelf, Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Orlando: A Biography, by Virginia Woolf.
New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. 10mo.
333 pp. \$3.00.

In her new novel, which she labels a biography, Virginia Woolf has gone skylarking and played a monstrous joke on modern biographers. Her preface, solemnly acknowledging help received from authorities and friends, arouses a suspicion which is confirmed as the story unfolds. The hero-heroine, Orlando, is introduced as a Court boy sparring with a Moor's head in a sixteenth-century attic; and we take leave of him, a woman in her thirties, at an airplane tryst with her husband three centuries later. Meanwhile he has been in turn a poet-lord, an ambassador to Turkey, a gypsy girl in Greece, an eighteenth-century English lady, and a Victorian mother. The volume is duly rounded off with an index. Even the illustrations contribute to the mischief, for they are photographs of the present Miss Sackville-West, on whom the author is said to have drawn for Orlando's later character.

Each episode in the headlong narrative is built up with the fullness of outward detail that biography now affects. The age of Elizabeth shows the glamorous contrasts that Mr. Strachey can be counted upon to give it in his forthcoming book; the nineteenth century is costumed in crinolines, and reaches its climax in a midnight wedding amid thunderclaps. The successive ages of England take their turns at the pillory. Mrs. Woolf has aimed her mockery not merely at history, but at the infallibility of historians and their weakness for primary colors. Human character is less simple, and the spirit of an age less easily approached, than writers like to believe. Her method of showing them up at their own game is compounded of mock-heroics and flights of extravagant nonsense, irony, poetry, caprice, and shimmering wit.

All this seems far away from the Virginia Woolf of *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse*. It is, indeed, off the track of the experiment laid out in those two books; but it is no less an experiment, and an interesting one. Beneath the mockery will be found a theme that has haunted Mrs. Woolf before — the relativity of the time element in human affairs. In *Mrs. Dalloway* it ran

through the story in the hourly striking of the clock. In the magnificent second chapter of *To the Lighthouse* time dwelt quietly in a deserted house while the haste of the world's events went on apart. Here in *Orlando* time is almost the protagonist — minutes are expanded and years are telescoped according to the urgency of the character, centuries being compassed in a single life. The time of an action may be insignificant, while the time of a thought is spun out to enormous lengths. Whatever may be said for the illustration offered in Orlando's life, the force of the general truth will not be lost on any reader. In a way Mrs. Woolf has added a fourth dimension to human nature, a new province for the novelist to exploit.

Orlando confirms the judgment that Mrs. Woolf is the most brilliant of the English experimenters. Her great gifts of language and intuition are joined in this book with a deep-lying sense of humor, and a wit that plays like summer lightning over a sky already bright with stars. It is unnatural that she has not won a larger body of readers. 'The transaction between a writer and the spirit of the age,' she says, 'is one of extreme delicacy, and upon a nice arrangement between the two the whole fortune of his work depends.' In an age of Einstein and radio, speed and confusion, this novelist, who makes time and complexity her themes, has offered better terms to her age than her age has yet acknowledged.

MARSHALL A. BEST

The Intimate Papers of Colonel House.
III. Into the World War. IV. The Ending of the War. Arranged as a Narrative by Charles Seymour. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1928. 8vo. xviii+453, 552 pp. Illus. \$10.00.

COLONEL HOUSE often said of President Wilson and himself, 'Our minds run parallel.' This parallelism was so close that it is extraordinary to see how often they came separately to the same conclusions, how completely the President continually accepted his friend's advice, how fully he entrusted him with the most important missions without feeling it necessary to give him any definite written or verbal instructions. This

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mutual confidence and understanding gave the silent Texan a unique position as superadviser and superambassador. It makes invaluable his record of American participation in winning the war and making the peace, which are the main themes of the third and fourth volumes of the *Intimate Papers*.

Though the thoughts of the President and Colonel House traveled toward the same ideals, they sometimes differed as to the most practical means of achieving them. When they differed, it was usually Colonel House who was shrewder, wiser, and more flexible. He was strongly opposed to any intervention in Russia after the Bolsheviks seized control, as was also the President at first; but, under continued pressure from the French and the British, the President finally consented to join Japan in the unfortunate Siberian adventure. When the Treaty of Versailles was before the Senate, House wrote two letters to the President advising him to let the Senate make reservations as the only way to assure ratification; the responsibility for accepting the reservations could be left to the other Powers. But the letters were left unanswered and the advice was not taken. In many cases House deterred the President from using phrases which he feared might cause needless friction in Europe. If he saw more clearly the realities of the European situation, it is to be remembered that he did not have upon his shoulders the great weight of domestic official business and could concentrate his attention upon foreign problems with which his missions to Europe had made him more familiar; nor did he have the burden of the final responsibility for decisions.

The volumes close with a note of sadness and regret that the achievements at the Peace Conference fell so far short of the ideals. As he watched the pageant of the signing of the Treaty, Colonel House says he 'had a feeling of sympathy for the Germans who sat there quite stoically. It was not unlike what was done in olden times, when the conqueror dragged the conquered at his chariot wheels. To my mind, it is out of keeping with the new era which we profess an ardent desire to promote.' He had been opposed to having the President come to take part in the Peace Conference, feeling that if he remained upon his lofty pedestal in Washington he would wield more power and influence in favor of their mutual ideals than if he descended to wrangle with the representatives of other States at Paris. 'To those who are saying that the Treaty is bad and should never have been made and that it will involve Europe in infinite difficulties in its enforcement, I feel like admitting it.'

It was during the latter part of the Peace Conference that there came a mysterious though hardly perceptible change in his relations with President Wilson. As Professor Seymour clearly shows, there was never any quarrel or break between them, but it happened that they never saw each other again after parting at Paris. Soon

afterward the President's health gave way, and with his sickness the intimate relations with his closest friend lapsed.

SIDNEY B. FAY

Whither Mankind: A Panorama of Modern Civilization. Edited by Charles A. Beard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. 8vo. 408 pp. \$3.00.

A SCORE of well-known writers have gathered together their views concerning the present and the future of mankind, in this age of science and machines, asking the question, Whither? and returning answers on the whole reassuring. The 'outstanding material prosperity of the common man' is studied from many sides. Labor, Literature, Law, Philosophy, and their fate amid machines and science, are thoughtfully discussed.

There is a notable theme common to all these essays, all the more striking because it was evidently not foreseen or consciously introduced: nearly every writer has recorded facts or principles which are additional illustrations for Emerson's great essay on Compensation. Thus Bertrand Russell tells us that, 'while man collectively has been freed from bondage to the nonhuman world, men individually are held in bondage to their fellow men more completely than in the prescientific age.' The authors of the chapter on Labor supplement this when they say that 'the new atmosphere of personal obligation results, paradoxically, in the enlargement of individual faculty — law has been the mother of freedom.' Havelock Ellis, describing the loosening of the ties of family life, nevertheless adds that 'the younger generation cultivates ideals of self-discipline and self-control.'

Side by side with these more ideal compensations are others quite palpable and concrete. Thus, the fall of the death rate in nearly all Western countries is everywhere shadowed by a falling birth rate. And, while medical science has banished or diminished many evils, the net result is hardly changed: 'To-day, we are dying of heart disease and apoplexy and nephritis and cancer and pneumonia.' But there are compensations of a happier kind. The machine age has increased, it is true, the roll of millionaires; the millionaires in their turn have multiplied universities and researches of humane intent. Again, while our many legislatures are grinding out new laws by the hundred every session, while lawyers are elaborating new subtleties and evasions, the practical men are setting aside this whole legal machinery, and turning more and more to arbitration. So we are reminded that the many afflictions imposed upon the workers in the early decades of the industrial age have engendered, on the one hand, protective factory acts, and, on the other, combinations among the workers to defend their own interests. Trade-unions in their turn have led many farsighted employers to introduce physical and social ameliorations in the daily life of their workers.

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The principle of compensation touches contemporary writing also. Carl van Doren, in a closely thought essay, propounds the paradox that the machine age 'has drawn author and audience closer together; it has driven author and audience farther apart.' And finally we have, from George A. Dorsey, an ironic climax: 'The epoch-making achievement of genetics during the last quarter of a century is the complete, comprehensive, and general demonstration that heredity does *not* mean that like produces like.'

Thus fortified by these able writers, let us consider whether the great law of compensation may not be at work in the warp and woof of this age of science and machines. To begin with, the view advanced by the editor, that the advance of machines has led to a decline in agriculture, appears open to question. Is it not true that agriculture has largely profited both by science and by machines, so that the kindly fruits of the earth are gathered to-day in a profusion never known before? Is it not equally open to question that machine products are either cheap or shoddy? The selection of materials is better than ever before, as is much of the design and workmanship. The point really open to criticism is the monotony of the result. Then, to go deeper, may there not be at least a promise of large compensation inherent in this age of science? After all, science means a tremendous awakening of consciousness, even though it be a one-sided awakening. But does it not suggest the possibility, now that old moulds of thought are shattered, of widening and deepening consciousness in other ways? Of giving to our consciousness a wider and deeper sense of mystery and beauty, of finer reverence and joy? If consciousness can be awakened, our destiny is in our own hands; everything depends on the quality of consciousness to which our hearts sincerely turn.

CHARLES JOHNSTON

This Book-Collecting Game, by A. Edward Newton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. (An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication.) 1928. 8vo. xiv+410 pp. Illus. \$5.00.

If we may draw an inference from the close of his new and fourth book, this is Mr. Newton's Swan Song to the collectorate. Perhaps this is just as well: I do not say so because the stream has run out, but because I do not think he will better what he has already accomplished. Mr. Newton's writing, his books, his point of view, are not easy to criticize. He is a unique person: a hobbyist, a man of taste, a Johnsonian, an artist, a reader at once catholic and intolerant, an individual impudent yet rather lovable.

If his other books have been aimed at the reader who might stroll through his pages in the manner of a visitor in the Tate Gallery, *This Book-Collecting Game* is addressed in all intimacy to the prospective, or the actual, novitiate in the art. Mr. Newton is no stylist. He would be the first to say so. He does not even pretend,

He is the talker: fluent, exciting, a little overfond of anecdote, perhaps, a little repetitious, extremely prejudicial. But this is nothing. If one cares for books 'in black or red' one will be enchanted; and for him who has yet to make encounter, this is eminently the place to begin.

The way of the digressor is easy. Yet it is possible that digression is largely responsible for the charm of this book. Mr. Newton seems always to be surprised in the middle of an observation by collateral evidence. The chapters themselves surprise each other. There is that 'Conversation in the Library at "Oak Knoll,'" with a great deal to say about George Moore, and deriving, I should guess, from that extraordinary introduction to *An Anthology of Pure Poetry*. There is a pleasant sandwiching of sugared technicalities in such chapters as 'The Book Itself,' and 'The Format of the English Novel,' a gentle irony over the tricks of the trade in 'Caveat Emptor,' and a loose rein on literary judgment in 'One Hundred Good Novels.' This matter of opinion on the qualities of writers living and dead may prove a source of irritation to the earnest. From a nature so positive, acceptance of *Moby Dick*, denial of Conrad, light tolerance of Emerson, are bound to strike fire and make one forget for the moment that this is not primarily of books but *about* them. I am surprised that Morley has not persuaded him to the faith of Walt Whitman. Or even more so that Tomlinson — who, he says, 'writes of the sea as no other man now living does' — has not brought him to the knees of Thoreau!

The book is beautifully illustrated out of the author's rich collection and from the collections of a legion of friends. I have said Mr. Newton is a unique man; I should add that he occupies a unique place in letters. Of the many followers in the path of *Amenities* none has equaled him. Book-collecting, he avers, is eating one's cake and having it too. A delightful hobby that produced a delightful writer who has bought with princes and sold to the proletarians of the armchair.

DAVID McCORD

A Group of New Biographies

THERE are two great divisions of biography: one contains the raw materials for a life; the other, by a special art, models a portrait 'in time' as the painter does in space. Once in a century, a Boswell will give us both the materials and the portrait.

Forster's *Dickens* belongs to this limited class, although it was written in the presence of a watchful family and a susceptible public. Now that **Forster's Life of Charles Dickens**, edited and annotated by J. W. T. Ley, has corrected Forster's great document and, in particular, has cleared up Dickens's early infatuation for Maria Beadnell and his later domestic griefs, there is little left for anyone to say — except by way of interpretation. **Mr. Ralph Straus**,

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in his **Charles Dickens: A Biography from New Sources**, does not do much to relate his hero to our own day: his is still the standard portrait, more or less, in cabinet size. Charles Dickens is too fascinating a subject, and his life was too full of the typical Victorian dilemmas, to be left in this state; what he needs is a biographer like **Mr. Matthew Josephson**, whose study of **Zola and His Time** is one of the soundest and most distinguished works of biography that has recently appeared in America.

Mr. Josephson has precisely the right touch of skepticism for dealing with his subject: his Zola is a real man, who lives, starves, slaves, fights, produces, and Mr. Josephson portrays his career with fidelity and tact, without for a moment accepting the values and ideas his hero cherished. Aware of a certain shallowness that characterized the realism and positive science for which Zola stood, Mr. Josephson nevertheless achieves a portrait that Taine and Zola would, I am sure, have applauded. While the biographer does historic justice to both a great figure and a brave man, he does not conceal the grotesque and repulsive aspects of his theme: Zola's gluttony, his relentless ambition, or the somewhat jerry-built character of that vast industrial city of novels Zola erected almost overnight. Mr. Josephson's book, with its keen documentation and nice analysis, is a proof that a warm, intelligent understanding of a man's life is not incompatible with an ironic aloofness which may sometimes mount into positive distaste.

What Mr. Josephson does with a character and a time near enough for familiarity, **Mr. Lytton Strachey** achieves in the even more difficult period of **Elizabeth and Essex**. His task is to give life to that stormy tapestry of an age when only a step separated the gilded lords at the playhouse from the rough and turbulent crowd in the pit; an age when everyone played a part and might at any moment throw off the disguise of royalty, birth, culture, and disclose a snarling animality; in short, the age of Elizabeth, who was competent in five languages and could swear, on occasion, like a fishwife. In his latest biography Mr. Strachey's art reaches its most complete development: his delicate psychology, his rich historic knowledge, his pliant and accurate and finely measured style, all are present, without undue sacrifice to his irony. His characters come very close to us, as a play of Shakespeare's does when it is well presented; and yet something about them remains peculiar and unfathomable, and Mr. Strachey never for a moment lets us fancy that we have a final key to their enigmas.

The beautiful, blundering Essex, the vain, sensible, intelligent Elizabeth, whose instinct for the right gesture would never permit her to hasten its eventuality — both the romance and the history are portrayed with something like finality. Through this drama, the too cunning and too subtle figure of Francis Bacon

threads in and out, serpentlike. Mr. Strachey's sublimation of his hatred for Bacon is a model of deadly restraint: he scotches the poisonous fellow again and again, but, like the snake, Bacon does not die till sundown, when the drama itself is over. It is a beautiful and memorable book. When one considers it one sees the meaning of Whitman's pregnant words: 'There is no more need for romances; let history and truth be properly told.'

If Mr. Strachey's book is a biography with a wide historic background, **Mr. Van Loon's Pieter Stuyvesant and His Times** is rather a history of the rise and fall of New Amsterdam, with a single figure, Stuyvesant himself, to focus and complete the story. In this narrative, Mr. Van Loon returns to familiar ground; and his old humor, his old ease, his old memories, come back and enrich the picture. It is the most satisfactory work Mr. Van Loon has written since *The Story of Mankind*; and one trusts it will prosper sufficiently to encourage him to go on in the same vein. **Mr. Guedalla** is another historian who has taken to biography; but his sketches in **Bonnet and Shawl: An Album**, of such Victorian women as Catherine Gladstone and Emily Tennyson, are shallow rather than delicate; M. André Maurois at his worst rather than Mr. Guedalla at his best; the planished commonplace. Mr. Guedalla is capable of genuine wit and no little intellectual penetration; but when he parades as he does in this latest book, one is tempted to fall upon him heartily and not leave a rag on his back.

One of the events of the season is surely the publication of **The Early Life of Thomas Hardy by Florence Emily Hardy**. In outline we know something about his development; but there are vast stores of detail to be brought down from the attic; and the present volume by the novelist's wife is a welcome beginning. Here we see Hardy's excellent preparation for his Wessex tales, in his youthful experience as a fiddler at country weddings and dances, and in his later apprenticeship to a church restorer and architect. In London Hardy had the good luck to be introduced to the literary world by Morley and Alexander Macmillan, but this was counterbalanced by the fact that his first novel was all too helpfully criticized by George Meredith, who was probably the worst editor that ever sat in judgment over other authors' novels. Meredith told Hardy, who was his junior, that he should improve his plots; and this advice was probably responsible for those dreadful transformations in Hardy's novels which suddenly turn living human beings into rusty-jointed manikins, blindly obeying some external condition in the plot. The conflict between Hardy's architectural and his literary career was sharper than one had fancied, for success, or at least a livelihood, impended in both spheres at the same moment; Hardy's choice of literature



Elizabeth and Essex by LYTTON STRACHEY

Seven and a half years after his "Queen Victoria" made the writing of biography a new art, Lytton Strachey turns to England's golden age and creates from the enigmatic figure of the Virgin Queen a passionate, lonely, hesitating woman, harassed by her love for a younger man. A noble book which will eventually be read by everyone for its brilliance, its scholarship, and its humanity. *Illustrated, \$3.75*

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THE ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

was probably abetted by his fondness for the Wessex countryside and his distaste for London. The present volume carries Hardy as far as *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

The volume called **William Dean Howells: Life in Letters**, edited by Mildred Howells, is a book for the admirer of Howells rather than for the general reader. The letters have all his virtues, his good humor, his geniality, his conscientiousness, his sureness of perception; but, except for adding a little local history and documentation, this material does not affect the established picture of Howells's personality. One realizes again, however, how much Howells was bound to his immediate circle and how much he wrote for them — how impossible it was, without a spiritual overturn, to have written on themes which might have caused blushes or frowns in this domestic group. The notion of progress gave Howells a mechanism for rationalizing his dislike of the sordid and the indelicate and his overemphasis of the family virtues: we were 'getting beyond' the lewdness and animality of the eighteenth century. While this belief did not, in Howells's case, involve any such vast hypocrisy as Dickens carried with him, we can see how absurd the attitude was, even as a reaction, to say nothing of a positive creed. Mr. Strachey's straightforward interpretation of Elizabeth's sexual anomalies, in terms of the shock of being brashly handled and almost seduced during adolescence, shows that there is no subject that the biographer cannot handle openly, if his hands are clean. Whereas Forster's complacent revelation of Dickens's attitude toward his wife and growing family discloses something that now seems to us indecent

and low in Dickens's scheme of life — and one ironically questions the genuineness and the beauty of the domesticity he stood for. Such biographies as Mr. Strachey's and Mr. Josephson's, which conceal nothing and exaggerate nothing, leave a pleasanter taste in one's mouth, and certainly a sounder impression of life in one's mind, than works in the more mealy-mouthed tradition. So long as human nature has two sides, no intelligent person will be satisfied with only one of them.

LEWIS MUMFORD

Life of Charles Dickens, by John Forster.

Edited and Annotated with an Introduction by J. W. T. Ley. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$10.00.

Charles Dickens: A Biography from New Sources, by Ralph Straus. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. \$5.00.

Zola and His Time, by Matthew Josephson. New York: Macaulay Co. \$5.00.

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.75.

Pieter Stuyvesant and His Times, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$4.00.

Bonnet and Shawl: An Album, by Philip Guedalla. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50.

The Early Life of Thomas Hardy: 1840-1891, by Florence Emily Hardy. New York: Macmillan Co. \$5.00.

William Dean Howells: Life in Letters. Edited by Mildred Howells. Doubleday, Doran & Co. 2 vols. \$10.00.

The books selected for review in the Atlantic are chosen from lists furnished through the courteous coöperation of such trained judges as the following: American Library Association Booklist, Wisconsin Free Library Commission, and the public-library staffs of Boston, Springfield (Massachusetts), Newark, Cleveland, Kansas City, St. Louis, and the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn. The following books have received definite commendation from members of the Board.

Life and Death in Sing Sing, by Lewis E. Lawes. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO. Illus. \$3.50
Important facts and conclusions about crime, criminals, and prisons by a famous warden

Leonardo the Florentine, by Rachel Annand Taylor. HARPER & BROS. Illus. \$6.00
A new biographical study acclaimed as rich in color, erudition, and imagination

Desert Drums: The Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, 1540-1928, by Leo Crane. LITTLE, BROWN & CO. (AN ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS PUBLICATION) Illus. \$5.00
Problems and life of the Pueblos, by an Indian Agent who fell foul of the Fall régime

My Autobiography, by Benito Mussolini. Introduction by Richard Washburn Child. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS Illus. \$5.00
Memoirs of a dictator

The Outermost House, by Henry Beston. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO. Illus. \$3.00
The chronicle, beautiful in literary art, fascinating in observation, of a year on the outer rim of Cape Cod

Good Bye, Wisconsin, by Glenway Wescott. HARPER & BROS. \$2.50
Short stories by the author of *The Grandmothers*

West-running Brook, by Robert Frost. HENRY HOLT & CO. \$2.50
A characteristic volume by one of America's most gifted lyrists

